The Wellsboro Gazette.

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TAL MURDER IN CHATHAM.

Leon Appleby Shot to Death By usband on Thanksgiving Day.

oga county was stirred to the r last Friday morning when came from Shortsville, a set- nt in Chatham, about seven northwest of Middlebury, that e B. Appleby, the young wife eon Appleby, had been found on the floor of her home near sville under circumstances that gly indicated murder.

e tragedy took place some between 3 and 4 o'clock on the noon of Thanksgiving day. For reason telephone communica- with Middlebury was practical- t off on that day, probably be- if was a holiday, and details meagre and hard to obtain un- e next day, when details were entiful and varied as the tell-

e real facts appear to be that 3 o'clock of the afternoon of ksgiving day Leon Appleby ap- ed to a man who was chopping about a quarter of a mile the Appleby home and engag- r conversation with him. It s probable from what was said e time that Appleby had been from home nearly all day, and on his way there. After talk- few minutes with this neigh- Appleby started for his home had just about time to get there The neighbor heard two shots the sound coming apparently the Appleby house.

MRS. LEON APPLEBY.

a short time thereafter Apple- ppeared in a buggy, on his way ortsville, and met a party on the to Appleby's house, they having d a rumor that Mrs. Appleby been shot. Appleby stopped the y when the party approached said, "Where you going boys?" were reluctant to tell him g to his having a high temper they being in possession of on- rumor. Appleby finally dis- ed them from going to his house g, "There is no need of your g there; everything has been at- ed to," and continued on to tsville.

rived there he went to the e of his brother-in-law, Mr. oint, and told him his wife had shot and asked him to go out is house with him. Lapoint ented, and together they drove to Appleby's house. When La- offered to get out of the bug- o enter the house Appleby re- d to let him do so. He alone ed the house, stayed a short , finally leaving and locking the after him.

st before starting back from tsville with Lapoint, Appleby rked, "Hold on a minute, I a smoke." He then left the y and entering a store, pur- ed a package of tobacco and rette papers. It was noticed he was unable to roll a cigar- on account of his hands shak- and at his request a friend roll- he cigarette and handed it to He noticed, as did at least other about that time, while Ap- y was trying to roll the cigar- that his hands and fingers were ed with blood.

eighbors who entered the house afternoon discovered a shock- sight The body of Appleby's g wife lay on the floor of the g room, surrounded by pools of d. To add to the horror of the ation, it is stated that the elev- months old baby of the couple playing around its mother's ess form, its clothing literally ed in her life blood

ppleby's statement that his wife committed suicide was accepted rst by some of the neighbors, but condition of things at the house tly gave rise to a story suspic- of murder. Undertaker H. B. s, of Knoxville, was summoned, he in turn called Coroner J. ecor, of Westfield, who on his val proceeded to impanel a coro- jury.

t the inquest, which was held at and which was not concluded two o'clock Friday morning, as discovered that the unfortu- woman had been shot twice a double-barreled shot gun, g number four shot. One e had entered the woman's about three inches from the tip of the right shoulder and ranging downward and forward crushed the shoulder blade and the bone of the upper arm, severed the blood vessels and emerged from the other side, tearing a hole as large as an orange. This wound alone would have produced death. The second shot entered the left side of the face, about an inch in front of the left ear. The charge broke the jaw bones, and eventually lodged in the base of the brain. This shot must have produced death instantaneously. The face of the victim was slightly burned by powder.

The coroner's jury consisted of the following: Henry Curran, Emmet Bailey, Bert Andrews, John Murdock, S. V. Cady and Myron King. After deliberating until about 2 a. m., the jury returned a verdict that Mazie Appleby came to her death from gunshot wounds at the hands of Leon Appleby.

The accused man was at once taken into custody by Constable Elias Merrick, who had all this time been guarding the suspected husband. Accompanied by Charles Slocum, Benjamin Spencer and Claude Davis, Constable Merrick at once started for Wellsboro with Appleby.

At 9 o'clock Friday morning the prisoner was taken before Justice of the Peace O. H. Davis. Appleby desired to retain counsel to represent him at hearing, but decided to waive a hearing and was remanded to the county jail to await the action of the grand jury.

The case will be taken up at the January term of court and as the evidence against Appleby is entirely circumstantial it bids fair to be a stoutly contested case.

Leon Appleby is a young East Chatham farmer, aged 26 years. He married Miss Mazie Button, daughter of Mr. and Mrs Ellis Button, December 25, 1909. They made their home in a small house near Shortsville nearly oposite the house of Mr. and Mrs. Jackson Appleby, the parents of Leon Appleby. The house stands a short distance from what is called the Glen Road, leading from Shortsville to Academy Corners

A circumstance in the affair that goes a good deal toward disproving any suicide theory was the finding in a stove in the future that had evidently been hanging on the wall, and was spattered with blood, flesh and pieces of bone.

It seems pretty clear from all the circumstances that when Appleby entered the house his wife was seated in a rocking chair in the living room facing a window in the north side of the room, holding her little daughter in her arms administering or about to administer medicine, the bottle containing the medicine standing on a chair before her. Two chairs located about the room, surrounded with blood and embedded with shot, a spoon and a bottle of castor oil found lying on the floor, bear out the above supposition.

Appleby probably, if the murder theory is correct, approached his wife from the rear, while she was busily engaged with the child and without warning fired twice, both shots taking effect as stated.

It seems probable that the lifeless form then fell from the chair to the wall on the right. The wall at this point was covered with blood and particles of flesh were on the wall and furniture surrounding. Appleby taking the body in his arms carried it a distance of about five feet towards the bed room. Becoming frightened, possibly at the cries of the babe, he dropped the body to the floor and carried the gun into the bed room, where he laid it on the bed, and placed the revolver under the mattress, where they were both later found. Bloody finger marks were discovered on the inside of the bedroom door and on the gun stock. A newspaper discovered in the living room was covered with blood and evidently had been used by Appleby to remove the blood from his hands. Bloody imprints of a hand were also found on the inside of the door leading out of doors.

The body of Mrs. Appleby was laid to rest at Keeneyville last Sunday. The little daughter is being cared for by friends. And this is chapter one in the saddest, most terrible tragedy that has ever been enacted within the peaceful confines of Tioga county.

Appleby bears a bad reputation. Neighbors say he had been in the habit of coming home drunk and beating his wife. He had been in jail twice this year. It is said that Appleby told several different stories as to the cause of his wife's death, immediately after it occurred. He was drunk at the time, having, it is said, just returned home from Middlebury.

It is said that Appleby on several occasions threatened to kill his wife and child as well as his wife's parents, but, nevertheless, Mrs. Appleby was finally induced to return to her husband. Appleby is a big man, over six feet in height and weighing over 200 pounds.

Hon. Andrew B. Dunsmore will assist District Attorney Hugh B. Strang in the case. Appleby will be defended by Watrous, Marsh & Channell and Sherwood & Owlett. The case will come up for trial at the January term of court.

Trespass notices with the law printed is full on cloth for sale at the Gazette office. Five cents each; six for 25 cents. Cash must accompany mail orders.

WILL MUNSON GET IT?

Penrose Urges His Appointment as Judge of Court of Commerce.

Political circles were stirred last week by dispatches from Washington that Senator Penrose had recommended to President Taft the appointment of C. LaRue Munson, of Williamsport, as one of the Judges of the United States Court of Commerce.

Since the Allentown convention, on the eve of which Mr. Munson declined the Democratic nomination for Governor, then assuredly within his grasp, the rumor connecting his name with a high judicial office as a compensation for his withdrawal had been permitted to slumber, except in the minds of those who could not be persuaded that a deal of some kind was at the foot of the candidate's unexpected and sensational act.

Mr. Munson's broad denial of an understanding with Senator Penrose, and his assertion that reasons of a private nature, entirely dissociated with politics, had influenced him to write the letter which threw the Democracy of Pennsylvania into a panic, did not satisfy the doubters.

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia North American, after making the statement that Sentor Penrose has urged upon President Taft the appointment of C. LaRue Munson, says:

"Despite any denials that may be made, this statement is true. The senator has attempted to carry out whatever deal he devised when Munson declined the Democratic nomination for Governor of Pennsylvania the night before the Allentown convetion was to meet.

"The President is said to have been amazed at Senator Penrose's audacity. It was amazement mingled with some feeling of indignation that caused him to discuss the matter with some of his advisers and to inform them of what Penrose had said.

"The President, it is declared, clearly recognized in the suggestion of Munson's appointment Senator Penrose's effort to pay his own debt to Munson by urging his obvious misuse of the appointing power by the President himself. More than this, he recognized also that the Pennsylvania Senator would make use of a place in the judiciary, if he could, to carry out a political game entered into to prevent the people of the great State of Pennsylvania from exercising a free choice in the selection of a Governor."

Congressman A. Mitchell Palmer, one of the State's leading Democrats, who was recently re-elected to the Twenty-sixth district by the largest majority ever given a candidate in the district, has protested strongly against the appointment of C. LaRue Munson and sent the following telegram to President Taft:

"According to newspaper reports United States Senator Penrose has recommended C. LaRue Munson, of Williamsport, for appointment as judge of the new commerce court. Mr. Munson himself in a signed statement avers that many of his personal friends have asked you to appoint him. Last summer, on the eve of the Democratic State Convention, he withdrew as a candidate for the gubernatorial nomination under circumstances that give rise to a belief in the public mind that he was influenced therein by the hope of securing this appointment.

"For the sake of decency and honesty in political and public affairs and in the interest of that untainted judiciary which you are anxious to maintain, his appointment should not be considered.

"Without reflecting upon Mr. Munson's ability as a lawyer or his fitness for judicial place, I believe his appointment under the circumstances would be an affront to the majority of the people of Pennsylvania, who have recently demonstrated that they believe in clean politics, and in their name I protest against it."

Morris and Hoytville.

Morris, Nov. 30.—Miss Bessie Leonard spent a few days in Williamsport last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Vaughn, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Vaughn and Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Werline, of Liberty, spent Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Vaughn, of Elmira.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Steele visited at the home of their daughter, Mrs. J. T. Williammoe, a few days last week.

A turkey supper was served to the members of the N. P. L. at the Curtin House on Thanksgiving night.

Edward Kowalcyk, of Houtzdale, who has been visiting relatives in town, returned to his home on Monday. He was accompanied by his sisters, Miss Christine Kowalcyk and Miss Elizbeth Pilding, of Hazelton.

Miss Friskey, of Washington, D. C., will give an illustrated lecture on the Holy Land at the Methodist church on Saturday evening.

Frank Clark, of Williamsport, is spending a few days in town.

Mr. and Mrs George Darby have returned home from New York.

Mrs. B. Matthews and daughter spent Thanksgiving with the former's parents at Millerton.

Miss Nona Schaffer, of Stroudsburg, is a guest at the home of her aunt, Mrs. A. Leonard.

Joseph Clark, of Nauvoo, is moving his family to Elmira this week.

WHY WOMEN SHOULD VOTE.

A Call to Form a Woman Suffrage Club in Wellsboro.

The recent election which has done so many astonishing things, has brought to women a notable victory. It has added another to the four States where full woman suffrage exists, so that to-day there are, in the United States, five States where women vote on exactly the same terms as men; namely, Colorado, Idaho, Utah, Wyoming, and the new "free state" of Washington.

It is not strange that in the light of this new victory women of other States begin to question why they are not recognized in the government which is said to be "by the people" and that Pennsylvania women inquire why they have not even that small fraction of suffrage, the school vote, which exists in so large a proportion of the States.

This awakening of women to their part in the world's work and progress is part of a great world-movement for larger liberty and opportunity, and is irresistable. The time is past when a woman could be "bounded on the north by her servants, on the east by her children, on the south by her ailments, and on the west by her wardrobe."

She is beginning to see that her disfranchisement shuts her away from the larger affairs of life, participation in which broadens her mind, her outlook and her activities.

For a further consideration of these things, a meeting is called at the home of Mrs. Robert K. Young for Friday evening, December 2d, at 7:30 o'clock, to form a Woman Suffrage Club. The name indicates the object and it is hoped that through the study inaugurated by the Club, we shall learn more of government, local, State and National; more of our duties and opportunities and possibilities; more of the great reforms and activities in which women bear so large a part and which would be greatly furthered by their enfranchisement.

So far as known Tioga county has no Suffrage Club; and it is especially fitting that Wellsboro should set the example which is sure to be followed, sooner or later, by her sister towns.

This is no contest of women against men. The average man is not tyrannical, he is only prejudiced. This is a contest of the women and men who are ruled by reason against the women and men who are ruled by custom.

Men's Leagues for Woman Suffrage are multiplying throughout the country, and we find in men some of our best and most loyal helpers.

Any woman in Wellsboro who already believes in Woman Suffrage, or would like to learn more about it or has an open mind on the question, may consider herself personally invited to the meeting mentioned above.

Death of Robert Richardson.

Robert Richardson, who was injured about ten days ago by being thrown from the delivery wagon he was driving, died at his home on Cone street about 7 o'clock last Thursday evening. Mr. Richardson was unconscious the entire period following the accident save for a short time after he was removed to his home when he revived sufficiently to relate his version of the accident.

The deceased was born in Charleston on October 25, 1846. He was a son of Robert and Louise Richardson, deceased. In 1869 he was married to Mary J. Reese, who survives him with five children. They are, Morris L., of Wellsboro; W. Arthur, of Basklridge, N. J.; Ira A., of Beeman; Mrs. Alexander Welch, of Charleston, and Harry L., of Elmira. Two brothers, John and Elisha, both residing in Cambria county, and one sister, Mrs. Amanda McConnell, of Manhattan, also survive him. He was a member of the Free Baptist church and was an honest, hard working, highly respected man.

The funeral was held from the Free Baptist church Sunday morning at 10:30 o'clock, Rev. R. M. Cloud officiating. Burial in the Keeneyville cemetery.

No Criminal Court This Week.

The first week of the regular November term of court did not require the presence of either the grand or petit juries. Accordingly these jurors were notified not to attend, and the witnesses subpoenaed were also notified in time not to attend. All matters needing the attention of the court will be disposed of by Judge Cameron in chambers.

All Constables appeared however and made their regular quarterly returns as usual.

The homicide case from Chatham will go over to the January term, as the plaintiffs were not prepared, and did not have time to prepare for this term.

In the arson case from Middlebury some of the important witnesses were sick and unable to attend at this time, so that case was put over. This left so little of importance that Judge Cameron determined to save the county the expense of calling jurors. Hence they were notified not to attend, as above stated.

—There will be a chicken pie supper served at the church parlors of the M. E. church to-morrow evening between 5 and 8 o'clock.

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER.

A City Newspaper Gives the Country Newspaper a Good Send Off.

Below, is given a portion of an address by Arthur Brisbane, the famous editorial writer of the New York Evening Journal, which he delivered recently before a convention of advertising men in Omaha, and which speaks volumes for the value of a paper like the Gazette:

"The local newspapers in proportion to the circulation are, in my opinion, infinitely the most valuable advertising mediums that we have.

"The value of the country newspaper is based largely upon the fact that the man who reads it looks upon it as a neighbor and a friend, a personal acquaintance, and attaches to the printed statement and advertisements of the country newspaper far greater importance than the dweller in the big city attaches to the statements of the advertisements in the big city newspaper.

"As one friend, talking to another about certain kinds of goods, can influence a friend more than a stranger, so a country newspaper, standing on a footing of friendship with its readers, can talk to them about goods for sale or any other topic and impress them more strongly than the big metropolitan newspaper, which is really a stranger.

"Whenever I speak in public before advertisers I make it a point to emphasise the value of the country newspaper, and I intend always to do so. This is good advice from the point of view of the advertiser, and it is still better advice from the point of view of the average citizen. It would be a very sad day indeed for this country if there were not scattered in every little hamlet a conscientious, clean newspaper man, willing for ridiculously small pay to watch and protect the interests of the neighborhood.

"As conditions are to-day the local editor, the man who is leading thousands of good fights all over the country, is poorly recognized or not recognized at all. With few exceptions, it is impossible for men of great ability, public spirit and integrity to make by hard work in a year of intelligent journalism a quarter as much as can be made by any rascal willing to sell himself to a corporation. It is a great harm to the country that the ambitious newspaper man should be moving always toward the big cities in order to make a decent living. Every town where there is a congressman needs a good editor. Every city where a judge sits and looks at the corporation with one eye and the little people with the other eye and a very different eye for each, needs an honest editor, with both eyes on the judge.

"It would be a very good thing indeed for this country if country editorship meant a comfortable income, a permanent fortune, permanent independence, in a position of honor and ignity.

"My opinion is that the local editors, the owners of the newspapers, in the smallest communities, will never come into their own until the United States government shall introduce the parcels post system.

"As matters stand now, hundreds of men who would be glad to advertise in local newspapers to reach the local population away from the big department stores are unable to do so because the theivery of the express companies makes it impossible for the manufacturer to reach the consumer reasonably."

JAPS PLAN TO WHIP US.

Oil Magnate's Son Tells of Mutterings in Europe.

"High military authorities in various European countries are unanimous in the prediction that the United States and Japan will come to war within a few years; that America will be beaten, and that we had better prepare for the battle. The Japs, these men say, are going to catch us unaware by opening fire before the completion of the Panama canal."

In this manner did Henry H. Rogers, son of a late Standard Oil magnate, sent out a warnig last week, upon his arrival from a six months' tour in Europe.

"Various high officers in European armies," said Mr. Rogers, "told me that Japan and America would scrap within a few years. The Japs will fight for the supremacy of the Pacific ocean, and will catch us unaware, I was told, before our canal is completed. The Europeans all agreed that America will be badly whipped by Japan. They admitted that our navy was good, but said that we were short of ammunition; our armies were small, and volunteers would not respond in large numbers."

The Biggest Liar.

The following story, while not strictly exclusive, is worth printing. A clergyman passing through a village street saw a number of small boys surrounding a dog. Thinking some truel deed was in progress, the clergyman hastened towards the the boys and asked what they were doing. One of the boys replied that they were telling lies, and the boy who told the biggest lie would get the dog. The clergyman was shocked at such depravity, and began to lecture them on the sin of lying, and concluded his remarks by saying: "Why when I was a little by I never told lies" The boys were silent for a second, when one of them said, sadly: "Hand him up the dog."

MR. HAYSEED NOT SO SLOW.

In This Instance He "Put One Over" on His City Brother.

It has become a trait of city folks to speak condescendingly of their neighbors from the country, and to characterize them as slow and "easy." The city man and woman, as a rule, hold themselves to be of superior intellect to those born and raised in the country, and to be so familiar with the "ways of the world" that it is impossible for them to be "done" by fakirs or the smooth-tongued solicitor in any kind of business.

A little incident in Pittsburg the other day proves that the "rube" is not always so slow as the city people believe him to be. Two young men from the wilds of West Virginia drifted into the city and went into a barber shop to get cleaned up. They asked for a haircut and a shave. The barber asked them to have a shampoo and a massage. Not having heard of these things, the young men made no reply. The barber proceeded to give them both, and demanded $5. The young men paid the bill under protest, then went out and had the barber arrested for larceny. He was held for court under $500 bail.

In this instance the "hayseed" "put one over" on his city brother. It is a daily occurrence for city men to be held up by barbers and forced to pay for things they really do not want. It is almost an impossibility to find a barber shop in the city where tips are not demanded. Those with courage enough to pocket the change after paying the prices demanded are most always subjected to sneers or humiliated in other ways.

The city man has been submitting to these things for many years. He has been afraid of being called "cheap" or a "tightwad." It remained for the country "rube," as we are wont to call him, to assert his rights and go after the barber. No matter what the outcome of the case may be, it will be enjoyable to see the barber getting a little of his own medicine. To the West Virginia boys we say, come again.—Pittsburg Post.

Who Is a Subscriber?

A court decision has lately been rendered in Massachusetts on what constitutes a subscriber. The judge firmly believed that the man who received the paper although he never subscribed for it, is entitled to pay.

James Thompson moved, and William Robinson took immediate possession and received and accepted a weekly newspaper that was delivered to him through the mails every week. The good-natured editor sent accounts frequently, but no attention was paid to them by Mr. Robinson.

Finally there was a day of reckoning. Robinson had received the paper for some time, he informed the collector, but he said that he had never subscribed and declined to pay for it. The judge personally questioned the defendant, who said that he had read and made use of it after was receiving the accounts, which were frequently inclosed in the paper.

Judgment was rendered in favor of the newspaper. The judge was severe in his criticism of people who are receiving papers and do not think it worth while to pay for what they receive and make use of. It is an act of dishonesty, he said. One should acquaint the publisher and pay for whatever numbers he receives.

Moran-Kelley.

R. Harry Moran and Miss A. Mae Kelly, both of Wellsboro, were married last Thursday morning by Rev. John O'Toole at St. Peters' Catholic church. It was a very quiet wedding, only the near relatives of the bride and groom being present. Miss Agnes Kelly, of Austin, a sister of the bride, was bridesmaid, and Joseph F. Gartland, of this place, was best man.

A wedding breakfast was served to the bridal couple and guests by the groom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Moran, at their home on Pearl street.

The young couple left on the afternoon train for Elmira, carrying with them the congratulations and best wishes of all their friends. The groom is employed by the Goodyear Lumber Company at Keating Summit, where he will reside. He is well known in Wellsboro, where he has lived nearly all his life, and has very many warm friends. The bride has been employed for several years in E. E. Buck's tailoring establishment, and has made many friends.

Every Town Has a Nibbler.

A nibbler is a man who enters a grocery, runs his fingers into the sugar barrel and laps up a couple of ounces; eats a handful of nuts, then goes over to the cheese case and cuts off a slice for a taste, then, as a matter of fact he must have a few crackers; and perhaps before he has made up his mind to buy a quarter of a pound of tea has eaten the profits on $1 worth of groceries. To wind it all up, after getting trusted for the tea, on which the merchant realizes a profit of five cents, he leaves the store munching a couple of apples. This is no picture of imagination, but reality, except that sometimes the nibbler does not purchase the tea.

BURGLARY A LA MODE.

It Involves a Ton of Tools, a Private Telephone and Alarm.

London.—Three men who, it is alleged, are members of a gang of burglars who made a desperate attempt to open a safe containing gold and platinum valued at £40,000 on the premises of Wright & Hodgkins, in Birmingham, with the aid of blowpipes and gas cylinders charged with oxy-hydrogen, were arrested in London recently.

Some days before the attempted coup two men, who represented themselves to be diamond merchants, took some vacant premises next door to Wright & Hodgkins's and later a number of heavy boxes and packages were delivered there.

On the following Saturday afternoon, when Wright & Hodgkins's premises had been closed for the day, the thieves bored a large hole through the wall, which was eighteen inches thick, and made their way to the strong room, to reach which they had to break through two walls. The appliances with which they were provided made this task a comparatively easy one.

On arriving at the strong room, the door of which consisted of eight inches of solid steel with an asbestos lining, they proceeded to cut a hole in it by means of an oxy-hydrogen blowpipe.

They had accomplished this, and only half an inch of steel remained between them and the £40,000 treasure when, for some unknown reason, they became alarmed and decamped, leaving all their costly apparatus behind.

The thieves had installed a temporary telephone and electric alarm to enable them to keep in communication with the man on watch. There were also large screens to prevent the glare of the blowpipe from being seen outside, and gloves and masks which the operators had used to protect themselves from the heat.

It is believed that they had been at work for many hours when they were disturbed. The housebreaking appliances they left behind weighed more than a ton, and must have cost over £200.

PLANES FOR COAST DEFENCE.

Air Craft Likely to Replace Navy, Says General Miles.

Denver, Col.—The aeroplane, instead of being an adjunct to the navy, is likely to replace it, so far as coast defence is concerned, in the opinion of Lieutenant General Nelson A. Miles, retired.

"The aeroplane eventually will be a means of coast defence," said the general, discussing aerial navigation. "Aeroplanes can be built by the score for what one battleship costs. Their use would curtail greatly the expense of building coast defense vessels. When aeroplanes can fly a hundred miles out to sea and drop explosives over hostile fleets, these fleets will be cautious about attacking a coast. And this condition will come.

"Already any nation that goes to war must reckon with the aeroplane. They would be extremely advantageous to reconnoitring, and when up seven thousand feet would be practically immune from injury by rifle shots."

A BANKERS' BLACK LIST.

Comptroller Murray Takes Steps to Have One as Protective Measure.

Washington, D. C.—A government blacklist of dishonest bank officers and employees is the latest administrative measure adopted by Lawrence O. Murray, comptroller of the currency. In a circular letter issued to all national bank examiners, he asks for such a list. It is to comprise "all persons who have been dismissed or their resignations demanded for dishonesty, as officers, directors, clerks, or other employees of national banks in your district or who have been convicted in any court for violation of the national banking laws."

The list should also contain, Mr. Murray indicates, the names of persons similarly dismissed from banks other than national. He frankly admits that "this list is desired in order that the comptroller's office may be in a position to prevent such persons from becoming connected with national banks in the future."

Largest Ice Cave in World.

Vienna, Austria.—An ice cave which turns out to be the largest in the world has been discovered within the last few days in the Dachstein Mountains, near Obertraun, on the Lake of Hallstatt. The cave is nearly a mile and a half long. It consists of an upper and lower group of great halls, the largest of which is about seven hundred feet long and one hundred feet high. Many prehistoric objects have also been found.

Man 107 Arrested as Lawbreaker.

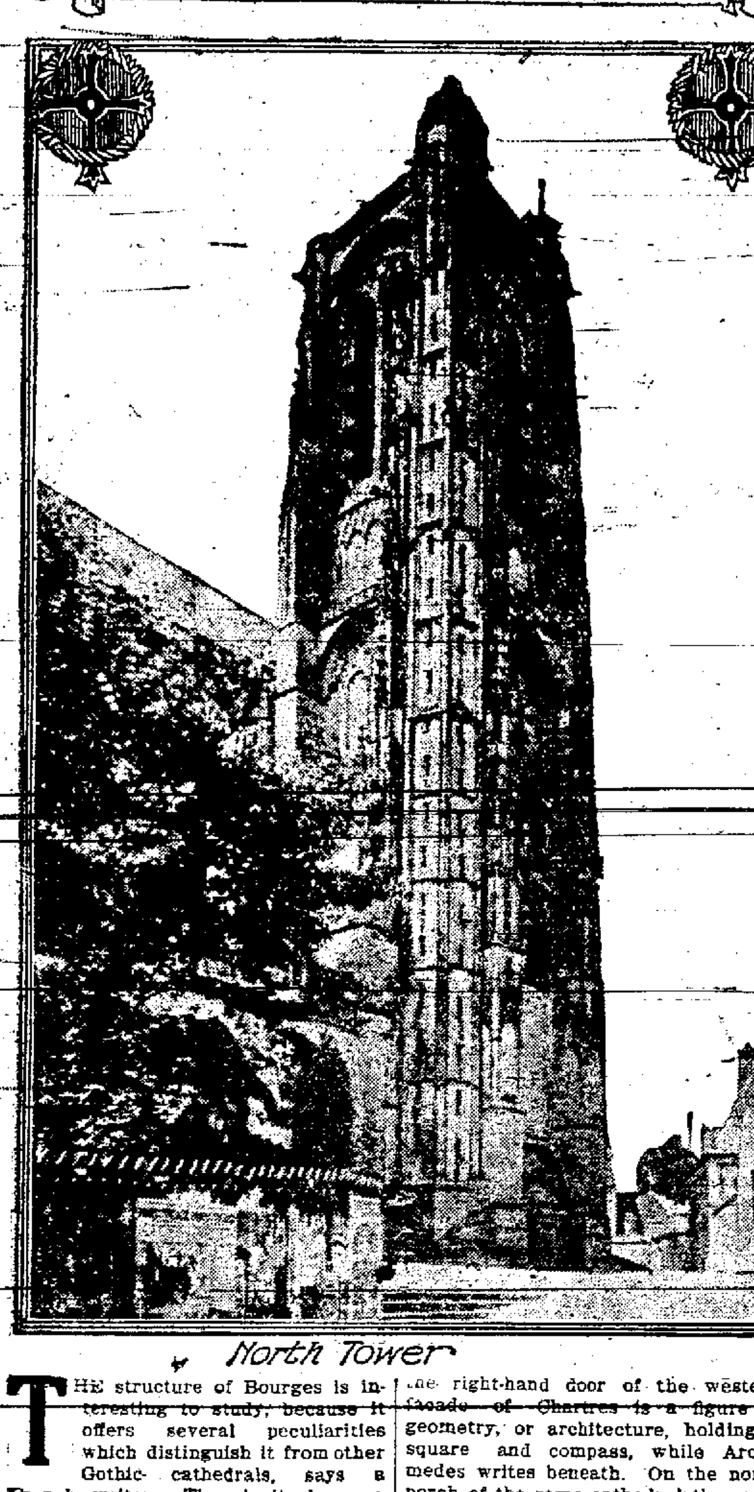
Grand Forks, N. D.—The oldest man ever arrested in the United States was imprisoned at Fort Totten when C. M. Ziebach, 107 years old, was arrested on a charge of introducing liquor on the Indian reservation. Ziebach's case will be considered by the next Federal Grand Jury and in the meantime he will be allowed freedom under bond.

Own Story Restores Memory.

Stamford, Conn.—Charles Swenson, Jr., the young civil engineer of this city whose mysterious disappearance almost prostrated his bride, returned home. He recovered his memory in New Rochelle through reading the story of his disappearance in a newspaper.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

BOURGES CATHEDRAL



North Tower

THE structure of Bourges is interesting to study, because it offers several peculiarities which distinguish it from other Gothic cathedrals, says a French writer. Though it has no transept, there are two aisles on each side of the nave, and a double row of lateral chapels. The columns of the nave are the highest in the world. In no fewer than one hundred and thirty-six lancet windows and forty-five rose windows, the original thirteenth century glass is still to be seen, and some of the finest examples of fifteenth century glass-painting are in the chapels. But it is the fabric of stone that must be first considered; and, whether you admire the portals and external buttresses, or count the forest of pillars within, that fabric impresses itself on your imagination as the product of a definite style, as distinctive, as personal, as a picture or a poem. No style (in architecture or anything else) that is worthy of that honorable name was ever suddenly evolved either by an individual artist or even by an individual school. Styles, like decorative patterns, are not made; they grow, and are modified; and by the differences that suit one age after another they survive, changed, but the same, as the fruit follows the flowering of the tree. Without going further back than the immediately preceding Romanesque, which survives in so many details of the early Gothic, we can realize that the imperative need for vast stone-roofed churches, in which aisles were a constructive necessity, was the starting-point for the new development. This necessitated the art of vaulting over an oblong space, and since the square space with all its sides equal could easily be vaulted by round arches, while the oblong could only be vaulted by the use of pointed arches, the pointed arch became the symbol of the new style.

Many other differences appeared all of them essentially constructive. Instead of huge walls with holes bored in them for windows, and the solid and inert principle of stable gravity as the chief foundation of the building's strength, you now get a structure which is supported by an articulated framework, a frankly expressed anatomy of bone and muscle, in which piers, arches, buttresses are linked together in a perfect equilibrium of balanced thrust and counter-thrust. The old, thick walls, being no longer essential, are entirely replaced by vast windows of stained glass, except for a few feet from the ground where they are necessary for mere enclosure. The window-apertures fill the whole space laterally between the piers, which rise from the pavement in slender shafts up to the nave-cornice. These piers contain several members, to support the ribs of the vaults, the arches of the triforium, and the buttresses of the clerestory; but they need only be massive enough to bear the weight of the vaults, because the side-pressures are carried off by buttresses to the aisles and by flying-buttresses again beyond them. All this elaborate system was only begun and rendered possible because the pointed arch was not a mere decorative device, but was the definitely practical solution of a definite problem. That solution gave us Beauvais choir, "the Kubla Khan of architecture," like a great hymn interrupted, in which the Gothic spirit, pushed to its logical conclusion, has striven to utter the unutterable. That solution also gave us the triumph of [illegible] or the perfection of Amiens. Like all things which partake of the quality of organic growth, the fabric of the Gothic cathedrals needs constant repair, as a plant needs rain and sunshine. [illegible] the [illegible] who built [illegible] structures we know [illegible] in very little trace. On the right-hand door of the western facade of Chartres is a figure of geometry, or architecture, holding a square and compass, while Archimedes writes beneath. On the north porch of the same cathedral the architect with his square appears again.

In all these cases it is not the architect, as we know him now, who is represented, but a "master of the work" who had charge of the whole building from its foundations to its furniture, and was as capable of planning out an octagonal apse as of carving a saint upon the doorway or a sinner beneath the seat of an ecclesiastic.

It was under the protection of the church that the first schools of Charlemagne arose, and under the shelter of the church alone could the quiet and security necessary to artistic education be then discovered. This is typified by the fact that the Abbey of Cluny was the real bulwark against a barbarism which had, previous to its foundation, been practically permanent for many hundred years. It had branches from Spain to Poland, and was as active in politics and letters as in art.

The thirteenth century cathedral is almost unintelligible to the most cultured of its visitors of today without the assistance of a guide-book. But no amount of books and no amount of "art-training" would educate the workmen of today into producing similar cathedrals under modern conditions. For even in those Greek temples, which look so comparatively simple, there are mysteries which the modern builder never knew. You have but to look at the Madeleine in Paris and compare it with its gracious prototype. The original Greek work is full of subtle curves and slight but essential differences which make it a thing of beauty. The same reasoning holds for the Gothic cathedrals. They are not good because they are old. Beauty is not a matter of time, for "age cannot wither her nor custom stale her infinite variety." These buildings are old because they are good, which is a very different matter. And any new building inspired by the same genius and carried out with the same enthusiasm would be good in spite of any youth. But both the genius and the enthusiasm are dead. The great cathedrals are a part of the world's inheritance that we—their temporary guardians—have to hand on undiminished to our heirs. Let us see to it, each in his own measure and in his own strength, that we bear our part and justify our trust.

A Gruesome Manicure Job.

The manicurist tells how she earned five dollars for manicuring one hand.

"It's a gruesome story," she said. "I was working over in Paterson. One night there was a wreck on the railroad. The next morning a doctor came to my office with a package.

"'Want a job?' said he.

"I asked what kind of a job. He told me that a New York man who had been on a terrific spree for a week had had an arm taken off in the wreck.

"He was unconscious for a while, but when he came to he had sobered up and was in his senses. He told them where to send for his wife, but he begged them to fix him up before she got there.

"The parts of his body that were hanging together had been secured and polished at the hospital, but nobody wanted to tackle the severed hand and arm. The man wanted that hand manicured, too; he said his wife would be sure to ask for it, and if she saw those scraggy finger nails the story of his week's bumming would be plain as print.

"I manicured the hand for five dollars, but I wouldn't take such a job again for five times five dollars."

Mystery in a Box

By HOPE DARING

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As Roger Wayne passed along the hotel corridor on his way down to dinner a door on his right opened. A girl of 20 stepped into the corridor and advanced straight to Roger's side, holding out to him a black box, six inches square and two inches high.

"Will you do me a great favor?" she asked in a clear, musical voice. "Please throw this into the bay tonight. And you are not to open it. Will you do it—for me?"

There was a slight pause before the last two words. Roger took the box, staring blankly at the girl. She was well dressed, petite, with frank gray eyes and masses of dead-black hair.

"But I do not understand."

"Do you need to understand? Tell me that you will do what I ask."

"Of course I will do it, and—"

"Thank you! Thank you!"

She turned and re-entered the room from which she had emerged.

Roger thrust the box into his pocket and went slowly down the stairs. He had arrived at Pine Bay, a summer resort on one of the great lakes, but two hours before. Thus far he had met no one at the hotel whom he knew. What was the meaning of the girl's strange errand?

He had hardly finished his dinner when she entered the dining room. With her was a pretty blonde maiden of about her own age, a hatchet-faced chaperon and a genial, middle-aged man whom Roger was positive he had seen before.

When Roger had finished eating he left the house and sauntered leisurely down to the shore. A wharf ran far out into the bay, affording a stopping place for the steamers that touched at the tiny village. The young man stooped down and gathered his hands full of flat stones that covered the beach. As he walked along the dock

"Please Throw This Into the Bay To-night."

he threw one stone after another into the water. At last he drew the box from his pocket, and after a searching glance at it, sent it flying after the stones.

"It is tin, painted black, and there is something in it that rattles," he said to himself. "I feel like the villain in a melodrama. Now I am going to make it the occupation of my vacation to form the acquaintance of the girl who was so anxious to dispose of this box."

Fate favored him. As he ascended the steps leading to the hotel veranda, where a large party was gathered watching the sunset flush the sky and water with crimson, he heard his name called. The speaker was Bobby Green, and by his side stood the mysterious girl.

"Glad to see you, old fellow," Bobby cried heartily. "Ladies and gentlemen, I want you all to be good to this lad. He is Roger Wayne, the magazine writer whose work you all know."

Then Bobby proceeded to individual introductions. The girl of the box was Audrey Fuller, and the blonde was her cousin Mildred. When Roger heard the name he understood why their male companion at dinner had looked so familiar. The man was Thomas Fuller, the wealthy mine owner, and the girls were his daughter and niece.

The group on the veranda chatted away merrily until the sunset's afterglow had faded from the sky and a cool breeze swept in from the bay. As they adjourned to the parlor, Roger fell into step with Audrey Fuller.

"Did you see, Miss Fuller, that I obeyed your command?"

"Eh? What do you mean? Oh, you refer to your accepting the invitation to go sailing with us in the morning. You will never regret it, for the bay is beautiful."

It was evident that she had no intention of gratifying his curiosity. Roger compressed his lips; he would be patient but persistent.

The next morning he managed to secure a place at the table with the Fullers. Before the meal was finished the landlord entered the dining room to announce that a bold robbery had been committed the afternoon before. A small tin box containing valuable jewels had been taken from the room of Mrs. Darrow, a Chicago woman. Already a detective had arrived at the hotel, and the landlord hoped that the guests would patiently submit to any questioning that seemed necessary, as the detection of the thief would be a protection to them all.

"Oh, papa! Let's go home!" Audrey cried.

Roger stared when he saw how pale she was. Mr. Fuller laughed.

"Now, don't be frightened, puss. You know that I insisted that you and Mildren should leave your jewelry in the safe. Why, Audrey, how white you are! You are not really frightened?"

She tried to smile, but it was easy to see that she was nervous. Her breakfast was untouched, while the discussion of the robbery went on around her.

A reward was offered for the apprehension of the thief, but he was not found. For several days an officer haunted the hotel corridors, and his presence, or even the mention of his errand, was enough to drive the color from Audrey's cheeks. At first she avoided Roger. He strove to make her feel that he was her friend, and gradually she came to trust him.

"She is the victim of some one's wrongdoing," was his decision. "It is not curiosity alone that prompts me; I will set her free from the fear that so often looks from her eyes."

At last Audrey recovered her usual gay spirits. The hotel was very gay. The throng of young people picknicked, danced, sailed over the bay, explored the pine woods and sped the summer hours with joy and laughter.

The hotel guests were at lunch one dull, rainy day when a telegram was brought in for Roger. An exclamation of dismay broke from his lips as he read it. Bobby looked across the table, genuine concern on his good-humored face.

"Not bad news, old man?"

"Only that I am summoned to the city on a matter of business. I must leave on the evening train."

"You will return, will you not?" Mildred Fuller asked, carelessly.

"Not for a fortnight, at least, and by that time the season at Pine Bay will be over."

There were many expressions of regret. Lunch over, Roger went up to his room. He had begun his packing when, glancing from the window, he saw Audrey pacing back and forth on the wharf, unmindful of the rain. He hastened out to join her. She did not see him until he called softly:

"Audrey!"

A cry broke from her lips. The face she lifted to him was wet, not with raindrops, but with tears. He took her hand, drawing it through his arm.

"Little girl, I love you."

"But the box! Roger, it stands between us," she cried, a note of terror in her voice.

"I threw it into the bay. Let things between us be as if the box had never existed."

"But, Roger! How can you be sure that I am not a thief? Remember Mrs. Darrow's jewels?"

"You are the woman I love. I trust you. Never mention the box again; I do not care what it contained, or why you wished to get rid of it."

She let her hand slip down into his, laughing gleefully.

"If you feel that way, I can tell you, but it was so dreadfully silly! Mildred and I saw you when you arrived and recognized you as the famous author. We talked of your stories. There is always a mystery in them, and we wondered how you thought them out. Mildred dared me to give you the box."

"What was there in it?"

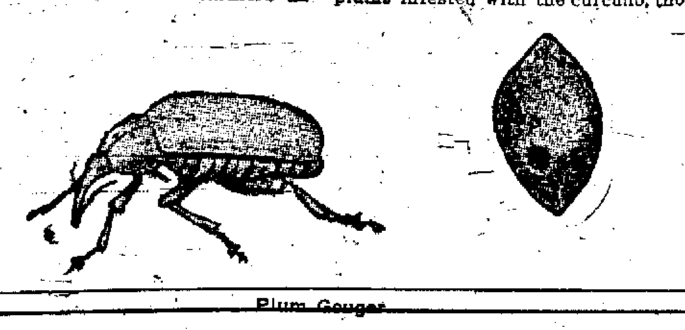
"Pennies and thumb tacks. We thought we would give you a mystery at first-hand. Then next morning, there was that robbery, and I thought—O Roger! If some one should be looking out of the hotel windows!"

COMMON INSECT PESTS OF WISCONSIN FRUITS

Plum Gouger Is Closely Related to Curculio, but Its Work Is More Serious to Trees—Remedies and Treatment.

(By J. G. MOORE, Wisconsin University, Agricultural Experiment Station.)

The codling moth and the apple curculio injure or destroy three-fourths or $250,000 worth of the apple crop in Wisconsin each year. The plum curculio and plum gouger "sting" one-half of the plum crop and in years of only a partial crop, scarcely any fruit escapes their depredations. The San Jose, Putnam and European fruit scales are gaining a foothold in this state, and unless given immediate attention will soon become as destructive to Wisconsin fruits as they are in other states. Add to these depredations the combined injury of a multitude of lesser insect pests and the toll collected from Wisconsin farmers annually by our insect enemies is at the lowest estimate $1,000,000.



Plum Gouger.

This is a large sum to pay for neglect, yet such is practically the case, for if growers were able to identify the pests and apply suitable remedies the greater part of this loss could be avoided. Unfortunately, a majority of those who do not follow fruit growing as a business are unfamiliar with the various insects, and for that reason the damage is often done before the presence of the pest is known.

The plum gouger is closely related to the plum curculio. Its work is much like that of the curculio, but it also inflicts additional injury, and for this reason is often considered a more serious pest than the latter.

The plum gouger is also a snout beetle, but differs quite materially in its distinguishing characters. It is a lighter brown than the curculio and considerably larger. The curculio has two pronounced humps on its wing covers which are not to be found on the gouger.

Like the curculio the gouger spends the winter in the adult stage. Early in the spring, the adult feeds on the buds and leaves. One of the greatest injuries is caused by the adult beetle during the flowering period. It cuts a hole through the calyx of the flower and then eats the ovule which would ultimately become the fruit. The flower then withers and dies, and in this way the insect destroys a great many fruits.

Its second injury as previously stated resembles that of the curculio though in detail it is somewhat different. The adult eats a hole through the skin of the newly set plum and deposits her eggs. As soon as the larva hatches, it immediately begins to burrow towards the pit. When the pit is reached it eats its way through into the interior and then feeds on the seed until it has fully developed. It next cuts a circular hole in the pit through which the adult is to emerge and then pupates, coming out of the fruit later as an adult beetle.

A great many more incisions are made in the fruit than are required for the egg. Later on in the season these exude a sort of gum and render the plums unsalable. Unlike the plums infested with the curculio, those containing gougers remain on the tree until the remainder of the fruits are ripe, frequently ripening a short time before the uninjured ones.

The remedies and treatment given for the plum curculio apply equally as well to the gouger.

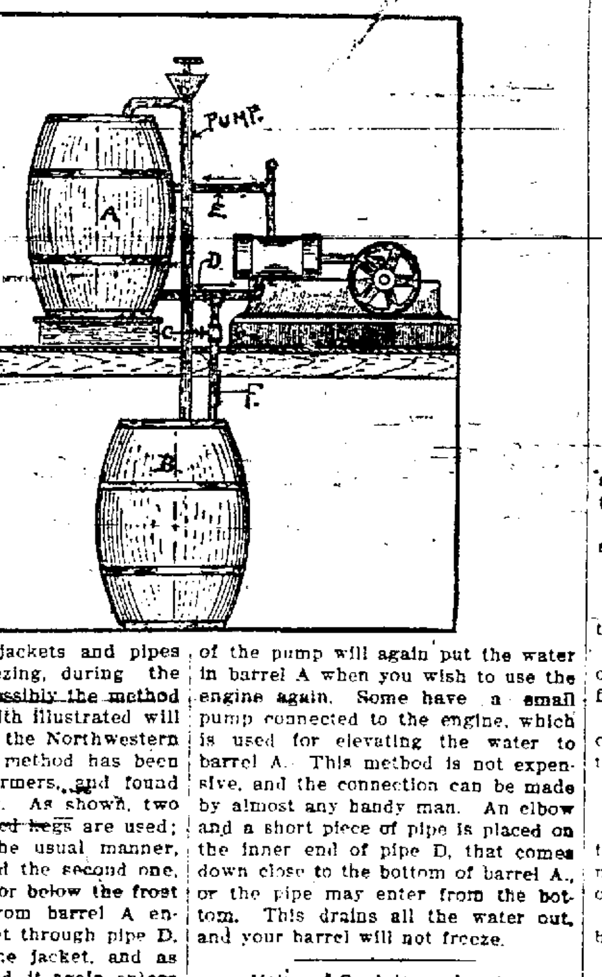
Lettuce In Cold Frames.

A great many gardeners now have a crop of lettuce started in the cold frames. The plants are likely to suffer during the fall months unless the grower is faithful in watering. Growth may be forced by the use of nitrate of soda either dry or in water. When used in water it is customary to dissolve about one ounce of nitrate in each gallon of water or three pounds in a 50-gallon barrel. Protection with sash will not be needed until the weather is much colder. Hard frosts, however, should be guarded against, for they retard growth, although the effect may not be apparent at the time.

The Hardy Gooseberry.

The gooseberry and the currant are the two hardiest bush fruits which are cultivated, and the gooseberry, like the currant, succeeds in all parts of the North, although the hardy gooseberries are confined to the varieties derived from the native species and to crosses between the native and the European. The European varieties are only grown successfully in favored locations, as in most places they are very subject to mildew.

KEEP ENGINE FROM FREEZING



As many water jackets and pipes have burst by freezing, during the past few months, possibly the method adopted, and herewith illustrated will be of interest, says the Northwestern Agriculturist. The method has been tried by several farmers, and found entirely satisfactory. As shown, two barrels, or large sized kegs are used; one is placed in the usual manner, near the engine, and the second one, placed under the floor below the frost line. The water from barrel A enters the water jacket through pipe D, circulates around the jacket, and as soon as it is warmed, it again enters the barrel, through pipe E in the usual manner. When through using the engine, the water is allowed to drain into barrel B through pipe F by opening the globe valve C. A few strokes of the pump will again put the water in barrel A when you wish to use the engine again. Some have a small pump connected to the engine, which is used for elevating the water to barrel A. This method is not expensive, and the connection can be made by almost any handy man. An elbow and a short piece of pipe is placed on the inner end of pipe D, that comes down close to the bottom of barrel A., or the pipe may enter from the bottom. This drains all the water out, and your barrel will not freeze.

Value of Cantaloupe Lands.

Cantaloupe land in the Arkansas valley, Colorado, is now worth from $52.50 to $53 per acre, and growers find that they can make good profit even on this high-priced soil.

EUROPEAN STARLING ARRIVES

Looks Like Blackbird With Yellow Bill, and Has Increased Amazingly in Numbers in Five Years.

In the winter of 1905-6 a strange bird made its appearance in the "City of Elms," almost under the shadow of Yale university.

At a distance the bird seemed the color of an ordinary blackbird. But close by its black plumage had a greenish gloss, showing bronze reflections when the rays of the sun struck it at certain angles, while on the back were dainty little arrowhead spangles of brown. But most striking and characteristic of all was its slender, bright-yellow bill. Who had ever heard of a blackbird with a yellow bill.

It was the European starling, perhaps a delegate from the horde of foreign invasion sent to spy upon the land of the sons of Eli. Be that as it may, it was not many days before he saw a small party of the strange birds, then more and more of them. The next season there was a small resident colony. And now, in less than five years from the time of their first appearance, they are flocking by hundreds, multiplying by leaps and bounds. If in five years the one local spy had become 5,000, how long, pray tell, will it take the 5,000 to become 500,000?—Outing.

Importance of the Letter.

Letters are the very nerves and arteries of friendship—nay, they are the vital spirits and elixir of love, which, in the case of distance and long absence, would be in hazard to languish and quite molder away without them.

Something of a Novelty.

"Come on and go to the theater with me this afternoon." "Anything special?" "A professional elocutionist is going to try to recite 'Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight,' with her hands tied."—Houston Post.

PACK APPLES FOR MARKET

Use of Barrel Has Many Advantages—Eliminates Shortage Claims as Receptacle Is Practically Inaccessible.

(By L. HESS.)

In the packing and shipping of apples, the use of the barrel has many advantages. A very important thing to consider is the fact that shippers in the far west get more money for their apples, because they wrap the fruit in paper. If shippers in the central and middle states would take the same pains with the packing, then use barrels to ship in, the apples would reach the market in better condition than those sent from greater distances. The cost of handling and the freight are also important factors, and influence the profits.

Some shippers perforate their apple barrels so that the air will circulate freely through the apples, which they think adds to their keeping qualities. Other apple growers say that if the apples are packed in good, solid barrels, and shipped in ventilated cars, that the fruit will reach the market in perfect condition.

Apples shipped in barrels are protected from dirt and dust far better than if packed otherwise. From a healthful standpoint also, the apples are less liable to become affected by impurities if packed in barrels than if they are exposed through crate slats.

Furthermore, in packing apples in barrels the shipper does not have to contend with shortage claims, since the barrel is the only package that is practically inaccessible. Barrels are more easily handled, and at the same time will hold more fruit than any other packages used in the packing of apples.

Fresh Rose Tree.

Elsinore, Riverside county, Cal., is said to have a rose bush fifteen years old which has always borne white roses until this year when the color is of a bright pink.

Your Liver is Clogged up
That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days. They do their duty. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, and Sick Headache.
SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE
Genuine must bear Signature
Brent Good

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A grand cruise leaving New York, January 21, 1911, by the steamship Bluecher for the East Coast of South America, through the Straits of Magellan and up the West Coast to Valparaiso, Chile, etc., Across the Andes trip. Rates $350 upward; duration 74 days. Also cruises to the West Indies, the Orient and Around the World. Write for Illustrated Pamphlets.
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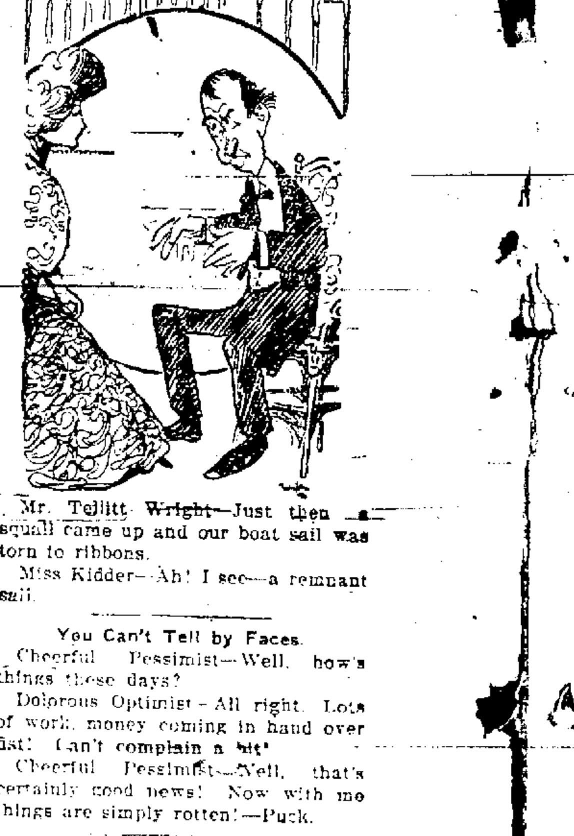
HER LITTLE JOKE.



Mr. Tellitt Wright—Just then a squall came up and our boat sail was torn to ribbons.

Miss Kidder—Ah! I see—a remnant sail.

You Can't Tell by Faces.

Cheerful Pessimist—Well, how's things these days?

Dolorous Optimist—All right. Lots of work, money coming in hand over fist! Can't complain a bit!

Cheerful Pessimist—Well, that's certainly good news! Now with me things are simply rotten!—Puck.

One of the Producers.

"You should endeavor to do something for the comfort of your fellow men," said the philanthropist, "without thought of reward."

"I do. I buy umbrellas instead of borrowing them."

MORE THAN EVER
Increased Capacity for Mental Labor Since Leaving Off Coffee.

Many former coffee drinkers who have mental work to perform, day after day, have found a better capacity and greater endurance by using Postum instead of ordinary coffee. An Illinois woman writes:

"I had drank coffee for about twenty years, and finally had what the doctor called 'coffee heart.' I was nervous and extremely despondent, had little mental or physical strength left, had kidney trouble and constipation.

"The first noticeable benefit derived from the change from coffee to Postum was the natural action of the kidneys and bowels. In two weeks my heart action was greatly improved and my nerves steady.

"Then I became less despondent, and the desire to be active again showed proof of renewed physical and mental strength.

"I am steadily gaining in physical strength and brain power. I formerly did mental work and had to give it up on account of coffee, but since using Postum I am doing hard mental labor with less fatigue than ever before."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

NewspaperARCHIVE® NewspaperARCHIVE®

44 Bu. to the Acre

It's a heavy yield, but that's what John Kennedy of Edmonton, Alberta, Western Canada, got from 40 acres of Spring Wheat in 1910. Reports from other districts in that province showed other excellent results—such as 4,000 bushels of wheat from 120 acres, or 33 1-3 bu. per acre. 25, 30 and 40 bushel yields were numerous. As high as 132 bushels of oats to the acre were threshed from Alberta fields in 1910.

The Silver Cup

at the recent Spokane Fair was awarded to the Alberta Government for its exhibit of grains, grasses and vegetables. Reports of excellent yields for 1910 come also from Saskatchewan and Manitoba in Western Canada.

Free homesteads of 160 acres, and adjoining preemptions of 160 acres (at $3 per acre) are to be had in the choicest districts.

Schools convenient, climate excellent, soil the very best, railways close at hand, building lumber cheap, fuel easy to get and reasonable in price, water easily procured, mixed farming a success.

Write as to best place for settlement, settlers' low railway rates, descriptive illustrated "Last Best West" (sent free on application) and other information, to Sup't of Immigration, Ottawa, Can., or to the Canadian Government Agent. (35)

H. M. WILLIAMS
Law Building Toledo, Ohio
(Use address nearest you.)

ALL THERE.

Visitor—Do you think that mosquitoes carry malaria?

Farmer—I dunno; they never took any away from here.

BABY WASTED TO SKELETON

"My little son, when about a year and a half old, began to have sores come out on his face. I had a physician treat him, but the sores grew worse. Then they began to come out on his arms, then on other parts of his body, and then one came on his chest, worse than the others. Then I called another physician. Still he grew worse. At the end of about a year and a half of suffering he grew so bad that I had to tie his hands in cloths at night to keep him from scratching the sores and tearing the flesh. He got to be a mere skeleton, and was hardly able to walk.

"My aunt advised me to try Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. I sent to a drug store and got a cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of the Ointment and followed directions. At the end of two months the sores were all well. He has never had any sores of any kind since. I can sincerely say that only for Cuticura my child would have died. I used only one cake of Cuticura Soap and about three boxes of Ointment.

"I am a nurse and my profession brings me into many different families and it is always a pleasure for me to tell my story and recommend Cuticura Remedies. Mrs. Egbert Sheldon, Litchfield, Conn., Oct. 23, 1909."

Where He Fell Down.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—I see Budapest has a school where the students are taught the art of eating.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—You ought to arrange to go there, John."

"What for?"

"And take a course in spaghetti eating."—Yonkers Statesman.

Stiff neck! Doesn't amount to much, but mighty disagreeable. You've no idea how quickly a little Hamlins Wizard Oil will lubricate the cords and make you comfortable again.

A girl is worth all it costs to raise her—and it always costs it.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Many a fellow does all his betting with his mouth.

DRINK WATER TO CURE KIDNEYS AND RHEUMATISM

The People Do Not Drink Enough Water to Keep Healthy, Says Well-Known Authority.

"The numerous cases of kidney and bladder diseases and rheumatism are mainly due to the fact that the drinking of water, nature's greatest medicine, has been neglected.

Stop loading your system with medicines and cure-alls; but get on the water wagon. If you are really sick, why, of course, take the proper medicines—plain, common vegetable treatment, which will not shatter the nerves or ruin the stomach."

To cure Rheumatism you must make the kidneys do their work; they are the filters of the blood. They must be made to strain out of the blood the waste matter and acids that cause rheumatism; the urine must be neutralized so it will no longer be a source of irritation to the bladder, and, most of all, you must keep these acids from forming in the stomach. This is the cause of stomach trouble and poor digestion. For these conditions you can do no better than take the following prescription: Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces. Mix by shaking well in bottle and take in teaspoonful doses after each meal and at bedtime, but don't forget the water. Drink plenty and often.

This valuable information and simple prescription should be posted up in each household and used at the first sign of an attack of rheumatism, backache or urinary trouble, no matter how slight.

"SOME PUMPKINS"

SOMEWHERE down the road the engine stopped to get a drink. There was nothing in it for the passengers, the day being Sunday, and the lid well clamped down, even in the Ozark country, where the moon is said to shine in the darkness occasionally. Nevertheless the passengers got something worth while stopping for. What they got was a picture. It was a simple composition with a background of crimson autumnal foliage, a weather-stained log house in the middle distance, well screened in woodbine and trumpet creeper, the frost-nipped remains of an old-fashioned garden and—right in the middle foreground, not a stone's throw from the track—the solitary figure. He stood beside the squat gatepost, just as if he had been painted there a good half century ago, a cob pipe in his mouth and a somewhat tattered straw hat pushed well back from his florid brow and straight gray hair. His lean arms embraced, as far as human arms could reach, a mammoth pumpkin that reposed on the gatepost, and into the side of the yellow rind he had cut, "Prize-winner, 216 pd."

"I thought he'd be there," one of the passengers laughed. "He hasn't done a thing but flaunt that pumpkin at the passengers the past fortnight since he got it back from the county fair. You know it isn't easy to raise yellows like that in these Ozark hills. Takes rich bottom soil to make 'em grow to any considerable size, and the Ozark farmer needs his little bottom patches for something besides show fruit. That old chap got some of the best pumpkin seed that ever was brought into market and he's been at 'em ever since."

That 216-pounder did actually capture the prize in a certain Missouri county, but there was a pumpkin shown at the Merchants' Exchange in St. Louis that would have broken the old Ozark farmer's heart. It was the great achievement of Tom Powell, who has been raising big pumpkins a good many years and who supplied the seed from which that one great bill pumpkin was developed. It took a three-horse team to haul thirty pumpkins to St. Louis for the display. The combined weight of the load, exclusive of the wagon and driver, was something over 5,000 pounds, and the largest of the pumpkins tipped the beam at 237, the heaviest pumpkin ever brought to St. Louis. It was converted into 160 succulent pies.

The demand for pumpkin has not increased in proportion to the population's increase. In the days of our grandmothers canned things were almost unknown. And there was the tradition that in the fall, from the middle of October to Christmas, there must be a long row of pumpkin pies on the pantry shelf every Saturday night. For a moderate-sized family ten pies would suffice, but there was many a housewife who made her tired boast, "I've baked two dozen this morning, and I do hope there will be enough left for Monday dinner."

In the old days, the pumpkin was put to another use. It was the basis for a very delicious soup—strange as this may seem. Even now in the markets of Paris there is the custom of crowning King Pumpkin the last Saturday in September. The largest and shapeliest is elected king, and there is a regular ceremonial, an hour of the afternoon being given up to the parade through stalls and adjoining streets of the market, the trades people in costume and the pumpkin adorned with a gorgeous crown of tinsel and imitation jewels. When the parade is over the fruit is uncrowned, cut into sections and these auctioned off to the highest bidder, to be taken home and made up into soup.

Long before the Thanksgiving season of pie baking, many pumpkins have been diverted from their normal purpose of food and have served the merrymakers at Hallowe'en, made over into jack-o'-lanterns, with grinning or sorrowful countenances.

Centuries ago in Europe there was another kind of jack-o'-lantern, the marsh fire or will-o'-the-wisp, elf-fire or whatever you wish to call it, that was frequently seen in low, marshy places at night, flitting about like tiny lanterns in the gloom. When these phosphorescent lights appeared at the time of All Saints' day they were said to be the souls of sinners that had escaped from purgatory and returned to earth to beg their former friends to pray for the remission of their sins. Whether the pumpkin imitation of the marsh light originated among the peasants of Italy or the negroes of our own southern states, is still a mooted question. At first they were all sorrowful faces, befitting the counterpart of the soul that is suffering the consequences of a wicked life. But once upon a time an embryo sculptor made a mistake in the carving of a pumpkin mouth, causing the corners to turn up instead of down, and the effect was so jolly and comical that all who saw this spirit came to the conclusion that either the sins had been forgiven or the gate to purgatory had been slammed in his face and he need not return. Since that time it has been assumed by the Halloween hostess that sins are actually pardoned and departed spirits are happy, for the round, rather flat pumpkin that can be made to grin is the one most in demand.

Italy lays claim to the origin of the jack-o'-lantern and some time ago the botanists of Europe laid entire claim to the pumpkin itself, asserting that it was an imported product in America. This libel was given the lie in a little while by the American, who was in no humor to be robbed of his annual Thanksgiving pie. Pumpkins were grown in the rich alluvial soil along the Missouri river long before the white man invaded the interior of the continent, and in the cliff dwellings of Mancos Canyon, Ohio, that were abandoned even before the com-

In the Pumpkin Field.

ing of Columbus, perfectly preserved pumpkin seeds have been found by the excavators, in hermetically sealed jars. This fact is of no particular interest to any but the botanist, and the archaeologist; yet it is a source of gratification to us to know that we can eat our national pie without returning thanks to any other country than our own.

Surprising the Sultan.

Recently a party of American visitors visited Constantinople and were permitted to enter Yildiz Kiosk. The sultan, who was walking alone in the gardens, entered into conversation with the visitors and addressed himself to a bright looking girl. His majesty said: "We speak here French, English, German and Russian, but our visitors seldom know our language. I suppose, miss, you do not know a word?"

"Pardon, sire," replied the girl, "I know two Turkish words."

"What are they, miss?" asked the sultan. Assuming the whining tone of the mendicants, she replied.

"Baschich, effendi!" (a sou, monsieur), pointing at the same time to the sultan's pocket. His majesty presented her with a gold coin, and then she answered, sweetly, "Tachacure darim, ghazi!" (thank you, seigneur).

The sultan wondered, for he was ignorant of the little pocket dictionary, Turco-English.

The Letter of the Law.

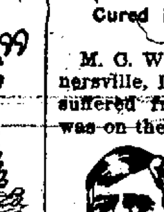
Cholly—May I have the next waltz?

Widow—Yes, but dance slow, as I only recently went into mourning.—The Club-Fellow.

UNABLE TO MOVE.

Helpless With Kidney Trouble But Cured by Doan's Kidney Pills.

M. G. Walker, 933 Grand Ave., Connersville, Ind., says: "For ten years I suffered from kidney complaint and was on the verge of Bright's disease. I was often so helpless I could not move and neighbors two blocks away heard me scream with pain. I had no control over the kidney secretions and the pain in my back was almost unbearable. After several physicians had failed to help me, I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills and was soon relieved. I have had no return of kidney trouble in five years."



Remember the name—Doan's.

For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

THOUGHT ONLY OF THE GAME

Filial Affection Lost Sight Of by the Small but Enthusiastic Lover of Football.

Among the spectators at a match between the Blackburn Rovers and the Olympic was a little lad about nine years of age. Though the boy's knowledge of the game may have been limited; his notion of correct play was extremely robust.

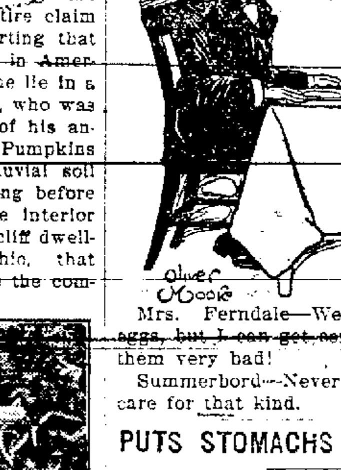
"Go it, 'Lympic," he yelled. "Rush 'em off their pins. Clatter 'em. Jump on their chests. Bowl 'em over. Good for yer. Mow 'em down. Scatter 'em, 'Lympic."

When his parent neatly "grassed" one of the opposing forwards, the youngster expressed approval by bawling, "Good fer yer, owd 'en," adding proudly to the spectators, "Feyther 'ad 'im sweet."

"Yes," said a hearer, "but he'll get killed before the game's finished."

"I don't care a carrot if he does," said the boy.—London Tit-Bits.

CHANGED HIS MIND.



Mrs. Ferndale—We haven't any eggs, but I can get some if you want them very bad!

Summerbord—Never mind, I don't care for that kind.

PUTS STOMACHS IN ORDER.

No Indigestion, Gas, Sourness or Dyspepsia Five Minutes After Taking a Little Diapepsin.

There should not be a case of indigestion, dyspepsia or gastritis here if readers who are subject to Stomach trouble knew the tremendous anti-ferment and digestive virtue contained in Diapepsin. This harmless preparation will digest a heavy meal without the slightest fuss or discomfort, and relieve the sourest, acid stomach in five minutes, besides overcoming all foul, nauseous odors from the breath.

If your stomach is sour and full of gas, or your food doesn't digest, and your meal don't seem to fit, why not get a 50-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin from any druggist here in town, and make life worth living. Absolute relief from Stomach misery and perfect digestion of anything you eat is sure to follow five minutes after, and besides, one fifty-cent case is sufficient to cure a whole family of such trouble.

Surely, a harmless, inexpensive preparation like Pape's Diapepsin, which will always either at daytime or during night, relieve your sick, sour, gassy, upset stomach and digest your meals, is about as handy and valuable a thing as you could have in the house.

An Exciting Town.

Los Angeles is a truly exciting town to live in. To say nothing of its heavenly climate and its bombs, there is always something stimulating in the occult line going on. Just the other day a widow of the angelic city began to long for a sight of one of her schoolmates whom she had not seen for 47 years. The longing brought its fulfillment. A spirit told her to look for him in Brooklyn. She obeyed, met him on the street a few hours after she arrived, and promptly married him. It is worth while to live in a city where things like this happen, even at the risk of being blown up now and then.

With the advent of the telephone, the old "working nights at the office" excuse has been given a permanent vacation.

Resinol in Three Weeks Does What Other Remedies Failed to Do in Four Months.

My baby's face was like a raw and bleeding piece of meat. I was at my wits' ends what to do. Medicine from three physicians and ointment recommended seemed to make the Eczema worse. Then another mother spoke of Resinol, which I procured at once—remember I had no more faith in it than in all the rest I had tried—but I thought it would be wasting only 50c more. Never did I spend 50c to better advantage, for the first and second days I noticed a remarkable change, and now at the end of the third week I have my pretty blue eyed, rosy cheeked, cooing baby well again. I am safe in saying he is perfectly cured and the cure was surely something remarkable. Your Soap and Ointment did in three weeks what everything else I tried failed to do in four months. My baby was positively disfigured, now his complexion is all right again.

Mrs. H. F. Clemmer, Sunbury, Pa.

Supreme Test.

"I thought you said this bathing suit was in fast colors," said Binks, indignantly, to the bathing master of whom he had bought his dollar suit that morning.

"Yes, that's what I said," returned the bathing master.

"Well, every blessed stripe on the blooming thing has come off on my back," retorted Binks.

"Ah, but wait until you try to get 'em off your back," smiled the bathing master, suavely. "Then you'll see."—Harper's Weekly.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

What the Editor Has to Stand.

Indignant Caller—Your paper, sir, refers to the man charged with entering my house as "the alleged diamond thief."

Editor—Well, sir.

I. C.—Well, I want you to understand that I had no alleged diamonds on my premises; they were all genuine.—Boston Evening Transcript.

TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY

for Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain. Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c, $1.00. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c, $1.00. Eye Books and Eye Advice Free by Mail.

Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Unfraternal.

"It seems cruel to slaughter all those pigs for the market," said the Chicago girl.

"I know that it's cruel," replied Miss Cayenne. "But when you think of what the packers charge for the meat it does seem a little unfraternal."

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher.* In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

A Very Good Guess.

Foote Lighte—I understand there were several dozen bad eggs in the possession of persons in the audience last night and not one was thrown.

Miss Sue Brette—Because the author of the piece refused to show himself, I guess.

Mass Play Modified.

City Editor—Any radical changes for the better in football this season?

Sporting Writer—Verily. I understand that not more than one ticket speculator will be allowed to tackle a single patron at the same time.—Puck.

Pie.

"You Americans," said the London man, "are very fond of what you call pie. But properly speaking a pie should have meat in it."

"Perhaps. But the beef packers compel us to economize."

Have You Tried?

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound? We can furnish positive proof that it has made many remarkable cures after all other means had failed.

Women who are suffering with some form of female illness should consider this.

As such evidence read these two unsolicited testimonial letters. We guarantee they are genuine and honest statements of facts.

Cresson, Pa.—"Five years ago I had a bad fall, and hurt myself inwardly. I was under a doctor's care for nine weeks, and when I stopped I grew worse again. I sent for a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, took it as directed, and now I am a stout, hearty woman."—Mrs. Ella E. Aikey, Cresson, Pa.

Baird, Wash.—"A year ago I was sick with kidney and bladder troubles and female weakness. The doctors gave me up. All they could do was to just let me go as easily as possible. I was advised by friends to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier. I am completely cured of my ills, and I am nearly sixty years old."—Mrs. Sarah Leighton, Baird, Wash.

Evidence like the above is abundant showing that the derangements of the female organism which breed all kinds of miserable feelings and which ordinary practice does not cure, are the very disorders that give way to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Women who are afflicted with similar troubles, after reading two such letters as the above, should be encouraged to try this wonderfully helpful remedy.

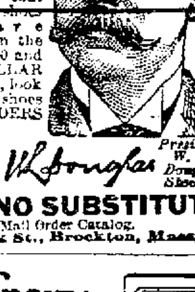
For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health free of charge. Address Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.

W. L. DOUGLAS
$3 $3.50 & $4 SHOES FOR MEN & WOMEN

BOYS' SHOES, $2.00, $2.50 & $3.00. BEST IN THE WORLD.

W. L. Douglas $3.00, $3.50 and $4.00 shoes are positively the best made and most popular shoes for the price in America, and are the most economical shoes for you to buy.



Do you realize that my shoes have been the standard for over 30 years, that I make and sell more $3.00, $3.50 and $4.00 shoes than any other manufacturer in the U.S., and that DOLLAR FOR DOLLAR, I GUARANTEE MY SHOES to hold their shape, look and fit better, and wear longer than any other $3.00, $3.50 or $4.00 shoes you can buy? Quality counts. It has made my shoes THE LEADERS OF THE WORLD.

You will be pleased when you buy my shoes because of the fit and appearance, and when it comes time for you to purchase another pair, you will be more than pleased because the last ones wore so well, and gave you so much comfort.

W. L. Douglas President W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.

CAUTION! None genuine without W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on the bottom. **TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.**

If your dealer cannot supply you with W. L. Douglas Shoes, write for Mail Order Catalog. W. L. DOUGLAS, 145 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

American Seating Company

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MANUFACTURERS PUBLIC SEATING EXCLUSIVELY FOR

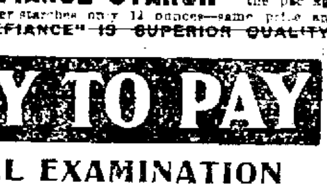
Schools, Churches and Theaters

Everything in School Supplies. Ask for this CATALOGUE E-L.

Save money by buying from the manufacturer.

ARE YOU BUILDING OR RESEATING? If you are write for Catalogue A. M. at once, mentioning class of building. Dealers should write Thomas M. Boyd, President, McClurg Bldg., Chicago, for our exclusive agency proposition on SCHOOL FURNITURE AND SUPPLIES.

COLT DISTEMPER



Can be handled very easily. The sick are cured, and all others in same stable, no matter how "exposed," kept from having the disease, by using SPOHN'S LIQUID DISTEMPER CURE. Give on the tongue, or in feed. Acts on the blood and expels germs of all forms of distemper. Best remedy ever known for mares in foal. One bottle guaranteed to cure one case. 50c and $1 a bottle; $5 and $10 dozen of druggists and harness dealers, or sent express paid by manufacturers. Cut shows how to poultice throats. Our free Booklet gives everything. Local agents wanted. Largest selling horse remedy in existence—twelve years.

SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Bacteriologists, Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.

DEFIANCE STARCH—16 ounces to the package—other starches only 12 ounces—same price and "DEFIANCE" IS SUPERIOR QUALITY.

Headache

"My father has been a sufferer from sick headache for the last twenty-five years and never found any relief until he began taking your Cascarets. Since he has begun taking Cascarets he has never had the headache. They have entirely cured him. Cascarets do what you recommend them to do. I will give you the privilege of using his name."—E. M. Dickson, 1120 Resiner St., W. Indianapolis, Ind.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken or Gripe. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C C C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. 925

NOT A PENNY TO PAY
FOR FULLEST MEDICAL EXAMINATION

Professor Munyon has engaged a staff of specialists that are renowned leaders in their line.

There is no question about their ability, they are the finest physicians that colleges and hospitals have turned out and receive the highest salaries.

He offers their service to you absolutely free of cost. No matter what your disease, or how many doctors you have tried, write to Professor Munyon's physicians and they will give your case careful and prompt attention and advise you what to do. You are under no obligations to them. It will not cost you a penny, only the postage stamp you put on your letter.

All consultations are held strictly confidential.

Address Munyon's Doctors, Munyon's Laboratories, 53d & Jefferson Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

ASTHMA CURED to STAY CURED

No relapse. No return of choking spells or other asthmatic symptoms. Whetzel system of treatment approved by best U. S. medical authorities as the only system known to permanently cure the disease.

FREE TEST TREATMENT

Including medicines, prepared for any one giving a full description of the case and sending names of 2 asthmatic sufferers. Address FRANK WHETZEL, M. D. Dept. A. American Express Building, Chicago.

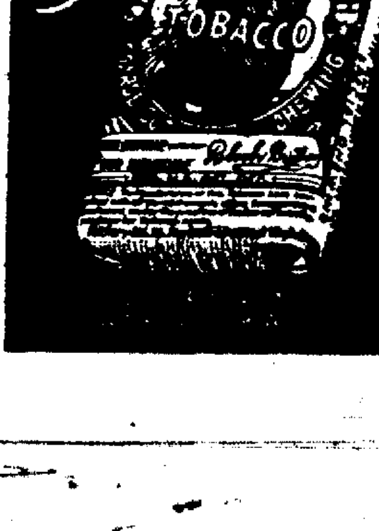
PATENT your invention. Free preliminary search. Booklet free. MILO B. STEVENS & CO., Estab. 1864. 855 14th St., Washington; 26 Dearborn St., Chicago.

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Books free. Highest references. Best results.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. MONROE DRUG CO., Quincy, Illinois.

W. N. U., CLEVELAND, NO. 47-1910.



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The Gazette.

WELLSBORO, PA.

THURSDAY, DEC. 1, 1910.

FRANK CONEVERY, · Editor and Proprietor

A total of 19 dead and over 400 injured was the penalty paid for football by its followers during the season just closed, despite the use of the new rules, which were brought into being in an effort to reform the game and make it less perilous to the players. Last year the deaths numbered 23.

A Harrisburg dispatch says that a claim is made by the State headquarters of the Pennsylvania Anti-Saloon League that twenty-six members of the next State Senate and eighty members of the next House of Representatives are publicly or privately pledged to the support of a local option bill and a determined fight for the passage of such a measure will be made in the session of 1911.

The official count of ballots cast at the recent election shows that the next Legislature scheduled to convene in Harrisburg, January 3, will be composed, on joint ballot, of 191 Republicans, 50 Democrats, 9 Keystone-Republicans, 6 Keystone-Democrats and 1 Socialist. The lower branch of the Legislature will be made up of 154 Republicans, 39 Democrats, 5 Keystone-Democrats, 8 Keystone-Republicans and 1 Socialist. The Senate will be made up of 37 Republicans, 11 Democrats, 1 Keystone-Republican and 1 Keystone Democrat.

That the recent Democratic victory brings with it dangers as well as responsibilities is already apparent. Already the mischief-makers are at work trying to head off the more substantial victory in the presidential contest of 1913. The Populists, Socialists and riff-raff generally are serving notice that only certain candidates will be acceptable to them and that unless the candidate of the Democratic party is taken from the group that is acceptable to them, there will be revolt in the ranks and what appears like certain victory will be turned into humiliating defeat.

It is likely that in the next Congress there will be a coalition of the progressive Republicans and the Democrats on such matters of legislation as the people seem to demand. There will be tariff legislation. There will be revision on that subject by separate schedules. One schedule will be taken up at a time and adjusted in conformity with the best thought on the subject, and such adjustment will be along the lines that will have in view a revenue raising power, and perhaps an incidental protection. This has been the idea advanced by the independent Republicans and Democrats as well.

Of course Mr. Munson will not accept an appointment to a federal judgeship as recommended by Senator Penrose, and it is very unfortunate for him, when this recommendation was first made public, that he did not recognize his position and promptly and unequivocally, over his own signature, renounce all intention of accepting the appointment if tendered him, regardless of previous ambitions or desires. This course would have done infinitely more to convince the public of its error in suspecting the existence of a political bargain than any number of denials on the part of either of the interested parties. Mr. Munson is accustomed to calculating the weight of evidence, and if it is possible for him to eliminate his own personality in a candid review of the events of the past few months, he can find no escape from the conclusion that the appointment within the sphere of the Penrose influence, and its acceptance by him forms a complete chain of circumstances all pointing to but one conclusion. That conclusion is wholly incompatible with the cherished ideals surrounding the judicial office and it is doubtful if any man could afford to suffer under it for the hollow honor or emoluments conferred by any greater or lesser office.—Williamsport Sun.

GET SECOND PLACE ON BALLOT.

The supposition that because the Keystone party cast the second largest vote in the State at the recent election it would be entitled to the second place on the ballot at the next election, was based upon a misapprehension of the law. It is made very plain in the act that the relative positions on the ballot are determined by the vote cast by each party at a presidential election, and there will be no change on account of the recent vote, as the Keystone party has not yet been in a presidential fight.

This makes it lucky for the Democrats, who, though their vote in the State was not much more than one-fourth the ordinary figures, do not lose their position. They are not so fortunate, however, in their representation in their State Convention. It will be reduced in accordance with the reduction in their vote for Governor, and their next convention, which will be that of a presidential year, will be rather small, though it may be quite select. [illegible] years ago the Republicans [illegible] their basis of representation [illegible] convention, dropping [illegible] in gubernatorial years and [illegible] that of presidential years. [illegible]

AEROPLANES FOR ARMY'S CAMP

General Allen Would Train at Least Twenty Officers as Pilots.

Washington, D. C.—Twenty aeroplanes at least are needed for the United States Government service, says General James Allen, chief signal officer of the Army, in his annual report.

"These aeroplanes should be on regular practice at different points in the country throughout the year," continues General Allen. "They should be present in camps of instruction for the regular troops and organized militia. Twenty aeroplanes would provide but two for each camp of instruction. To run this number would require at least twenty specially trained officers as pilots. In addition to this each machine must carry at least one observer, which experience has shown will require much training and actual practice before the usefulness of the heavier-than-air machine is attained."

General Allen deprecates the fact that although the United States was the first nation officially to recognize the aeroplane for military purposes this Government has not kept pace with the world in the development of military aeronautics. Such has been the rapid development of aerial navigation since the Government carried out tests in 1908 that it has been left far behind.

Summed up the aero equipment of the United States Army consists of one small practice dirigible balloon, one Wright aeroplane and three small captive balloons, says the General.

The Signal Corps has only one lieutenant and nine enlisted men on duty in connection with aeronautics, and, the chief signal officer says, until the corps is increased by legislation it will be impossible to furnish more officers and men for the absolutely necessary training demanded in airmanship.

General Allen combats the oft-repeated assertion that the United States, owing to its isolated position, is not likely to become involved in war, and that therefore the most economical procedure in aerial navigation is to wait until other nations have determined upon the types best suited to military purposes, thus shifting the expense of experiment and development to other nations.

"It must be remembered that in 1897," he says, "no one believed that this country had any prospect of a war, yet within a year from that date we were actually involved in a war with Spain without any adequate military preparation, which resulted in great confusion, expense and unnecessary loss of life. Furthermore, experienced military airmen cannot be created after war is declared, and the demands of this new service undoubtedly will require higher qualities of training, judgment and courage than any other branch of the military service."

Land Birds in Mid-Ocean.

Boston, Mass.—Far out in mid-ocean a flock of more than a dozen birds, including one owl and several wrens, thrushes and chaffinches, alighted on the steamer Caledonian while on her way from Manchester and Liverpool. The birds were exhausted after their long flight from shore and all but two chaffinches died in a short time. No one on board could explain how the birds happened to be so far out over the ocean.

AGED NEGRO IN NIGHT SCHOOL.

He Has Educated His Boys; Now His Turn.

Kansas City, Kan.—Declaring it to be his lifelong ambition to learn to read and write, John W. Smith, sixty-eight years old, a negro and a former slave appeared at the Night School for Negro Children in Kansas City, Kan., and asked to be admitted. He was enrolled, but will have to pay $1 a month tuition. The old negro, who followed his owner, Col. Polk, in the civil war, when the master fought the Union troops, explained his ignorance by saying:

"My old master was mighty good to me, but nobody used to think of teaching a slave to read and write. I have given all my boys a good education, and now I am going to have my turn. Almost everybody can read and write, and when I want to know what is in a paper I have to get some one to read it to me."

AMAZING YALE SPELLING.

Freshmen at New Haven Turn In Some Wonderful Work.

New Haven, Conn.—Yale freshmen who are taking English have been warned that just because they have left their "prep" schools behind they need not get careless about spelling. Instructors say that recent test papers have shown pretty general weakness in this line.

"Gonzamire," one freshman's version of "gossamer," takes the prize, but there are other efforts such as "sence," "innocense," "saiest," "speach," "squirl" and "spoke."

"The house of the Catapults," referred to in a paper on "Romeo and Juliet," was finally located as that of the Capulets. Scholarships "stands" will suffer, instructors say, if the students persist in using this kind of reformed spelling.

Submersible Battleship.

Rome, Italy.—An Italian inspector of naval engineering has laid before the Ministry of Marine the model of a new type of battleship, which is to exceed in strength every other known description. It is to be built in such a manner that neither aeroplanes nor steerable airships would be able to harm it. The chief point, however, about this new type of battleship is that the warship would be submersible and able to navigate almost entirely below the surface of the water, only the turrets with the guns and the bridge would be left above the surface.

POPULAR TOMMIE GREENWOOD.

Nurses and Internes In Paterson Hospital Can't Do Without Him.

Paterson, N. J.—Little Tommie Greenwood is an extremely popular young person without really being old enough to know it. He is back at the General Hospital, not because of sickness, but because the physicians and nurses there wanted to have him with them again, and agreed to be responsible for the cost of his clothing and keep.

Originally, Tommie was found lying in a baby carriage in a darkened room at his mother's home. He was so near death from starvation that three-alarm treatment was necessary to save his life. He was rushed to the hospital in a private automobile. His pitiful condition brought him much sympathy and he became the pet of everybody in the institution. When he regained his strength, his popularity became firmly established.

Whenever a nurse had a few minutes' spare time, she would take him in charge, or the internes would take him out on the lawn when they played tennis or baseball.

It was finally decided that he must be turned over to the care of the children's home; and he was, about a month ago. From that time the nurses and internes missed the little fellow so much that they asked for his return and agreed to provide for his needs. He was brought back.

CHURCH ADVERTISING PAYS.

So Says the Rev. James W. Kramer of Spokane, Who Has Tried It.

Spokane, Wash.—"I have drawn people to hear my sermons by advertising. I have attracted them with moving pictures, not suppers, pink teas and flowers and flags. If I have had any degree of success in Spokane it is because of the liberal use of printer's ink," said the Rev. Dr. James W. Kramer, pastor of the First Baptist Church, who came to Spokane from South Carolina two years ago. "There is something worse than sensationalism. It is the inability of the church to produce life. The church that does not advertise is behind the times and is nursing empty pews, and he who rails against the minister for advertising is suffering for a congregation. I am not an advocate of ragtime methods or vulgar preaching, but I do plead for the church which is a humming plant of machinery, with live coals in the fire box, smoke curling from the stacks and every belt, wheel and pulley going. I believe, too, that the people need instruction, and that a minister of the gospel is first, last and all the time a teacher. There must be life."

BUG IN EAR BACK TO LIGHT.

Matches Draw Out Insect Unreachable Otherwise.

Colwyn, Pa.—A novel and effective way of removing an insect that crawled into the ear of John Sunders, of Colwyn, while he was working in Woolford's tank works, was tried.

Sunders was not aware that the bug had crawled into his ear until it reached the inner membranes, when he began to suffer excruciatingly. The insect tried to go farther, and the pain was becoming more intense every second, when one of Sunders' fellow-workmen lighted a match to make a better examination, and the pain suddenly ceased. The moment the match blew out, however, the pain began; but as soon as another match was lighted and held close to Sunders' ear the pain stopped.

Half a dozen matches were used in this manner, when it was noticed that the bug, an eighth of an inch long, was beginning to crawl out backward. After half a box of matches had been used the insect, which responded to the light, had almost entirely emerged, and was removed and killed.

THE STORK DELAYED HER.

Missing Member of White House Menage Caused Anxiety.

Washington, D. C.—"Where is Pauline? Oh, will some one tell us what has happened to Pauline."

"I believe she has been kidnapped."

"No, she must have eloped."

So said employees at the White House, who were worried over the whereabouts of Pauline Wayne. Miss Pauline had recently become a member of the Presidential menage. She left her Wisconsin home, and then mysteriously disappeared.

The mystery was cleared when word was received that while on the train a stork had visited Pauline.

Pauline Wayne is a queenly beauty. She is the pedigreed Alderney cow that Senator Isaac H. Stephenson presented to President Taft to supply the White House milk and cream.

DEAD; STEAM CLOUDS ROOM.

Woman Suffocates as She Sleeps While Clothes Boil.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Suffocated by steam from a wash boiler, Mrs. Marie Clegg was found dead in the kitchen of her home, at No. 12 St. Mark's Place. She was last seen about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The neighbors grew uneasy when she did not appear as usual during the evening, and notified a patrolman from the Bergen street station. He crawled in through a window of her apartment, and on opening the door to the kitchen he was almost knocked down by the volume of steam which burst forth.

When the atmosphere had cleared sufficiently to allow him to enter the kitchen, the patrolman found Mrs. Clegg sitting as if asleep in a chair near the stove, while clouds of steam were still rising from a boiler of clothes.

Dr. Schnayerson, of the Long Island College Hospital, who was called, thought the woman had apparently been suffocated while asleep.

He Stole a Glass Eye.

Boston, Mass.—Charged with stealing the glass eye of George McCluskey from his room in Winchester street, and attempting to sell it for seventy-five cents, Edward Seeley was found guilty by Judge Bolster and sentenced to three months in the House of Correction.

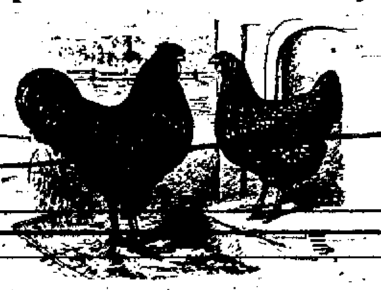
Under the new system of elections there will be no general election in the State again until 1912. At that time members of the Legislature, members of Congress and a President will be chosen. The election next year will be for county, borough, township and city officials. The primaries for which will be held in June, and the election will take place in November. Thereafter municipal elections will be held every odd-numbered year and general elections will be held in the even-numbered years.

Deliberate Suicide.

Not for a single day can a cough be safely neglected in this climate. Without delay resort to Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. This balsamic vegetable preparation extinguishes a cough or cures a cold with unexampled rapidity. Sold by all druggists.

The sanction of physicians has been accorded to that standard disinfectant Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

Spot Cash for Poultry



The Highest Market Price, spot cash, will be paid for chickens and other poultry.

R. J. DUNHAM, Wellsboro

A SURPRISE FOR HIM

you will have if your husband is a lover of prime meats, fresh poultry, delicious hams and bacon or lamb when you serve him at dinner with roasts, steaks or chops from our choice meats. Everything you get at Yahn & Westbrook's is of delicious flavor, prime quality and tender deliciousness. There is no kick coming from the man who is served with meats from

Yahn & Westbrook's

Opposite Coles House Block
WALN ST., WELLSBORO, PA.

E. B. POND

PAINTING AND PAPERING

Cor. Crafton & Water Streets
WELLSBORO, PA.
Farmers Phone 104-w.

JOB PRINTING executed with neatness and dispatch at GAZETTE office.

Exclusive Fall Fashions
FOR THE LADIES

IT is a pleasure to show you the smartly built, man tailored "STYLE CRAFT" Suits and Skirts, as there is quality, style and service back of every garment sold.

¶ I have a large line of blacks and colors in sizes from 32 to 48. I have a suit designed especially for stout ladies. My line of Skirts were never prettier. Sizes from 22 to 38 waist measure. I also have a new line of modified Hobble Skirts and Dresses and Skirts, Shirt Waists and Rain Coats.

LOUISE MARCH

SUCCESSOR TO ROBINSON & MARCH

79 MAIN STREET : : UP STAIRS

Don't Buy a Cheap Gun

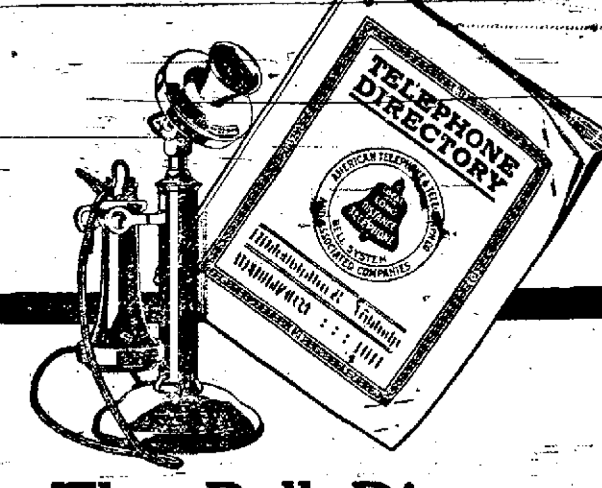
As a general proposition it doesn't pay to buy cheap things of any kind. It is surely dangerously unwise to buy any but a good gun. Get a Safe Gun and one that puts the pellets of shot where you aim, one that sends the bullet where you draw your bead. Get a Gun you will be proud of.

The Fall Hunting Season is now at its height, and if you are going to enjoy the Sport let us show you a Winchester Repeating Rifle or Shot Gun, Marlin Repeating Rifle or Shot Gun, Remington—Ithaca—Baker, Hopkins and Allen. Stevens—Harrington and Richardson—Iver Johnson—and Savage.

We have these makes in different styles—all good. If you haven't looked at Guns lately, better have a look. You have no idea of the improvements that have been made. Arms and Ammunition, all kinds. Hunters' Knives, Axes, Coats and Belts, Hunting Caps, etc. Everything to bring home what you went after.

ROBERTS HARDWARE CO.,

Next Door to the First National Bank.



The Bell Directory

is the business and social list of highest class in any community

Your name should be listed

Call the Business Office for telephone service rates and particulars

Bell Telephone Company

OF PENNSYLVANIA.

C. R. HERRINGTON, Agent.

GOING OUT OF THE MILLINERY BUSINESS

AT THE

MODEL DRY GOODS & STAR CLOTHING HOUSE

Our Entire Stock of Millinery to Be Closed Out Regardless of Price or Cost

BEGINNING THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1st

and lasting for three weeks, we will offer the greatest bargains ever known in this region. We contemplate making numerous changes in the arrangement of our stock and find that we have more lines than our store space can fittingly accommodate, hence have decided that we can no longer handle a line of Millinery.

Remember, this is not an "End of the Season Sale," but a complete clearance of our entire stock of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Hats, Frames, Plumes, Ornaments, etc. This stock is composed of the very latest creations of Millinery art and there are several months of seasonable weather ahead for a winter hat. Even though you are in no immediate need of a hat, it will pay you to provide for the future at these extraordinary prices. Here are a few sample prices we have to offer:

$1.00 HATS, sale price $ .50	$3.00 HATS, sale price $1.50	$5.00 HATS, sale price $2.50
1.50 HATS, sale price .75	3.50 HATS, sale price 1.75	5.50 HATS, sale price 2.75
2.00 HATS, sale price 1.00	4.00 HATS, sale price 2.00	6.00 HATS, sale price 3.00
2.50 HATS, sale price 1.25	4.50 HATS, sale price 2.25	6.50 HATS, sale price 3.25

$7.00 HATS, sale price $3.50 | $8.00 HATS, sale price $4.00

Above all, come early, as the stock will be quickly closed out and you may never again have such an opportunity.

MODEL DRY GOODS & STAR CLOTHING HOUSE,

THE LARGEST EXCLUSIVE DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING STORE IN TIOGA COUNTY.

Bell Phone, 70 L. B. FINKELSTEIN, WELLSBORO, PA. Farmers' Phone, 63-B

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

Oft in the Night

WHEN TAKEN WITH A PAIN, NOTHING WILL RELIEVE IT SO QUICKLY AS A HOT WATER BOTTLE.

In time of health it is a luxury and comfort. In time of sickness it is a necessity. The family without one is the family without a good and true friend. We have them, many styles, fresh, pure rubber. Call and let us show them to you.

Corner Drug Store. : : : : FAY F. HOWD

Rexall Orderlies Cure Constipation

A new product which has proven by actual test to be the best laxative and cathartic known to medical science. For Sick Headache and Billiousness they have no equal.

YOUR MONEY BACK IF YOU ARE NOT SATISFIED. SAMPLE FREE.

H. L. BLATCHLEY
CENTRAL PHARMACY

CONGO ROOFING

Building and Roofing Papers of All Kinds, Coal Tar at Wholsale Only.

Dealers in Roofing and Building Papers in Tioga county:—We are Sales Agents for Tioga county for the United Roofing & Manufacturing Co.'s products. We have a full line of Building Papers and Roofing in stock, and on account of local freight rates believe that we can save you money.

WRITE US FOR DELIVERED PRICES AND SAMPLES

Geo. M. Spalding
WELLSBORO, PA.

Local Notices.

MILLINERY.—Prices cut in two on trimmed and untrimmed hats until Xmas at Mrs. Stewart's.

Do not fail to see your friend in the Union Depot. Come, laugh and enjoy the music. There will be lots of catchy songs.

Don't miss the Union Depot at the Auditorium on Friday evening, December 9th. It will be given under the auspices of the Fortnightly Club of the Presbyterian church for the benefit of the organ fund.

Marvel Flour, the choicest of spring wheat patents, and guaranteed to make better bread than any other brand. Only $1.50 per sack, cash, at the Wellsboro Feed Store or Wellsboro Roller Mills.
GEO. C. & F. A. BROOKS.

BIG CUT IN PRICES.—Great reduction in the prices of all kinds of Millinery at the parlors of Mrs. Barton Jones. The ladies of Wellsboro and vicinity are invited to call and inspect stock. We can please you both as to style and prices.

The Gazette.

THURSDAY, DEC. 1, 1910.

New Advertisements.

This Time of Year - L. H. Klock.
Rexall Orderlies - H. L. Blatchley.
Christmas Candies - Calhoun & Co.
The Bell Directory—Bell Telephone Co.
Send for the New Catalogue—Montgomery Ward & Co.
Going Out of the Millinery Business — L. B. Finkelstein.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Owing to a break yesterday afternoon on the linotype machine at the Advocate office, which does the greater part of the composition for the Gazette, we are unable to present the usual amount of reading matier this week. The hour of going to press has also been greatly delayed, for all of which we beg the indulgence of our readers.

Late Local Brevities.

—Miss Glenora Wise visited in Danville last week.

—Arthur Hale, of Gaines, was in town Saturday.

—J. W. Smith, of Westfield, was a business visitor in town yesterday.

—Simon Keeney was home from Syracuse University for Thanksgiving.

—Edwin Tuttle has entered the employment of Geo. P. Riberolle, grocer.

—John M. Gillespie, of Blackwells, was a business visitor in town yesterday.

—Louis Wilcox has secured employment as clerk in Dunham's grocery store.

—Mrs. Charles Comfort and infant son visited relatives at Galeton last week.

—Mrs. L. N. Lester, of Elmira, was the guest of Mrs. Ferd Emberger last week.

—Mrs. Alex. Cameron, of Irwin, Pa., is visiting her mother, Mrs. William Roberts.

—Mrs. Robert Crichton is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Robert Lorenz, in Philadelphia.

—Miss Bernice Fellows was home from the Elmira Business Institute for Thanksgiving.

—Mrs. F. W. Siemens and Miss Harriet Simpson are spending the week in New York city.

—Samuel Glasz and William Margraff, of Elmira, spent Thursday with their parents in town.

—Clyde English, who has been visiting his parents for several days, has returned to Binghamton.

—Mrs. J. E. French returned home last week from a month's visit with relatives at Jersey Shore.

—Ed. Matson returned last week from North Woodstock, N. H., for a few days' visit with his family.

—William Tipple, of Elmira, was the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Tipple, on Thanksgiving.

—The County Commissioners have appointed William H. Merithew, of Liberty, as Mercantile Appraiser.

—Mr. and Mrs. Walter Keagle left Monday for Mt. Jewett, where Mr. Keagle will work in a glass factory.

—Donald Davis visited his brother, Hugh Davis, resident physician at the Williamsport City Hospital, last week.

—Miss Elizabeth Gardner, of the Mansfield Normal, spent Thanksgiving with her parents in this borough.

—Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Humez and children left Monday for Port Allegany, where they will make their future home.

—Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Humez have been visiting the past week with their son, Aimable P. Humez, of DuBois, Pa.

—Carl Phelps was home from Syracuse University to spend Thanksgiving with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Phelps.

—Levi Shattuck was home from Dickinson Seminary to spend Thanksgiving with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Shattuck.

—Ex-County Commissioner S. O. Putnam and Dr. P. Ramsey, of Covington, had business at the county seat yesterday.

—Mark Harrison, of the Rensselar Polytechnic Institute at Troy, N. Y., spent Thanksgiving with his mother, Mrs. Mary L. Harrison.

—We are indebted to the Advocate for the use of the picture of the late Mrs. Leon Appleby, of Chatham, printed on the first page.

—Reuben Harris, of Tioga, and Miss Bessie Roe, of Middlebury, were married Nov. 21st at the Free Baptist parsonage by Rev. R. M. Cloud.

—Misses Dora Wilcox, Elizabeth Bernauer, Wanda Smith and Lynette Field, students at the Mansfield Normal, were home for Thanksgiving.

—The Helvetia Milk Condensing Company made their employes thankful on Thanksgiving by giving each a fine turkey. There were 95 distributed.

—Alfred J. Niles, of Philadelphia, has been visiting friends in town. He spent Thanksgiving in Rochester, N. Y., with his mother, Mrs. Phœbe Niles.

—A doe which had been shot by a hunter was found on the mountain by a game warden Tuesday morning. The deer was sent to the Blossburg hospital.

—John Richardson, of Ehrenfield, Pa., was called here to attend the funeral of his brother, Robert Richardson, last Sunday. He returned home Tuesday.

—Miss Elizabeth Riberolle, of the faculty of the Friendship, N. Y., schools, spent Thanksgiving with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George P. Riberolle.

—Mr. and Mrs. William L. Shearer were the guests last Saturday of Mrs. Shearer's sister and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Ryan, of Lawrenceville.

—Mrs. Arthur Christiansen, nee Margaret Truman, formerly of Wellsboro, and well known here, gave birth to a son recently at Alameda, California.

—Mrs. N. T. Chandler, Miss Mary Chandler, Mrs. Helen Shaw and son, John B. Shaw, spent Thanksgiving day with Mrs. Shaw's son, Harry Shaw, at Galeton.

—Beginning this week and until further notice Dreamland will be open three nights a week—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday—instead of every week night, as formerly.

—Miss Edna Wilson, of Wellsboro, and Henry M. Whipple, of Elmira, were married last week Tuesday at the First Methodist parsonage in Elmira by Rev. A. J. Saxe.

—The County Commissioners last week let the contract for filling in the approaches to the new Keeney bridge in Middlebury to Messrs. C. A. Goodwin and L. L. West.

—Hugo Herden, of Elmira, spent Thanksgiving with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Herden. Mr. Herden has a fine position with the Bell Telephone Company in that city.

—Several cases of diphtheria are reported in town. The borough building has been quarantined, owing to the illness of the little daughter of Janitor W. B. Smith with the disease.

—James K. Horton, formerly of this borough, will move to Clearfield from Phillipsburg and enter into partnership with his father-in-law, ex-Judge Krebs, for the practice of his profession.

—Messrs. Clyde Townsend, Truman Mathers, James Morrow, John Smith, Perley Phelps and L. Jenkins, who have been working for the Matson Mfg. Co., at North Woodstock, N. H., returned home last week.

—At the regular meeting of the Council on Monday evening Burgess Dartt and all the members of the Council were present. A few bills were paid and routine business transacted but no action of public interest was taken.

—The outlook for a number of excellent basket ball teams in Wellsboro is most promising. More than thirty candidates have reported to Coach Bowen for the various teams and are busily engaged in practicing several nights a week.

—Rev. W. H. Overs will deliver a special address to the members of St. Andrew's Brotherhood at St. Paul's church next Wednesday, St. Andrew's Day. The members of the Junior and Senior Brotherhoods will meet at the the rectory following the service, where the societies will be reorganized and preparations made for active work in the future.

—Miss Carrie B. Herrington was recently appointed agent of the Tioga county district of the Bell Telephone Company, of Pennsylvania. Miss Herrington has been manager of the local exchange for several years and well merits her promotion. Her many friends in Wellsboro and vicinity congratulate her on her promotion to this responsible position.

—"Queen," one of the largest elephants in captivity, and who was exhibited in Wellsboro last summer with the Frank A. Robbins circus, was executed in New York last week for killing a keeper. Cyanide of potassium was used to kill the great animal. Seven grains administered in an apple brought death in nineteen minutes. "Queen" was 86 years old, weighed nearly four tons, and had toured the country for 40 years.

—Weldon Butler, aged 39 years, of Stokesdale Junction, died last Wednesday morning at the Forest Lawn Sanitarium, of typhoid fever, after a six weeks' illness. He was a son of L. H. and Nancy Jane Short Butler, deceased, and was born June 9, 1871, in Delmar. Mr. Butler is survived by his widow and three children. He is also survived by two brothers: Walton Butler, of Rochester, N. Y., and Walter Butler, of Stokesdale Junction. The deceased was a member of S'onga Tribe, I. O. R. M., of Niles Valley, and was well liked by all who knew him. The funeral was held Friday afternoon. Interment at Niles Valley.

—He hikes away at the break of day and off to the hill he goes; the frosty chill, as it often will, brings out the red in his nose. He's out for fun, and he totes a gun, of shells he's several pounds; he has his lunch and quite a bunch of lop-eared hunting hounds. He routs the quail and the cotton tail, and he shoots like a Roman candle; by the noise he makes and the time he takes, his "bag" will be hard to handle. He falls from a log, he shoots a dog, he barks his shin on a fence, he tramps all day, and his game they say, is worth about 30 cents; and his legs may ache and his back may break and his children cry for bread, but still he'll rush a gun thro bush till he blows off his foolish head. You may call it fun, I don't for one, but the rabbits chuckle I reckon as off they race to the old safe place while the hunter risks his neck trying to crawl thro an old stone wall, his cocked gun trailed aground, till off it goes and fingers and toes are scattered for miles around.—Ex.

—The statistics editor with his glittering eye and flowing scissors gathers in the following: The football season just closed presents with pardonable pride, these figures: Deaths, nineteen; injured, four hundred and thirty; broken legs, thirty-six; broken arms, nineteen; twelve concussions of the brain, sixty-five broken collar bones, and twenty-six broken ribs. The one puzzling feature is that relating to concussions of the brain. We had always supposed that players on going into a game emptied their brains into a thimble and carefully secreted the thimble behind the stove, thus insuring the safety of their thinking material. It seems we were in error about this, but it is hard to believe.

DEEDS RECORDED.

With Location of Lands, Names of Parties and Consideration.

Mansfield—Mark L. Loveless and wife to Reuben Curtis; lot, $125.

Knoxville—Lizzie Cleveland and husband to Omar C. Shewman; lot, $1,300.

Covington borough—Equity Co-Operative Exchange to Horace W. LeValley; lot, $100.

Clymer—Mina Ackley and husband to Arthur H. Seumans; 1-3 acre, $50.

Mansfield—Mary Swan Thompson, et al., to William M. Barden; lot, $110.

Richmond—W. F. Lamb and wife to Charles F. White; 7 acres, $150.

Jackson—Gideon Corwin to The School Board of Jackson township; ¼ acre, $75.

Wellsboro—Alonzo B. Eastman, Ex. of, to Gideon J. Bly; lot, $1,000.

Middlebury—Fannie M. Whitney to John W. Ives; 2½ acres, $100.

Tioga township—John B. Grier and wife to Daniel Metcalf; 9 acres, $4,000.

Mansfield—Walter D. Slingerland and wife, et al., to W. Willard Warters; lot, $150.

Shippen—Arthur E. Hawk and wife to James H. Kizer; 36 acres, $450.

Osceola—Ruth Lenora Cadogan and husband to Phoebe M. Cowan; lot, $50.

Osceola—Phoebe M. Cowan and husband to Surrenia M. Davis; lot, $20.

Morris—J. E. Thomas to Harry Repard; lot, $50.

Richmond—Merton D. White and wife to Edgar E. Hayes; 58 1 acres, $1,743.

Blossburg—Sarah Dunsmore to Thomas Butcher; lot, $600.

Wellsboro—L. L. Bailey and wife to Dr. Henry E. Caldwell and wife; 1-3 acre, $2,500.

Wellsboro—C. G. VanValkenburg and wife to R. E. Sanders; lot, $1,000.

Wellsboro—C. L. Miller and wife to The Borough of Wellsboro; lot, $1.

Death of Mrs. Chloe Dexter.

Mrs. Chloe Dexter, aged 87 years, died last Wednesday night, November 23, about 11:35 o'clock, at the home of her nephew, Mr. Melvin S. Hill, on Queen street. About three years ago she sustained a stroke of paralysis and since then she had steadily grown more feeble.

Mrs. Dexter, whose maiden name was Chloe Smith, was one of the twelve children of Peter and Rebecca Allen Smith, deceased, and she was born in Chenango county, N. Y., in March, 1823.

She was twice married, her first husband being the late Myron Heminger. To them were born four children, only one of whom, Mr. Chester Heminger, of Kansas, survives. Her second husband was the late Louis Dexter. Two sons, Messrs. William and Devillo Dexter, of Delmar, survive, besides one brother, Mr. Harvey Smith, and two sisters, Mrs. H. C. Hill and Mrs. Alexander Leslie, all of Wellsboro.

Mrs. Dexter was a member of the Methodist church of Dexter, Delmar township, and was a most estimable woman.

The funeral was held Friday morning at 10:30 o'clock, Rev. Mr. Simmons, pastor of the Methodist church, officiating; interment in the Wellsboro cemetery.

Double Wedding at Tiadaghton.

Tiadaghton, Nov. 30.—At the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Muchler, in this place, on Thanksgiving day at noon, was solemnized the wedding of their two daughters, Sadie Myrtle to Oliver Kerstetter, of Albany, N. Y., and Myra May, to Clifford J. Bennett, of Kress, by Rev. W. H. Allen, of Blackwell.

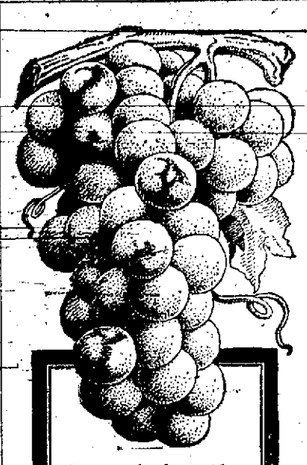
The brides were attended by Miss Mayme A. Tuttle, of Asaph, and Miss Ruby Fenstemacher, of Jersey Shore. Daniel Rogers, of Kress, and Walter Muchler, a brother of the brides, acted as best man. Many beautiful as well as useful presents were received.

After the ceremony a bountiful dinner was served. The guests were: Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Fenstemacher, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Fenstemacher, of Newberry; J. L. Fenstemacher and daughter, Ruby M., of Jersey Shore; Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Hilborn and daughter, Eleanor, of Tiadaghton; Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Bennett and Mrs. E. D. West, of Kress.

Merchant Didn't Advertise.

A young man residing in a neighboring town recently bought a shirt which was purchased in the east. Rolled up in the inside of it he found a note from a young lady who had worked on it, in which she said she would be pleased to correspond with the buyer of the shirt, provided he was matrimonally inclined. Of course the nice young man answered it on perfumed paper and used his neatest language, stating how glad he would be to marry. In a short time he received an answer stating that the young lady had now been married three years and had two children. Upon investigation to find out why he was too late it was explained by the fact that the shirt had lain on the shelves of the local dealer for several years. He did not advertise.

—A traveling man at a hotel in a neighboring county recently found a hair in the honey. He went to the proprietor and kicked. "I can't help it," said the latter, "I bought it for combed honey." The next day at dinner he happened to run across a small hair in the ice cream and the landlord could not account for it. "The ice was shaved," he said. The guest was boiling hot the third time when he picked a raven hair outof his portion of apple pie, and angrily jerked up the proprietor, who turned him down effectually as follows: "Is the apple pie, sh? Well, that beats the Dutch! I certainly bought those apples for bald-wuns."



Royal is the only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

ROYAL Baking Powder

Absolutely Pure

Highest in Leavening Efficiency

Makes Hot Breads Wholesome

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE—Letters of administration on the estate of HENRY VAN ZILE, late of Nelson, Tioga county Pa., having been granted to the undersigned, all persons who are indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate, should make the same known without delay. J. H. MAUK, Administrator.
October 20, 1910-6t. Nelson, Pa.

Farm for Sale.

A FARM of 178 acres for sale, located at Davis station, on the B. & S. railroad. Farm well watered, especially adapted for dairying; morning train for Westfield will enable buyer to patronize condensery; flowing mineral well on farm. Sixty acres of good timber land, including sugar bush, house and two barns. Farm well stocked with cows. Will be sold either with or without stock. Will be sold on reasonable terms, with fair payment down. Inquire of
MRS. MARGARET WATROUS, Westfield,
or R. J. DAVIS, Wellsboro.
November 17, 1910-tf.

Farm for Sale.

FARM OF 151 ACRES. In good state of cultivation. About 20 acres of standing timber. Good buildings and two new silos. Within three miles of the condensery and two of Wellsboro.
Nov. 17, 1910-tf. E. D. FELLOWS.

House to Rent.

EIGHT-ROOM HOUSE with all the modern conveniences to rent, 14 Grant Street. Bath, steam heat and electric light. Possession given Dec. 15th. Inquire of H. C. Young, Tioga County Savings and Trust Co. Nov. 24-2t.

Kitchen Cabinets for $8.00.

WE will sell for a short time only Hathaway Kitchen Cabinets, the best in the market, for $8 only. Cabinets can be seen at J. A. CULVER'S mill. May 5-tf.

Gasoline Engine for Sale.

A TWO-HORSE POWER Bates & Edwards Gasoline Engine for sale cheap. All fixtures complete, including jump spark ignition. Engine may be seen at the Gazette office, Wellsboro Pa.

W. D. CUDDEBACK, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Special attention paid to diseases of women and children and electro-therapy. Office hours, 10 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m. and 7 to 8 p. m. Sundays by appointment. Both phones. Office in Wright block, Wellsboro, Pa.

WALTER L. PEAKE,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.
Office over Dearman's store, Knoxville, Pa. Practice in all the courts. Conveyancing, collections and settlement of estates solicited. Loans negotiated.—Nov. 17-4t.

Christmas Candies

when obtained at the SUGAR BOWL can be relied upon for absolute purity, delicious flavors and profusion of variety.

Whether you desire confectionery for tree decorations or for gifts, we can furnish any quantity in any form. The largest line of handsome gift boxes and baskets ever shown in Wellsboro. Ice Cream a specialty for Xmas.

THE SUGAR BOWL,
CALHOUN & CO.

MILLINERY

As this will probably be our last fall season, all Hats now trimmed will be sold at GREATLY REDUCED PRICES

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

All special orders for Books at regular prices must be in our hands by Dec. 10 for Christmas delivery.

JOHN FISCHLER & SON

THIS TIME OF YEAR YOU NEED PROTECTION

Your protection is limited to the strength of the company insuring you.

This is One of the Oldest and Strongest Fire Insurance Agencies IN NORTHERN PENNSYLVANIA.

L. H. KLOCK, RELIABLE INSURANCE
OFFICE, 63 MAIN STREET

TAKE IT OFF, YOU WILL WANT THAT MONEY SOME DAY. TUCK IT AWAY IN THE BANK

AND LET IT GROW AND WORK FOR YOU.

It's safe in the Bank

IT'S NEVER SAFE

when hid about the house or carried in your pocket. Do not put off all your good resolutions until the new year. But start at once by opening an account with

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Its the safe, sound, common sense thing to do.

WE ALLOW 3 1-2 PER CENT. IN OUR SAVINGS DEPARTMENT,

compound interest, and allow you to withdraw at any time without notice.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

ITS VALUE

A young man regularly deposited $2.50 on his Savings account. He was a clerk at $12 a week. His employer failed and the young man had to search for another position. As it was slack time he had considerable difficulty in getting employment, particularly as his only recommendation was his former employer—now bankrupt.

Getting in touch with a position finally, his prospective employer asked for recommendations, the young man happened to think of his Savings account. Out came his bank book—a splendid example of thrift and self denial. He was put to work at once.

MAINTAIN A SAVINGS ACCOUNT
ITS A SPLENDID TESTIMONIAL

Tioga County Savings & Trust Co.

Open Every Saturday Evening Until 8:30

1910

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The Gazette.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT

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TERMS, $1.50 Per Year in Advance

FRANK CONEVERY, Editor and Prop.

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No advertisement discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.

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DR. H. W. BAILEY,
DENTIST.
Successor to Dr. Frank H. Rose, office over Graves & Mathers' store, Main street, Wellsboro, Pa—Feb. 1-07.

JOHN GERKIN,
MERCHANT TAILOR.
Over Agitator office Wellsboro, Pa. Samples of Imported and Domestic cloths, of beautiful patterns.

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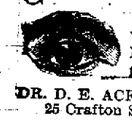
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Special attention given to diseases of women and Electro Therapih, also diseases of Ear, Nose and Throat.

GET AWAY FROM THAT FROWN



That's what you do when you wear SO-EASY EYE GLASSES fitted by
DR. D. E. ACKLEY, Eye Specialist, 25 Crafton St., WELLSBORO.

FOREST LAWN SANITARIUM
WELLSBORO, PA.
WILLARD G. LENT, M. D.
COMPLETE Equipment, Trained Nurses. Massage, Vibratory Massage, Electricity, Surgery, Diseases of Women and Rectal Diseases. Rupture and Hemorrhoids cured without operation. Catarrh and Catarrhal Deafness and all Diseases of the Ear Nose Throat and Lungs.

CANCER TREATED BY THE ALEXANDER METHOD
OPIUM AND MORPHINE HABITS CURED.

Facts Worth Knowing

When in need of high-class tailoring: We more than doubled our business last season. Our motto—the best is none too good for our customers, offering only the best of Foreign and Domestic Woolens in exclusive and smart styles, has proven a winner. Owing to the fact that we have no rent to pay, owning our store building, we are in a position to offer high-class tailoring at a price that invites your inspection.

E. E. BUCK
WELLSBORO, PA.
IN REAR OF THE POSTOFFICE BLOCK

$ Boost! $
Keep Boosting

Advertise in this paper. Plug hard, regularly, systematically. Play up the best goods you sell at the right price in this paper.

(Copyright, 1910, by W. N. U.)

YOU ARE READING THIS AD.—OTHERS WILL READ YOURS

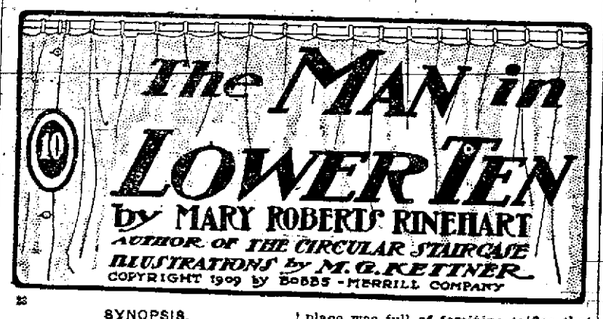
MOST everybody reads the ads. in this paper. They furnish as much news to the man in town and on the farm as the personals, and often more. Peter Smith's wife wears a new hat. Smith sees by the paper that Jones is selling hats at so much. Johnson's score ad. is missing from the paper — Johnson's trying a non-advertising policy.

MORAL—Jones gets Smith's money.

Smith's wife gets her hat.

(Copyright, 1910, by W. N. U.)

"The Notes, Probably."



SYNOPSIS.

Lawrence Blakeley, lawyer, goes to Pittsburg with the forged notes in the Bronson case to get the opinion of John Gilmore, millionaire. A lady requests Blakeley to buy her a Pullman ticket. He gives her lower 11 and retains lower 10. He finds a drunken man in lower 10 and wakes him in lower 9. He awakens in lower 7 and finds Mr. Bronson's bag missing. The man in lower 10 is found murdered. Circumstantial evidence points to both Blakeley and the man who stole his clothes. The train is wrecked and Blakeley is rescued from a burning car by a girl in blue. His arm is broken. The girl proves to be Alison West, his partner's sweetheart. Blakeley returns home and finds he is under surveillance. Moving pictures of the train taken just before the wreck reveal to Blakeley a man leaping from the train with his stolen grip. Investigation proves that the man's name is Sullivan. Mrs. Conway, the woman for whom Blakeley bought a Pullman ticket, tries to make a bargain with him for the forged notes, she knowing that they are missing. Blakeley and an amateur detective investigate the home of Sullivan's sister. From a servant Blakeley learns that Alison West had been there on a visit and Sullivan had been attentive to her. Sullivan is the husband of a daughter of the murdered man. Blakeley's house is ransacked by the police. He learns that the affair between Alison and his partner is off. Alison tells Blakeley about the attention paid her by Sullivan, whom she was on her way to marry when the wreck came. It is planned to give Mrs. Conway the forged notes in exchange for Sullivan.

CHAPTER XXIX.—Continued.

We crowded out of the elevator at the fourth floor, and found ourselves in a rather theatrical hallway of draperies and armor. It was very quiet; we stood uncertainly after the car had gone, and looked at the two or three doors in sight. They were heavy, covered with metal, and sound proof. From somewhere above came the metallic accuracy of a piano-piano, and through the open window we could hear—or feel—the throb of the Cannonball's engine.

"Well, Sherlock," McKnight said, "what's the next move in the game? It is our jump, or theirs. You brought us here."

None of us knew just what to do next. No sound of conversation penetrated the heavy doors. We waited uneasily for some minutes, and Hotchkiss looked at his watch. Then he put it to his ear.

"Good gracious!" he exclaimed, his head cocked on one side, "I believe it has stopped. I'm afraid we are late."

We were late. My watch and Hotchkiss' agreed at nine o'clock, and, with the discovery that our man might have come and gone, our zest in the adventure began to flag. McKnight motioned us away from the door and rang the bell. There was no response, no sound within. He rang it twice, the last time long and vigorously, without result. Then he turned and looked at us.

"I don't half like this," he said. "That woman is in; you heard me ask the elevator boy. For two cents I'd—"

I had seen it when he did. The door was ajar about an inch, and a narrow wedge of rose-colored light showed beyond. Then, with both men at my heels, I stepped into the private corridor of the apartment and looked around. It was a square reception hall, with hats, and a couple of chairs. A lantern of rose-colored glass and a desk light over a writing table across made the room bright and cheerful. It was empty.

None of us were comfortable. The place was full of feminine trifles that made us feel the weakness of our position. Some such instinct made McKnight suggest division.

"We look like an invading army," he said. "If she's here alone, we will startle her into a spasm. One of us could take a look around and—"

"What was that? Didn't you hear something?"

The sound, whatever it had been, was not repeated. We went awkwardly out into the hall, very uncomfortable, all of us, and flipped a coin. The choice fell on me, which was right enough, for the affair was mine, primarily.

"Wait just inside the door," I directed, "and if Sullivan comes, or anybody that answers his description, grab him without ceremony and ask him questions afterwards."

The apartment, save in the hallway, was unlighted. By one of those freaks of arrangement possible only in the modern flat, I found the kitchen first, and was struck a smart and unexpected blow by a swinging door. I carried a handful of matches, and by the time I had passed through a butler's pantry and a refrigerator room I was completely lost in the darkness. Until then the situation had been merely uncomfortable; suddenly it became grisly. From somewhere near came a long-sustained groan, followed almost instantly by the crash of something—glass or china—on the floor.

I struck a fresh match, and found myself in a narrow rear hallway. Behind me was the door by which I must have come; with a keen desire to get back to the place I had started from, I opened the door and attempted to cross the room. I thought I had kept my sense of direction, but I crashed without warning into what, from the resulting jangle, was the dining table, probably laid for dinner. I cursed my stupidity in getting into such a situation, and I cursed my nerves for making my hand shake when I tried to strike a match. The groan had not been repeated.

I braced myself against the table and struck the match sharply against the sole of my shoe. It flickered faintly and went out. And then, without the slightest warning, another dish went off the table. It fell with a thousand splinterings; the very air seemed broken into crashing waves of sound. I stood still, braced against the table, holding the red end of the dying match, and listened. I had not long to wait; the groan came again, and I recognized it, the cry of a dog in straits. I breathed again.

"Come, old fellow," I said. "Come on, old man. Let's have a look at you."

I could hear the thud of his tail on the floor, but he did not more. He only whimpered. There is something companionable in the presence of a dog, and I fancied this dog in trouble. Slowly I began to work my way around the table toward him.

"Good boy," I said, as he whimpered. "We'll find the light, which ought to be somewhere or other around here, and then—"

I stumbled over something, and I drew back my foot almost instantly. "Did I step on you, old man?" I exclaimed, and bent to pat him. I remember straightening suddenly and hearing the dog pad softly toward me around the table. I recall even that I had put the matches down and could not find them. Then, with a bursting horror of the room and its contents, of the gibbering dark around me, I turned and made for the door by which I had entered.

I could not find it. I felt along the endless wainscoting, past miles of wall. The dog was beside me, I think, but he was part and parcel now, to my excited mind, with the Thing under the table. And when, after aeons of search, I found a knob and stumbled into the reception hall, I was as nearly in a panic as any man could be.

I was myself again in a second, and by the light from the hall I led the way back to the tragedy I had stumbled on. Bronson still sat at the table, his elbows propped on it, his cigarette still lighted, burning a hole in the cloth. Partly under the table lay Mrs. Conway, face down. The dog stood over her and wagged his tail.

McKnight pointed silently to a large copper ash tray, filled with ashes and charred bits of paper.

"The notes, probably," he said ruefully. "He got them after all, and burned them before her. It was more than she could stand. Stabbed him first and then herself."

Hotchkiss got up and took off his hat. "They are dead," he announced solemnly, and took his note-book out of his hatband.

McKnight and I did the only thing we could think of—drove Hotchkiss and the dog out of the room, and closed and locked the door. "It's a matter for the police," McKnight asserted. "I suppose you've got an officer tied to you somewhere, Lawrence? You usually have."

We left Hotchkiss in charge and went downstairs. It was McKnight who first saw Johnson, leaning against a park railing across the street, and called him over. We told him in a few words what we had found, and he grinned at me cheerfully.

"After awhile, in a few weeks or months, Mr. Blakeley," he said, "when you get tired of monkeying around with the blood-stain and finger-print specialist upstairs, you come to me. I've had that fellow you want under surveillance for ten days!"

CHAPTER XXX.

Finer Details.

At ten minutes before two the following day, Monday, I arrived at my office. I had spent the morning putting my affairs in shape, and in a trip to the stable. The afternoon would see me either a free man or a prisoner for an indefinite length of time, and, in spite of Johnson's promise to produce Sullivan, I was more prepared for the latter than the former.

Blobs was watching for me outside the door, and it was clear that he was in a state of excitement bordering on delirium. He did nothing, however, save to tip me a wink that meant "As man to man, I'm for you." I was too much engrossed either to reprove him or to return the courtesy, but I heard him follow me down the hall to the small room where we kept outgrown law books, typewriter supplies and, incidentally, our wraps. I was wondering vaguely if I would ever hang my hat on its nail again, when the door closed behind me. It shut firmly, without any particular amount of sound, and I was left in the dark. I groped my way to it, irritably, to find it locked on the outside. I shook it frantically, and was rewarded by a sibilant whisper through the keyhole.

"Keep quiet," Blobs was saying huskily. "You're in deadly peril. The police are waiting in your office, three of 'em. I'm goin' to lock the whole bunch in and throw the key out of the window."

"Come back here, you imp of Satan!" I called furiously, but I could hear him speeding down the corridor, and the slam of the outer office door by which he always announced his presence. And so I stood there in the ridiculous cupboard, hot with the heat of a steaming September day, musty with the smell of old leather bindings, littered with broken overshoes and handleless umbrellas. I was apoplectic with rage one minute, and choked with laughter the next. It seemed an hour before Blobs came back.

He came without haste, strutting with new dignity, and passed outside my prison door.

"Well, I guess that will hold them for a while," he remarked comfortably, and proceeded to turn the key. "I've got 'em fastened up like sardines in a can!" he explained, working with the lock. "Gee whiz! you'd ought to hear 'em!" When he got his breath after the shaking I gave him, he began to sputter. "How'd I know?" he demanded sulkily. "You nearly broke your neck gettin' away the other time. And I haven't got the old key. It's lost."

"Where's it lost?" I demanded, with another gesture toward his coat collar.

"Down the elevator shaft." There was a gleam of indignant satisfaction through his tears of rage and humiliation.

And so, while he hunted the key in the debris at the bottom of the shaft, I quieted his prisoners with the assurance that the lock had slipped, and that they would be free as lords as soon as we could find the janitor with a pass-key. Stuart went down finally and discovered Blobs, with the key in his pocket, telling the engineer how he had tried to save me from arrest and failed. When Stuart came up he was almost cheerful, but Blobs did not appear again that day.

Simultaneous with the finding of the key came Hotchkiss, and we went in together. I shook hands with two men who, with Hotchkiss, made a not very animated group. The taller one, an oldish man, lean and hard, announced his errand at once.

"A Pittsburg warrant?" I inquired, unlocking my cigar drawer.

"Yes. Allegheny county has assumed jurisdiction, the exact locality where the crime was committed being in doubt." He seemed to be the spokesman. The other, shorter and rotund, kept an amiable silence. "We hope you will see the wisdom of waiving extradition," he went on. "It will save time."

"I'll come, of course," I agreed. "The sooner the better. But I want you to give me an hour here, gentlemen. I think we can interest you. Have a cigar?"

The lean man took a cigar; the rotund man took three, putting two in his pocket.

"How about the catch of that door?" he inquired jovially. "Any danger of it going off again?" Really, considering the circumstances, they were remarkably cheerful. Hotchkiss, however, was not. He paced the floor uneasily, his hands under his coat-tails. The arrival of McKnight created a diversion; he carried a long package and a corkscrew, and shook hands with the police and opened the bottle with a single gesture.

"I always want something to cheer on these occasions," he said. "Where's the water, Blakeley? Everybody ready?" Then in French he toasted the two detectives.

"To your eternal discomfiture," he said, bowing ceremoniously. "May you go home and never come back! If you take Monsieur Blakeley with you, I hope you choke."

The lean man nodded gravely. "Prosit," he said. But the fat one leaned back and laughed consumedly.

Hotchkiss finished a mental synopsis of his position, and put down his glass. "Gentlemen," he said pompously, "within five minutes the man you want will be here, a murderer caught in a net of evidence so fine that a mosquito could not get through."

The detectives glanced at each other solemnly. Had they not in their possession a sealskin bag containing a wallet and a bit of gold chain, which by putting the crime on me, would leave a gap big enough for Sullivan himself to crawl through?

"Why don't you say your little speech before Johnson brings the other man, Lawrence?" McKnight inquired. "They won't believe you, but it will help them to understand what is coming."

"You understand, of course," the lean man put in gravely, "that what you say may be used against you."

"I'll take the risk," I answered impatiently.

It took some time to tell the story of my worse than useless trip to Pittsburg, and its sequel. They listened gravely, without interruption.

"Mr. Hotchkiss here," I finished, "believes that the man Sullivan, whom we are momentarily expecting, committed the crime. Mr. McKnight is inclined to implicate Mrs. Conway, who stabbed Bronson and then herself last night. As for myself, I am open to conviction."

"I hope not," said the stout detective quizzically. And then Alison was announced. My impulse to go out and meet her was forestalled by the detectives, who rose when I did. McKnight, therefore, brought her in, and I met her at the door.

"I have put you to a great deal of trouble," I said contritely, when I saw her glance around the room. "I wish I had not—"

"It is only right that I should come," she replied, looking up at me. "I am the unconscious cause of most of it. I am afraid. Mrs. Dallas is going to wait in the outer office."

I presented Hotchkiss and the two detectives, who eyed her with interest. In her poise, her beauty, even in her gown, I fancy she represented a new type to them. They remained standing until she sat down.

"I have brought the necklace," she began, holding out a white-wrapped box, "as you asked me to."

I passed it, unopened, to the detectives. "The necklace from which was broken the fragment you found in the sealskin bag," I explained. "Miss West found it on the floor of the car, near lower ten."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Knowledge of the World.

Everbody but a fool keeps good friends with waiters, for, whether these have any union or not, they are a big-fisted brotherhood, and more than once I have seen every waiter in a restaurant, even as a swarm of bees, fall aboard some "bad man," and when he came to in the hospital he would look like Quixote after the swine drovers got through with him. With all their tricks and knowledge of the world, waiters are singularly unspoiled, good-natured and agreeable, and they are full of interesting, often scientific, information. They see a side of humanity that nobody else ever sees, mostly the comedy and peccadillo side. Considering their housed in condition, it seems remarkable how much they know about what is going on. When not busy they are always enthusiastically engaged in swapping pointers and information, which, in a way, accounts for some of them getting rich in Wall street.

Difference in Laughter.

A good honest laugh at a good honest joke or bit of sarcasm rubs out the gathering wrinkles of care; but an ill-tempered joke is like a poisoned arrow, which makes a wound, and leaves its poison after it is withdrawn.

Laughter a Good Medicine.

Always laugh when you can; it is a cheap medicine. Merriment is a philosophy not well understood. It is the sunny side of existence.—Byron.

Chinese Center of Industry

Fan-Making is the Principal Business Carried On in Village of Pengchow.

Writing of fan making in southern China an American consul at Swatow says:

"This industry was taught centuries ago in the village of Pengchow, at Ampow, about three miles from Swatow. It was formerly confined to women in various households, but for many years past every family in the village has been devoted to the work, all the members of the families being occupied in the manufacture. In the city of Chaochowfu itself the fan industry is also large, but the Pengchow district abounds in a particular kind of bamboo especially suitable for the ribs and handle, and to this fact is the large output of the latter place attributed.

"Only the open fan is manufactured in this district. For the frame the split bamboo is repeatedly rived until each piece is sufficiently slender and flexible. These thread-like pieces of bamboo are arranged in a row, attached to each other by a thread passed crosswise through the middle. This thread is fastened to a semicircular strip of bamboo giving the fan its shape. The ribs are then slightly heated and bent at the ends. The fan has now the peculiar and characteristic shell-like shape at the top. Very flimsy silk gauze is then pasted on the face, and a kind of tissue-like paper on the back. After the handle is attached the border of the fan is black varnished and the gauze is coated with a chalk and water mixture. The handles are made of bamboo, various kinds of hard wood, bone and ivory. The hand painting on the fans is cleverly done, in some instances being a work of art.

Harsh Fate.

He is sometimes slave who should be master; and sometimes master who should be slave.—Cicero.

PURITY
combined with unusual soothing and healing qualities has made
HALE'S HONEY
of Horehound and Tar
for many years a standard and sterling remedy for
Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness and Sore Throat.
It seldom fails to give relief and is a reliable remedy for children or adults.
Prepared and sold strictly in compliance with the Pure Food and Drugs Act regulations. Sold by druggists generally.
PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS
For an Aching Tooth.

WHO'S WHO AND WHY

ROSE FROM TELEGRAPH KEY

William A. Gardner, who 38 years ago struggled with the Morse code in a little railway telegraph office at Lemont, Ill., the other night rode out of the Chicago and Northwestern station on the president's special to inspect the 12,000 miles of tracks which sprawl over the great northwest as far as the Wyoming mountains. Two hours before that the directors of the road had made him president to succeed Marvin Hughitt, who was given the newly created position of chairman of the board of directors.

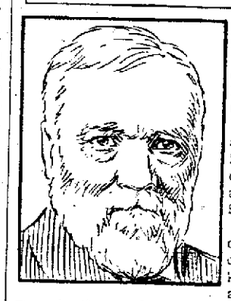
The story of Mr. Gardner's rise to the place as chief executive of the Chicago and Northwestern is the consummation in reality of one of the business romances of which every youthful telegrapher dreams.

All the money which Mr. Gardner could control 38 years ago was contained in a pay envelope which the present-day union telegraphers would scorn to accept. Now he exercises control over the $53,000,000 annual expenditure for the operation of the Northwestern lines.

W. A. Gardner's "railroading" began with his work for the Chicago and Alton in 1872 at Lemont, where he learned to use the telegrapher's key. He was then in his teens, having been born at Gardner, Ill., November 8, 1859. He began his first work for the Chicago and Northwestern in 1873 and added to his duties as telegrapher those of division superintendent's clerk. From this place he rose to the position of trainmaster at Boone, Iowa, and remained there until 1883, when he went to a similar place with the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe.

The next promotion that came his way made him assistant superintendent of the Wisconsin division of the Chicago and Northwestern in 1885. Five years later he became superintendent of this division and then rose successively to assistant general superintendent, general manager, and, in 1896, to the place as vice-president of the Northwestern lines. Mr. Gardner has a wife and four daughters.

CROSSES OCEAN 100 TIMES



Andrew Carnegie, now seventy-five years old, is not quite up to his usual form, according to those who saw him walking down the gangplank of the Baltic at her dock in New York recently. It was the end of his one hundredth voyage across the ocean. The ironmaster had greatly aged since he went abroad last May. Leaning heavily on the arm of his secretary, he stepped slowly and hesitatingly on his way from the steamer to the dock, showing less vigor than formerly on his annual return from spending the summer in Skibo castle, Scotland.

Passengers in the Baltic who have been on other voyages with Carnegie commented freely on how little he was seen on deck this trip. He kept to his cabin most of the time and the few appearances he made except in the dining saloon were in the smoking room, where he democratically drew no lines in making everyone his friend. A touching feature of the trip, they said, was the devotion of the millionaire to his daughter. He followed her around continuously whenever he was on deck and was so devoted and attentive the other passengers described it as almost pathetic.

Mr. Carnegie said it was his one hundredth trip across the Atlantic and his eighth voyage as a passenger on board the Baltic. "When I came to America forty-odd years ago it was on board a sailing ship," said the ironmaster, "a great contrast to the fast and luxurious steamships of today. There has been a change in the people here, too. They have been so sociable and friendly. The proudest thing in my life is that I am an American citizen."

WOMAN A COUNTY TREASURER

Valentine, Neb., is proud of the woman whom Cherry county elected county treasurer. Gertrude Jordan had served as deputy treasurer eight years and thus came in close touch with not only the politicians but the rank and file, winning popularity and later votes.

Miss Jordan is a native of Marshalltown, Iowa, and her parents (now dead) were of foreign birth, a mixture of Scotch, Irish and English. When very young she was taken to Dodge City, Kan., and there completed her schooling as a graduate of the local high school. Then she faced the world as a wage earner, beginning as a teacher in the public schools of that city, going later to Valentine in 1901, where she continued to teach.

Miss Jordan, being a progressive woman, early felt the call to a more wideawake and public career, so she readily obtained a position in the offices of the county clerk and county treasurer, and there made the best of her opportunities. She consented to run for the office, but many of her friends contended that she could not hold the office if elected. When the votes were counted she won out by 242 votes against two nominees. Then came a snag, says Human Life, for when she attempted to assume her duties one of the defeated candidates refused to turn over the office. Suit was entered by Miss Jordan in the Supreme court of the state, seven judges heard it, six concurred in an opinion favorable to Miss Jordan. The contest excited considerable comment from newspapers all over the country because of its unusual features.

NOW ACTING CHIEF JUSTICE

The most conspicuous figure on the bench of the United States Supreme court and one of the most distinguished men in the nation is Justice John Marshall Harlan, now acting chief justice. He holds the record for length of service, having been appointed in November, 1877. He is now seventy-seven years of age. Many men of half his age might well envy him his massive physique and the alertness and vigor of his mind. He is an ardent golfer and ascribes his wonderful health to this game and his life in the open air.

Justice Harlan is a Kentuckian and began practicing law when he was only twenty years of age. During the civil war he saw service for three years as colonel of the Tenth Kentucky regiment. President Hayes made him a justice of the Supreme court and President Cleveland appointed him a member of the commission which settled the long-standing dispute between the United States and Great Britain over the Bering sea imbroglio.

In 1895 the Supreme court was divided on the question of the constitutionality of an income tax. The tax was pronounced unconstitutional by the close vote of five to four, thus reversing a previous decision of the court. Justice Harlan was one of the four dissenting members and when he gave his opinion he did it with a vivacity of manner and a pungency of phrase which rather startled the dignified tribunal. In spite of his advanced age, he has no idea of retiring from the bench and those who know his mental and physical vigor can discover no good reason why he should.

NewspaperARCHIVE®

Social Change

Present Age Not Less Sordid Than Others

By HON. ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR

I DO NOT BELIEVE myself that this age is less spiritual or more sordid than its predecessors. I believe, indeed, precisely the reverse. But however this may be, is it not plain that if society is to be moved by the remote speculations of isolated thinkers it can only be on condition that their isolation is not complete.

Some point of contact they must have with the world in which they live, and if their influence is to be based on widespread sympathy the contact must be in a region where there can be, if not full mutual comprehension, at least a large measure of practical agreement and willing co-operation. Philosophy has never touched the mass of men except through religion. And, though the parallel is not complete, it is safe to say that science will never touch them unaided by its practical applications.

Critics have made merry over the naive self-importance which represented man as the center and final cause of the universe, and conceived the stupendous mechanism of nature as primarily designed to satisfy his wants and minister to his entertainment. But there is another and an opposite danger into which it is possible to fall.

The material world, however it may have gained in sublimity, has, under the touch of science, lost in domestic charm. Except where it affects the immediate needs of organic life, it may seem so remote from the concerns of men that in the majority it will rouse no curiosity, while of those who are fascinated by its morals not a few will be chilled by its impersonal and indifferent immensity.

The appropriate remedy is the perpetual stimulus which the influence of science on the business of mankind offers to their sluggish curiosity.

And even now I believe this influence to be underrated. If in the last hundred years the whole material setting of civilized life has altered we owe it neither to politicians nor to political institutions. We owe it to the combined efforts of those who have advanced science and those who have applied it.

If our outlook upon the universe has suffered modifications in detail so great and so numerous that they amount collectively to a revolution, it is to men of science we owe it, not to theologians or philosophers. On these, indeed, new and weighty responsibilities are being cast. They have to harmonize and to co-ordinate to prevent the new from being one-sided, to preserve the valuable essence of what is old.

But science is the great instrument of social change, all the greater because its object is not change but knowledge. And its silent appropriation of this dominant function amid the din of political and religious strife is the most vital of all the revolutions which have marked the development of modern civilization.

It may seem fanciful to find in a single recent aspect of this revolution an influence which resembles religion or patriotism in its appeals to the higher side of ordinary characters—especially since we are accustomed to regard the appropriation by industry of scientific discoveries merely as a means of multiplying the material conveniences of life.

A social force has come into being, new in magnitude if not in kind. This force is the modern alliance between pure science and industry.

That on this we must mainly rely for the improvement of the material conditions under which societies live is, in my opinion, obvious, although no one would conjecture it from a historic survey of political controversy. Its direct moral effects are less obvious; indeed, there are many most excellent people who would altogether deny their existence. To regard it as a force fitted to rouse and sustain the energies of nations would seem to them absurd.

I believe this view to be utterly misleading, confounding accident with essence, transient accompaniments with inseparable characteristics.

Promote Good Health and Long Life

By H. L. PIERCE

How shall we eat and drink for the attainment of health and long life? I understand it is the rule among school teachers to leave these matters mainly to the parents. That being the case, how can we expect the parents to know how, when they have never attended a school that taught this principle?

Is it not about time that our public schools took up the matter and made some headway in formulating a method whereby the child can learn something about the art and not continue to eat like an animal?

Eating and drinking are as important matters as we have to attend to in this life, therefore they should be given as much thought and attention as anything else that we are called upon to do. By knowing how to eat and drink we are less liable to abuse ourselves in this respect.

The cooking schools have done much in teaching children how to prepare food, but have not yet taught them how to eat it after it was prepared.

Let us have eating schools and drinking schools. It is the abuse of eating and the abuse of drinking that do the injury. They make dyspeptics of us all; they have made many drunkards, and will make many more unless education steps in and calls a halt.

There is a generation growing up that we will be responsible for.

Let us begin now to teach the child how to eat and drink for health, strength, endurance, efficiency and gustatory satisfaction in such a manner as will build up a better race of people than the world has ever seen. It can be done.

Difficult to Keep Pace With Slang

By PROF. SIDNEY A. OSGOOD of Boston

It is hard for a man who tries to adhere to the niceties of the English language to comprehend a good deal of the talk he hears nowadays.

Of course some of the slang is clever and so expressive as to win ultimate incorporation in the lexicons, while some of it is silly and soon loses vogue.

The other day I was talking with a friend, a Harvard graduate, who was telling me of having had a run-in with some politician whom my friend disliked and was trying to beat.

"For heaven's sake," thought I, "what did the man mean by a 'run-in?'" Later I gathered from his conversation that he and the politician had met and engaged in an animated argument, that narrowly missed being a rumpus—a kind of near-row, so to speak.

As Brander Matthews has put the stamp of his approval on "joint," I suppose that "run-in" will come to be accepted as one of those condensed and significant bits of speech that this generation seems fond of coining.

IMPOSES ON POOR

WOOL SCHEDULE WORST INFAMY OF TARIFF SYSTEM.

Unjust Tax Collected at the Cost of Health and Comfort of the Masses—Manufacturers Only Are Benefited.

Ever since fabrics were first woven to cover man, wool has been the most important article in such fabrics as are worn in cool or cold climates. In climates where wool is needed for comfort, the condition of the people may be pretty fairly judged by the amount of wool used in clothing them. If they cannot afford to buy woolen clothing they are either impoverished or the cost of woolens is arbitrarily placed beyond their reach. The wool product of the world is sufficient, if properly distributed, to keep warm those who need its comforts, and the production is sufficiently prolific and the cost of manufacture sufficiently low to make woolen clothing, woolen blankets and other articles of woolen manufacture comparatively cheap under a competitive system.

Yet the use of wool per capita in this country has been on the decline for about twenty years. It is even lower now than it was fifty years ago. It has been replaced with cotton and combinations of wool and cotton. In many instances even the wool in these combinations is the cheapest, least durable and least protective quality. It is often made of shoddy—worked over material taken from old carpets, old garments and waste rags—and in many instances the working over process has brought the same material into use many times in the course of years.

Of all classes, the poor need wool most. Those who are comfortably housed, who can afford plenty of clothing, who are little exposed to the cold in open-air employments or ill-heated houses, may get along with comparatively little wool, if they choose. But the poor—and in the sense here meant the great majority of the people are poor—need woolen clothing in winter. Those depending on medium or small salaries or on day wages can no longer afford all-wool clothing. They may think they are wearing such clothing, and they may be puzzled by its lack of warmth, its lack of durability or its failure to keep its shape; but they may still think they are wearing all-wool garments. But they are not. They are wearing combinations of shoddy and cotton, sold to them, in most instances, on all-wool specifications.

Scientists have said that if the poor were properly clothed the spread of tuberculosis would be reduced by half; that warm clothing is more important even than higher sanitation, fresh air and special food. If this is true of this one devastating disease, it must be true in only lesser degree of many other prevalent ailments.

The high price of wool and its practical prohibition among the poor constitute a national crime, legalized by the congress of the United States. Of all the infamies of the tariff system that wool schedule is the most infamous. It imposes a merciless cruelty on the poor and a flagrant imposition even on the well-to-do. It cannot be defended, even on the ground that it is an expedient to make America produce its own wool, for after years of high tariff on wool the country imports about 60 per cent. of the wool used. Nor does the large revenue accruing from this 60 per cent. importation justify the tariff, since it is collected at the cost of health and comfort and common rights among the poor. Nor is this tariff justified by the protective doctrine of developing the industries, for the carded wool industry, representing vast capital and an army of employes, the manufacturers who make cloth for the cheaper grades of clothing—implored congress and the president to make such changes in the tariff as would enable them to compete with the comb wool importers, who make the higher grades of cloth. But their pleas were in vain, because congress did the bidding of the woolen trust, to which the carded wool manufacturers do not belong. These manufacturers, protesting against their inability to import cheaper wools at a rate that would enable them to make cheap clothing without using cotton or shoddy, were frankly told by Senator Penrose of the senate finance committee to go into other business. And that represented the attitude of the majority of the Republicans in congress.

Unfair Division of Benefits.

Under a proper division of benefits would it be possible for men like Carnegie and his capitalist associates to make fortunes while workmen in the protected steel mills slave excessive hours, and live in degrading poverty, as it has been shown that many of them do live? Certainly not. And what is true of the steel industry is true of many other protected industries.

Those Funny Fellows.

Next to William H. Taft speaking upon the tariff, Richard Achilles Ballinger, orating upon conservation, is the greatest humorist the Republican party has produced.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"This government inspection costs the meat barons millions of dollars a year."—Mr. Clawson.

But that fact appears in nowise to interfere with the increase of dividends, the accumulation of surplus and the cutting of melons.

Under Tariff Schedule K.

Little Boy: Papa, this wool suit you bought for me the other day kind o' rustles when I walk. Is it because there's some silk in it?

Papa—No, my son; it's because there's a lot of what we call Aldrich in it.—Chicago Tribune.

Senator Lodge says he voted for the wool schedule in order to save the tariff; but has he been convinced by subsequent developments that the tariff was worth saving by resort to such a desperate expedient?

NOT DUE TO WILSON LAW

Claim That Panic of the Early '90s Was Caused by Act Is Manifestly Absurd.

When the manifest demagogue declares that the panic of the early '90s was due to the Wilson tariff law he does what is expected of him. But when a man in high authority, the head of a great national department, the presumed leader and instructor of the people in husbandry and related economics, resorts to this wholly discredited theory, the spectacle is both disappointing and humiliating. Mr. James Wilson, secretary of agriculture, presented just that spectacle in Rome, N. Y. In a speech that had much to commend it, much that has a direct and vital bearing on the cost of living, much that should be seriously considered by the people, he injected the old query as to whether the people, by lowering the tariff, "want a repetition of the experiences between 1893 and 1897, when the factories were closed and the workmen were idle."

The Wilson law did not go into effect until 1894, and, therefore, it could not have been responsible for a panic that had its beginning and its worst record in 1893. But the secretary gets mixed in his own logic. After assuming that the Wilson tariff was responsible for the low prices in the '90s, he declares that the present tariff is not responsible for the high cost of living now. He gives sound reasons, independently of the tariff, for the present high prices of many food products, and gives good advice as to how the rise in these prices may be checked. But there is certainly as good reason for charging the present high prices of foodstuffs to the tariff as there is to charge the low prices of the same article in the '90s to a different tariff. Also, if the Wilson law was responsible for the panic of the '90s, then the Dingley law must have been responsible for the lesser panic of 1907.

The people suffer little and the farmers profit not at all by the tariff on farm products, for these are produced in such abundance that we export them and do not need to import them. The villainy of the tariff is that it makes burdensome increases in the cost of almost every article of necessity that is not produced in this country beyond the volume of consumption in this country. The farmer has no real tariff protection for anything he sells, but he must pay tariff tribute on nearly everything he buys. And the great volume of this tribute goes to New England, for the tariff primarily is of, by and for New England—that is, the capitalists of New England. The consumers of even that section are learning fast, and they are finally on the trail of a protective tariff that does not protect them.

That Dexterous Tariff.

The Aldrich-Taft tariff, most malodorous of a long line of cruel tariffs, indorsed by Mr. Roosevelt as a measure in the interests of the American people, contains some marvels of statesmanship.

The sugar trust, which Mr. Roosevelt refused to prosecute, although he had the same evidence that the Taft administration used as its basis of action, imports annually into the United States more than $90,000,000 worth of raw sugar. The duty on this is 65 per cent. or about one-fifth of the entire customs dues collected by the United States on all imports.

The annual importation of cut diamonds, which can hardly be considered a necessity, amounts to $18,000,000. The duty thereon is 10 per cent.

The millionaire who brings diamonds from Europe to his wife or daughter pays less duty on them than the workingman pays on sugar. Is it a square deal?

Is a tariff that contains such unjust and dishonest provisions fit to be indorsed by any political party or by any politician that seeks the confidence of the people?

Put Party Before Country.

It is the wonder of the world that we have stood so long, with growing wealth and population. The whole secret of our stability is that until the Civil war the exercise of the federal power was kept within narrow bounds. The whole danger to our stability now is that since the Civil war the party which has generally been in power has tried to push and has pushed the exercise of the federal power further and further into fields which Washington and Jefferson and Hamilton and Jackson and Webster thought ought to be kept purely under state control.

The Republican party has found its interest in forwarding this movement, the interest, that is, of a party, not of the country. It has used the tariff as one instrument. It has used the cry of "new nationalism" as another.

It is time to stop, while the just balance of power between the states and the United States can still be restored and preserved.—From a speech by Judge Simeon E. Baldwin at New Haven, October 6.

Senator Root has put his high talents at the service of many clients, many political candidates and many party causes, but was he ever before reduced to defend so insincere and false a party situation with equally specious arguments as in his plea for the Big Boss as a means of upholding the Taft administration?

So the tariff is not to blame for the high prices. Well, if the tariff doesn't raise the price, it is a failure. Why not devise some new scheme of protection under the circumstances?

"Every year you pay more for your living. And most of the extra money from your pocket goes into the farmer's."—Railroad Advertisement.

And yet we don't hear of any farmer declaring 60 per cent. dividends, adding millions to his surplus or cutting any large and juicy financial melons.

"The tariff," says T. R., "becomes very emphatically a moral issue." One of the most impressive morals is this one: Don't promise tariff revision downward unless you mean it.

TIMELY SUGGESTIONS THAT WILL HELP THE HOSTESS

A Thanksgiving Tea.

A reception or tea on this festival day is distinguished chiefly by appropriate decorations, costumes and refreshments. The rooms may be completely transformed by taking down all the portieres and other draperies and replacing them with others made of cranberries strung on a stout, red thread. Popcorn strung and alternating with the berries makes a pleasing effect. Strings of cranberries are very pretty festooned over white window curtains.

Cover lamps and all gas and electric lights with shades made from red, white and blue crepe tissue paper and for stools and divans have large pumpkins; they are very comfortable and are admirably adapted for the purpose. The usual refreshments are served with the addition of pumpkin "chips" and the bonbons in the national colors. To make pumpkin chips, which are quite a novelty, select a deep colored pumpkin, peel and slice very thin; to each pound of chips add a pound of sugar and a gill of lemon juice, with the grated lemon rind; stir well and let them stand over night; cook very slowly until tender; then skim the chips out, let them stand two days to get firm, then put them in a jar with just enough sirup to keep them moist. These are often taken for an expensive imported preserve. No one recognizes the plebeian pumpkin. Spices may be added if liked.

Hot spiced cider or a cider frappe may be served and cranberry ice cream is delicious in flavor and looks. The sandwiches should be of minced turkey and the flowers red and white carnations with cornflowers or bachelors' buttons, as they are blue.

If individual molds are desired for the ice cream, they are cunning little turkeys, and all sorts of vegetables. Sheafs of wheat tied with the national colors are very decorative over arch and doorways.

A program of music consisting of patriotic airs would be a diversion suitable for the occasion.

It would be attractive to have six girls dressed in colonial costumes to assist in receiving and to "pour" in the dining room, also to preside at the frappe bowl.

A Party for Thanks Day Night.

Use characteristic cards for the invitations decorated with some of the many symbols associated with the day; turkeys, corn stalks, pumpkins, etc. Decorate with pine boughs, vines and all the woodsy things obtainable. Ask the guests to come in Pilgrim costumes. The game to be played is founded on the coming of our forefathers, the voyage, etc. The questions are written on slips and passed to the guests with little pencils that may be purchased by the dozen.

1. In what coarse goods did the Pilgrims live for a time? Holland.
2. To what efflorescence did they trust their lives? The Mayflower.
3. What broad letter did they travel on? C (sea).
4. What fowl was used in landing? Plymouth Rock.
5. What very bewildering thing did they find growing in the new soil? Maze (Maize).
6. They numbered among their party two old-fashioned pen and ink cases. What were they? Standishes.
7. What long name did one of the Pilgrims have? Miles.
8. What famous book does the journey of the colonists suggest? "The Pilgrim's Progress."
9. Why should we think the first New England girls were bicyclists? A number of spinning wheels were seen.
10. What distant islands were the Indians to the colonists at first? Friendly.

The prizes should be either a copy of Miles Standish (courtship) or a picture of "Priscilla," plainly framed. Other prizes may be turkey and pumpkin bonbon boxes filled with corn-kernel candy. On the dining room table use only brass or glass candle sticks. Fill blue bowls with old-fashioned flowers. Serve ham and chicken sandwiches, baked beans in individual brown ramakins, pumpkin pies, cider, doughnuts, popcorn, nuts and apples.

MADAME MERRI.

The Shine on Serge.

Skirts, especially serge skirts, always become slick and shiny looking before they are nearly worn out.

To remedy this, place the skirt on a board and rub the shiny places with sandpaper, not too hard, but just enough to roughen the nap. After pressing, the skirt will look as good as new.

Black Pearl Beads.

Black mother-of-pearl beads in regular allover designs are dainty in effect and nets beaded with them are at present much used in flounce effects.

Parisian Ideas

On the Left, White Chiffon with Pearl Drops; on the Right, Satin and Embroidery.

FANCIES OF FASHION

All coat and dress sleeves continue to be small.

Much gold and silver lace appears on stockings.

Shopping bags are a bit smaller than last season.

Suit coats are generally short, separate coats are long.

Sturdy goods are the order of the day for outdoor wraps.

Chamois is seen as the facing to the brim of some large hats.

Wool embroidery is the latest trimming for afternoon gowns.

A touch of purple in nearly any toilet is a fad of the season.

All street skirts are short—about four inches from the ground.

Artificial flowers will be worn much with evening gowns this winter.

Maline is to be used for trimming the winter hats of silk or satin.

Draped effects are seen in skirts for wear on all sorts of occasions.

Some of the new evening gowns show whole panels of bead embroidery.

Wool Embroidery.

Wool embroidery is the latest trimming for afternoon gowns. Some of the combinations seen are blue wool on white gazon de sole, gray wool on gray tulle over satin of the same shade, and mauve wool on blue linon sole.

The wool used is the same kind that is employed for knitting or crocheting. On heavier materials, it is used in various bright colors in an oriental effect, and is very striking.

Buttonholes.

To make buttonholes strong in children's clothes, work over ordinary soft wrapping string. Hold it on the inside as near the edge as possible, and it will not show when the buttonhole is finished.

A Bit of Color.

The little satin shoulder scarves are prettiest when lined with a pale color instead of white and edged with gold or silver fringe.

The KITCHEN CABINET

A TART temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only tool that grows keener with constant use.

—Irving.

Ways of Using Stale Cake.

When the cake is in a loaf it is easy matter to steam it and make a good pudding sauce of eggs and sugar with a little milk and flavoring or a cooked sauce of half a cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of flour and the same of butter, half a cup of boiling water and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Cook until smooth and flavor with grated nutmeg.

All bits of cake may be worked over into the steamed brown bread, so that nothing need be wasted.

Sweet Fritters.

Take one and a half cupfuls of stale cake crumbs. Beat together one egg, one tablespoonful of sugar, one cup of flour sifted with a teaspoonful of baking powder; add enough milk to make a thin batter and stir in the crumbs. Bake on a hot griddle as pancakes and serve with sirup.

Another nice dessert with cake may be prepared by laying slices of cake in a serving dish, pour over fruit juice of any desired flavor and fill the dish with a custard. Serve cold.

Economical Pudding.

Beat three eggs, add a cup of sugar and three cups of milk and flavoring. Add two cups of cake crumbs and bake in a slow oven one hour. A little breakfast cereal left over or a little cooked rice may be added to this pudding, and a few raisins, though these are not necessary.

A Few Hints.

When buying a box of laundry soap, which is a good way to do, take it from the box and pile it in a dry place where the air can circulate through it. Dry soap spends much better than green.

Turn the scrub brush bristles down when drying and the moisture will drain out rather than soak into the wood.

Velvet ribbons may be freshened by steaming over a wet cloth placed over a hot iron.

Hem the dishcloths to save the lint which ragged edges make, and such cloths will be respected and better used.

A nice umbrella should be carefully dried before putting away, and never left rolled in its case for any length of time, as it is apt to crack in the folds.

LET there be many windows in your soul,
That all the glory of the universe
May beautify it. Not the narrow pane
Of one poor creed can catch the radiant rays
That shine from countless sources. Tear away
The blinds of superstition. Let the light
Pour through fair windows, broad as truth itself
And high as heaven. . . . Tune your ear
To all the wordless music of the stars,
And to the voice of nature; and your heart
Shall turn to truth and goodness as the plant
Turns to the sun. A thousand unseen hands
Reach down to help you to their peace-crowned heights;
And all the forces of the firmament
Shall fortify your strength. Be not afraid
To thrust aside half truths and grasp the whole.

The Chafing Dish.

To the woman with many servants the chafing dish is a pleasant amusement, to the woman who has none it is a pleasant and practical change from the every day serving of things. Sunday night suppers are a delight, prepared from the chafing dish.

To make a success of the meal all the preparations should be carefully made before hand. The butter measured in a tablespoon and made into balls is then ready to use without measuring. The stock or milk may be measured and put into little pitchers. Have the salt, pepper and flour all in a group easy to find. If meat or fish is to be used let it be diced as it is to be served.

See that the lamp is filled and the utensils at hand before inviting out the guests. There are any number of dishes easy to serve from a chafing dish such as creamed eggs, poached, scrambled and omelets. Creamed sweetbreads, creamed mushrooms, oysters in a variety of ways, small birds, fish and chicken.

Good alcohol is expensive, but it does not burn away as fast as the wood alcohol and does not leave the burner covered with the sticky deposit that the wood alcohol does.

A nice way is to serve a cocktail of fruit or a salad while the guests are waiting as you prepare the main dishes. Give each one something to do to help make the time an enjoyable one. Many like to prepare the dishes in the kitchen and simply keep them hot in the chafing dish while serving, but this takes away the pleasure of seeing the dishes made before the eyes, which is enjoyed by everybody.

A chafing dish may be an elaborate and expensive affair or one very simple and and just as useful.

Nellie Maxwell.

Helping Him.

"I should like to prove my love for you by performing some deed of self-denial—something to make you sit up and wonder."

"You might try going home before midnight, that would make me wonder for a week."

His Idea of Joy.

"Brookins beat an express train from Chicago to Springfield the other day."

"It must feel fine to be getting away from Chicago that fast."

1910

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

REGAINS MEMORY AFTER WANDERING

Resident of Old Greenwich Village Finds His Mother After Adventures in Pacific Isles

WOUNDED IN SOUTH SEA ISLAND

Rescued by Natives, Who Found Him on the Beach, His Name and Identity Restored—Supposed the Vessel on Which He Sailed Was Wrecked.

New York City.—After four years of wandering, during which he was shipwrecked, stranded on an island, shot twice in a mysterious fashion and suffered a complete loss of memory, "Joe" Reynolds, whose relatives had mourned him as dead, is at the home of his mother at No. 78 Greenwich street to-day determined never to leave New York again.

Reynolds in his travels went West and later to Australia, where he remained a long time. At one time he accumulated $1,000, but spent the most of it in having his memory restored. For months he was under the care of a physician, who, after discouraging efforts, finally made him realize who he was.

When he improved under the treatment and recalled his past he went aboard a ship and came to New York City. He made his appearance at the Greenwich street house at a time when Robert N. Copeland, son of Theron Copeland, a former police captain, was standing at the door.

Reynolds says that he found himself in Australia after six months' wandering, and there he saved about $1,000. Just what happened to him next he does not remember, but he was found among the natives of one of the Gilbert Islands, in the South Pacific, badly injured about the head and bearing two bullets in his back. How he got there he does not know, but Edward Roper, an Englishman, formerly an officer in the army, found him. To Roper, he says, he owes his life. The wanderer could not remember his name or anything about his circumstances. Roper cared for him until a trading vessel that touched at the island took them back to Australia. The natives said that they had picked up Reynolds on the beach, and he thinks that he shipped on some vessel that was wrecked on the reefs near the island.

"It was in Melbourne," said Reynolds, "that my full name came back to me. I saw the name Reynolds on a sign board and then I could recollect scenes in the streets of New York. All at once I knew who I was and started back. But I had paid the physicians almost all I had earned and I had to work to get passage money."

At last he arrived in old Greenwich Village without money, but back where he expected to find his mother. He learned by questioning various people that after years of praying for his return she finally had given him up as lost and had gone to live with Mrs. G. L. Gilham, at No. 78 Greenwich avenue. He lost no time in reaching the house, where he encountered Mr. Copeland, Mrs. Gilham's son-in-law, and soon he was in his mother's arms.

"I am going to work just as soon as I can find anything to do," he said. "Give me something that will take me into the open air and I will stick pretty close to my mother. I've had enough of wandering."

1,193-MILE TROLLEY TRIP.

Pittsburg-Boston and Return Cost $33.10 Carfare.

Pittsburg, Pa.—From Pittsburg to Boston and return—1,193 miles—by trolley in twenty days, at a cost of just $33.10 for carfare, is the record of Henry F. Juergens of this city, who has just returned from such a trip to the New England States. Juergens is a student of trolley transportation, and he took copious notes and kept exact figures of the cost of his trip. The distances he computed as follows:

Trolley, direct, 1,193 miles; trolley, side trips, 250 miles; steam railroads, 469 miles; back, 1 mile; walk, 87 miles.

This trip took him from Pittsburg through Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Connecticut and Massachusetts, and with the exception of five breaks he made the entire circuit by trolley. It is his opinion that the long distance trolley trip will soon become both practical and popular.

This Letter a Traveler.

South Bend, Ind.—A trip around the world that took three years and was made on a two-cent postage stamp is the record of a letter received in South Bend by W. L. Pratt, a railroad man.

The letter, mailed from Minneapolis, Minn., followed its owner from country to country on its round-the-world tour until it finally reached the foreign dead letter office at Washington, D. C. The letter was then returned to the sender, who forwarded it to the owner. The envelope was postmarked so many times the address was scarcely visible. For some reason an extra stamp was put on the letter in Switzerland.

Provincetown, Mass.—[illegible] records were awaited as enthusiastically by the battleships of the Atlantic fleet as the big gun records had been, and, while no official figures were made public, it was understood [illegible] the Idaho leads. The Idaho crew [illegible] up and planted twelve mines in [illegible] 25 seconds. Last year there [illegible] which used the same [illegible] in 16 minutes.

[illegible] of 2,000,000 acres [illegible] land from entry [illegible] but a commence [illegible] conservation of natural [illegible]

FOOD CONSUMPTION OF PARIS.

Statistician Estimates that French Capital Spends $60,000,000 Annually.

Paris, France.—An enterprising statistician has just made a calculation of the quantity of the food consumed in the French capital in the space of a twelve-month. As a result of his researches, he tells us that Parisians contrive to get through 155,200 tons of beef, mutton and veal, 25,400 tons of pork, nearly 60,000 tons of horseflesh and 1,400 tons of meat obtained from the donkey and the mule. So much for the item of meat. As for poultry, the figure amounts, according to his estimate, to 20,000 tons, while game on its side, disappears at the rate of 1,400 tons. Fish attains the respectable figure of 23,000 tons, and this without prejudice to the item of oysters and mussels, which reach a grand total of 9,000 tons. Nor, as it would seem, can snails be regarded as an altogether negligible factor in the programme.

Vegetables of all sorts and sizes claim attention to the extent of 18,000 tons, 3,000 tons of which are devoted to mushrooms; and the fruit figure is even higher it being calculated at 19,000 tons. Cheese, by the way, runs fruit and vegetables very near, the yearly consumption of that commodity being estimated at more than 17,000 tons, while butter claims 13,000 tons and eggs 21,000 tons.

The statistician concludes that Paris expends every year nearly $60,000,000 on the commodities mentioned, and this without reference to bread, of which a vast amount is consumed, and wine, which is regularly drunk in most households.

Cow Gave Blue Milk.

Winsted, Conn.—Jack Miller of Thomaston, after picking a water pail full of blueberries, lay down in the shade of an apple tree to sleep. When he awoke he found the pail nearly empty and the few berries left in the bottom were badly crushed. Miller afterward was passing through the barnyard, where farm hands were milking cows, when he discovered that one cow was giving bluish milk.

SHE LIVES WITHOUT SLEEP.

Hungarian Woman in Excellent Health Despite Experience.

Budapest, Austria.—Medical men here are deeply interested in the remarkable case of a woman who has not slept for seven years.

Frau Bertha Hejemes, who is married and has a little girl of ten, began her long vigil one night when a gypsy woman attempted to kidnap the child. Since then she has not been able to go to sleep, neither has she had any inclination to do so.

She is in excellent health, and has never had a day's illness, but as soon as she endeavors to lie down she is seized with a violent nervous agitation, which compels her to sit up again.

The woman declares that she is quite content in her sleepless state, as with the whole twenty-four hours to herself she is able to perform all her household duties as well as to do a good deal of reading.

A curious fact is that since the beginning of her insomnia she has developed a great taste and ability for study, and has learned three languages.

Frau Hejemes is thirty-eight years old, and it is because of late she has been subject to irrepressible fits of yawning that she has at last consulted a medical man about her condition.

London's Teetotaller Mayor.

London.—Sir Thomas Vesey Strong who was elected Lord Mayor of London without opposition, is a pronounced temperance advocate and enjoys the distinction of being the first teetotaller chosen as chief magistrate of the metropolis. He was born in 1857 and was educated privately and is credited with being a self-made man. In business he has been successful as the head of a paper supply firm. He was knighted while occupying the office of Sheriff of the City of London. He is a director of the United Kingdom Temperance and General Providence Institution and a commander of the Order of Isabella the Catholic of Spain and the Order of Our Lady of Villa Vicosa of Portugal.

He Served on the Constitution.

Philadelphia, Pa.—William Macabee, believed to have been the oldest veteran of the Civil War and one of the oldest persons in this country, died at the United States Naval Home, where he had been an inmate for thirty years. He celebrated his 107th birthday on September 22, when he was able to sit up and receive the congratulations of his friends and tell of many of his experiences in the navy.

Macabee entered the service of the United States when a lad, serving on the frigate Constitution until it was retired from service. He remained in the naval service until he came to the home where he died.

Ate His Length in Green Corn.

Waynesburg, Pa.—James Montgomery, of this place, is fond of corn on the ear, and running short of adjectives to describe his fondness said he could eat his length in the succulent ears. His friends made him prove it, and he disposed of thirteen ears, which were necessary to make his 6 feet 3 inches in height.

Pastor Becomes a Broker.

Worcester, Mass.—After serving as pastor of the [illegible] Unitarian Church for over three years the Rev. William W. Peck preached his farewell sermon and told the congregation that he would leave the pulpit and become a banker and broker in Boston.

NO SPINSTERS SHOULD TEACH

Dr. Hamilton of Tufts College Objects to Environment They Provide

SAYS IT'S TOO NARROW

Tufts's President Thinks Widows Might Do Well as Instructors for Young Girls—Colleges for Women Will Exclude Unmarried Teachers.

Boston, Mass.—"I do not believe that young girls who are just passing into womanhood are in the proper environment when they are continually brought into close personal touch with elderly unmarried women." So said Dr. Frederick W. Hamilton, president of Tufts College, in explanation of why Tufts's new annex, Jackson College, has not a woman teacher in its whole staff. President Hamilton adds that he believes the women's colleges of the future will not have unmarried women as teachers.

"The large proportion of women's colleges are now in the hands of women teachers, however," asserted Dr. Hamilton, "and the educational atmosphere of the places is feminine—the peculiar type of femininity developed by highly cultured, middle-aged unmarried women.

"Now, while the type may be very fine individually, it is not the proper one to create the atmosphere for girls at the formative period of their lives. Girls just coming into womanhood are receiving their most valuable impressions, and are being influenced regarding their future attitude toward the questions of this age. Their outlook on life, which I believe is the most important part of the college training, should be broad, and it cannot be so unless formed in an environment of breadth.

"This exclusion of the middle-aged unmarried women does not pertain to all walks of life nor to all grades of education. In the homes for young working-women established by religious organizations and settlements, for instances, a different type of women is dealt with. The conditions of the daily life of these young women in the business and industrial world are such that the feminizing influence of the homes is just what they need to counteract the effect of the other influences with which they come in contact.

"In the lower grades of the schools, too, and in the preparatory schools the influence of the unmarried, middle-aged woman is counteracted by the dominating influence of the home. I believe that employment of married teachers—widows who were teachers before marriage, perhaps—would be beneficial. The relationship of these schools and their pupils is different, however, because the pupils live at home.

"The girls in college live a purely academic life. They are on their own resources, and they face problems that are quite new to them. They are to be trained to become competent and important parts of life, we hope. They need a large outlook and a broad viewpoint. The elements which go to give these must be brought into their lives at this psychological time, and all elements tending toward narrowness should be eliminated."

BABIES WERE CHANGED.

Hansen Says He Noted Difference in Color of Eyes.

Seattle, Wash.—Almost twenty years after the birth of his first child, a girl, A. S. Hansen, formerly of this city and now a resident of New Lisbon, Wis., asserts that he has just discovered that another baby was substituted two days after the advent of his daughter and without the knowledge of the mother. In a letter to the Seattle police Hansen appeals for information as to the whereabouts of his child. In part he writes:

"It has come to my knowledge that a certain woman whom I hired to take charge of the house at the birth of my first child stole the baby when a couple of days old and placed in my wife's arms another child. This I failed to discover, though I noticed that the color of the baby's eyes changed from blue to a grayish brown, but believed, as the nurse told me, that it was natural for babies' eyes to change color the first few days."

Deer Swimming in Ocean.

Newport, R. I.—When about south from the lightship James Maparonas, a fisherman, found a deer swimming on the broad Atlantic, and took him in. It was no easy task, for the deer did not appear to appreciate the fact that the fisherman was acting for its best interests. Maparonas's cousin, George Saras, took the deer, awaiting a claimant, but the chances were that this was a wild deer from the woods of the south country of the State.

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DREAMS LURE TO DEATH.

Visions of Father's Suicide Beckoned Him On.

Bridgeport, Conn.—Spurred on by the influence of vivid nightmares in which he saw his father, who had committed suicide, urging him to do likewise, Charles Walther, a Bridgeport manufacturer, ended his life by inhaling illuminating gas.

Mr. Walther had attempted to end his life with gas. He was discovered by his daughter and was rushed to the Bridgeport Hospital, where for several days his condition was precarious. He was discharged as cured.

Returning to his home at 397 Poplar street, Walther immediately set about making preparations for suicide. Attaching a tube to a gas-jet he placed the end in his mouth. He was dead when found an hour or two afterward.

Mr. Walther was formerly head of the C. W. Walther Company, manufacturers of novelties, and later became an officer of the Connolly Manufacturing Company. He had grown despondent of late and confided to friends that he had been troubled by visions, or dreams of his dead father, who committed suicide about 18 years ago. It seemed to him that his father was beckoning to him and he finally responded to the call.

Doubles Meet at Murder Trial.

London.—Extraordinary evidence was given at a Cheshire Police Court when Mark Wilde, an ex-soldier, was charged with the murder of George Harry Storrs, a contractor, at Gorse Hall, on the night of November 1, 1909.

The case has aroused very wide interest, as Wilde is the second man who has been charged at length with the same crime—a circumstance said to be without parallel in the history of criminal jurisprudence in this country.

It will be recalled that another ex-soldier, Cornelius Howard, was tried at Chester Assizes in March, 1910, for the murder of Mr. Storrs, and was acquitted after providing an alibi. The recent proceedings were watched by a large crowd who thronged the court house, many being unable to gain admittance.

The scene when Cornelius Howard was confronted with Wilde and a witness was asked to make a comparison as to their likeness to each other was a strangely dramatic one, and recalled the famous passage in Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities" where a question of identification arose between Sydney Carton and Charles Darney, not quite similar in the circumstances, but creating a similar atmosphere.

DEBT DRIVES HIM TO SUICIDE.

Youth Had Tried in Vain to Borrow $20 to Square Up.

Philadelphia, Pa.—Because he had "borrowed" some of his employers' money and was $20 short on payday when he intended to replace the "loan," Louis J. Levine shot himself through the head and was found dead in his room in the Girard House, No. 805 Race street. He had tried to get the money from his friends, but no one would assist him.

Levine, who was 20 years old, was employed as a shipping clerk by Barnes Brothers, wholesale druggists in No. 325 Market street. He finished his work in the afternoon, but did not go to his room until late at night. In the evening he called up friends and asked them to lend him $20. About midnight he went to the Girard House.

When a chambermaid knocked on the door next morning Levine did not answer, and the clerk was informed. Patrolman Barnes broke down the door and found the youth, fully dressed, lying on his bed. Pinned on the pillowcase was a note written on a piece of cardboard addressed to "My brother George and the public," telling why he took his own life.

BRIDE OF THE OCEAN.

Father Carries Out Wish of Daughter, Who Was Drowned.

New Orleans, La.—Miss Marjorie Miller, eighteen years old, daughter of Dean Walter Miller of Tulane University, was buried in the Gulf of Mexico by her own fixed choice. She was drowned several weeks ago near Tallulah Falls, Ga. Her body was held until her father's return from Europe.

Miss Miller loved the water from childhood. She made repeated requests that her parents give her body to the ocean.

Accordingly, after the family had given the question consideration for a week, the body was removed from the receiving vault, sealed in a steel coffin, heavily weighted, and carried far out into the Gulf of Mexico. There it was lowered into the bosom of the ocean with a simple ceremony.

CORRUPTED BY PUMPKIN PIE.

Native of New Hampshire Could Not Resist Temptation.

Chicago.—Memories of his old home in New Hampshire that were awakened by the sight of a pumpkin pie in the window of a restaurant resulted in the arrest of William Moore.

Moore, who is 45 years old, says he has not eaten a piece of homemade pumpkin pie since he left New Hampshire, fifteen years ago. He was passing the restaurant when he espied a large pumpkin in the window. At the side of the pumpkin was a delicious looking pie. It was placarded "Home-made New Hampshire pumpkin pie—the kind your mother used to make." He started to walk away when a man came out of the restaurant, picking his teeth.

Moore asked the man for a dime. Just then a policeman appeared on the scene and arrested Moore. The penalty for begging on the street is six months in the House of Correction.

New Orleans, La.—A fish unknown to science, combining the characteristics of the shark and the pilot fish, was brought here, frozen in a block of ice and preserved for research.

The unclassified specimen has the head of a pilot fish, while the belly, tail and skin are those of a shark. The fins, however, are different than those of a man-eater. The fish is three feet long and weighs fifteen pounds. It was caught by Captain David Pitre in the Gulf of Mexico, near Point-au-Faire, at the mouth of the Atchafalaya River.

WORK THAT TELLS.

Plenty of It Has Been Done Right Here in Wellsboro.

Cures that last are cures that tell. To thoroughly know the virtues of a medicine you must investigate the cures and see if they prove permanent. Doan's Kidney Pills stand this test and plenty of proof exists right here in Wellsboro. People who testified years ago to relief from backache, kidney and urinary disorders, now declare that relief was permanent and the cure perfect. How can any Wellsboro sufferer longer doubt the evidence?

Henry S. Card, Central Ave., Wellsboro, Penna., says: "A couple years ago my kidneys troubled me and my back was often so painful that it was all I could do to shoe a horse. There was a severe, deep seated ache in the small of my back and frequent attacks of lameness and stiffness that prevented me from straightening. I finally learned of Doan's Kidney Pills and got a box at H. L. Blatchley's drug store. They proved to be exactly the remedy I needed and brought prompt relief. After I had taken the contents of one box and a half of this remedy, I was cured. I have been free from kidney complaint ever since. My advice to anyone afflicted with this trouble is to use Doan's Kidney Pills."

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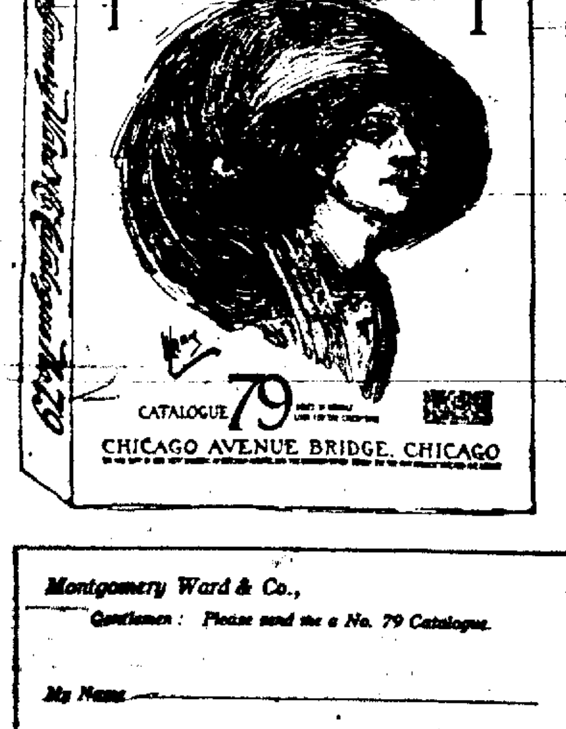

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BRUTAL MURDER IN CHATHAM.

Mrs. Leon Appleby Shot to Death By Husband on Thanksgiving Day.

Tioga county was stirred to the center last Friday morning when news came from Shortsville, a settlement in Chatham, about seven miles northwest of Middlebury, that Mazie B. Appleby, the young wife of Leon Appleby, had been found dead on the floor of her home near Shortsville under circumstances that strongly indicated murder.

The tragedy took place some time between 3 and 4 o'clock on the afternoon of Thanksgiving day. For some reason telephone communication with Middlebury was practically cut off on that day, probably because it was a holiday, and details were meagre and hard to obtain until the next day, when details were as plentiful and varied as the tellers.

The real facts appear to be that about 3 o'clock of the afternoon of Thanksgiving day Leon Appleby appeared to a man who was chopping wood about a quarter of a mile from the Appleby home and engaged in conversation with him. It seems probable from what was said at the time that Appleby had been away from home nearly all day, and was on his way there. After talking a few minutes with this neighbor, Appleby started for his home and had just about time to get there when the neighbor heard two shots fired, the sound coming apparently from the Appleby house.

MRS. LEON APPLEBY.

In a short time thereafter Appleby appeared in a buggy, on his way to Shortsville, and met a party on the road to Appleby's house, they having heard a rumor that Mrs. Appleby had been shot. Appleby stopped the buggy when the party approached and said, "Where you going boys?" They were reluctant to tell him, owing to his having a high temper and they being in possession of only a rumor. Appleby finally dissuaded them from going to his house saying, "There is no need of your going there; everything has been attended to," and continued on to Shortsville.

Arrived there he went to the home of his brother-in-law, Mr. Lapoint, and told him his wife had been shot and asked him to go out to his house with him. Lapoint consented, and together they drove back to Appleby's house. When Lapoint offered to get out of the buggy to enter the house Appleby refused to let him do so. He alone entered the house, stayed a short time, finally leaving and locking the door after him.

Just before starting back from Shortsville with Lapoint, Appleby remarked, "Hold on a minute, I want a smoke." He then left the buggy and entering a store, purchased a package of tobacco and cigarette papers. It was noticed that he was unable to roll a cigarette on account of his hands shaking and at his request a friend rolled the cigarette and handed it to him. He noticed, as did at least one other about that time, while Appleby was trying to roll the cigarette, that his hands and fingers were stained with blood.

Neighbors who entered the house that afternoon discovered a shocking sight. The body of Appleby's young wife lay on the floor of the living room, surrounded by pools of blood. To add to the horror of the situation, it is stated that the eleven months old baby of the couple was playing around its mother's lifeless form, its clothing literally soaked in her life blood.

Appleby's statement that his wife had committed suicide was accepted at first by some of the neighbors, but the condition of things at the house shortly gave rise to a story suspicious of murder. Undertaker H. B. Jones, of Knoxville, was summoned, and he in turn called Coroner J. C. Secor, of Westfield, who on his arrival proceeded to impanel a coroner's jury.

At the inquest, which was held at once and which was not concluded until two o'clock Friday morning, it was discovered that the unfortunate woman had been shot twice with a double-barreled shot gun, using number four shot. One charge had entered the woman's body about three inches from the tip of the right shoulder and ranging downward and forward crushed the shoulder blade and the bone of the upper arm, severed the blood vessels and emerged from the other side, tearing a hole as large as an orange. This wound alone would have produced death. The second shot entered the left side of the face, about an inch in front of the left ear. The charge broke the jaw bones, and eventually lodged in the base of the brain. This shot must have produced death instantaneously. The face of the victim was slightly burned by powder.

The coroner's jury consisted of the following: Henry Curran, Emmet Bailey, Bert Andrews, John Murdock, S. V. Cady and Myron King. After deliberating until about 2 a. m., the jury returned a verdict that Mazie Appleby came to her death from gunshot wounds at the hands of Leon Appleby.

The accused man was at once taken into custody by Constable Elias Merrick, who had all this time been guarding the suspected husband. Accompanied by Charles Slocum, Benjamin Spencer and Claude Davis, Constable Merrick at once started for Wellsboro with Appleby.

At 2 o'clock Friday morning the prisoner was taken before Justice of the Peace O. H. Davis. Appleby declined to retain counsel to represent him a hearing, but decided to waive a hearing and was remanded to the county jail to await the action of the grand jury.

The case will be taken up at the January term of court and as the evidence against Appleby is entirely circumstantial it bids fair to be a stoutly contested case.

Leon Appleby is a young East Chatham farmer, aged 26 years. He married Miss Mazie Button, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Button, December 25, 1909. They made their home in a small house near Shortsville nearly oposite the house of Mr. and Mrs. Jackson Appleby, the parents of Leon Appleby. The house stands a short distance from what is called the Glen Road, leading from Shortsville to Academy Corners.

A circumstance in the affair that goes a good deal toward disproving any suicide theory was the finding in a stove in the future that had evidently been hanging on the wall, and was spattered with blood, flesh and pieces of bone.

It seems pretty clear from all the circumstances that when Appleby entered the house his wife was seated in a rocking chair, in the living room facing a window in the north side of the room, holding her little daughter in her arms, administering or about to administer medicine, the bottle containing the medicine standing on a chair before her. Two chairs located about the room, surrounded with blood and embedded with shot, a spoon and a bottle of castor oil found lying on the floor, bear out the above supposition.

Appleby probably, if the murder theory is correct, approached his wife from the rear, while she was busily engaged with the child and without warning fired twice, both shots taking effect as stated.

It seems probable that the lifeless form then fell from the chair to the wall on the right. The wall at this point was covered with blood and particles of flesh were on the wall and furniture surrounding. Appleby taking the body in his arms carried it a distance of about five feet towards the bed room. Becoming frightened, possibly at the cries of the babe, he dropped the body to the floor and carried the gun into the bed room, where he laid it on the bed, and placed the revolver under the mattress, where they were both later found. Bloody finger marks were discovered on the inside of the bedroom door and on the gun stock. A newspaper discovered in the living room was covered with blood and evidently had been used by Appleby to remove the blood from his hands. Bloody imprints of a hand were also found on the inside of the door leading out of doors.

The body of Mrs. Appleby was laid to rest at Keeneyville last Sunday. The little daughter is being cared for by friends. And this is chapter one in the saddest, most terrible tragedy that has ever been enacted within the peaceful confines of Tioga county.

Appleby bears a bad reputation. Neighbors say he had been in the habit of coming home drunk and beating his wife. He had been in jail twice this year. It is said that Appleby told several different stories as to the cause of his wife's death, immediately after it occurred. He was drunk at the time, having, it is said, just returned home from Middlebury.

It is said that Appleby on several occasions threatened to kill his wife and child as well as his wife's parents, but, nevertheless, Mrs. Appleby was finally induced to return to her husband. Appleby is a big man, over six feet in height and weighing over 200 pounds.

Hon. Andrew B. Dunshore will assist District Attorney Hugh B. Strang in the case. Appleby will be defended by Watrous, Marsh & Channell and Sherwood & Owlett. The case will come up for trial at the January term of court.

Trespass notices with the law printed in full on cloth for sale at the Gazette office. Five cents each; six for 25 cents. Cash must accompany mail orders.

WILL MUNSON GET IT?

Penrose Urges His Appointment as Judge of Court of Commerce.

Political circles were stirred last week by dispatches from Washington that Senator Penrose had recommended to President Taft the appointment of C. LaRue Munson, of Williamsport, as one of the Judges of the United States Court of Commerce.

Since the Allentown convention, on the eve of which Mr. Munson declined the Democratic nomination for Governor, then assuredly within his grasp, the rumor connecting his name with a high judicial office as a compensation for his withdrawal had been permitted to slumber, except in the minds of those who could not be persuaded that a deal of some kind was at the foot of the candidate's unexpected and sensational act.

Mr. Munson's broad denial of an understanding with Senator Penrose, and his assertion that reasons of a private nature, entirely dissociated with politics, had influenced him to write the letter which threw the Democracy of Pennsylvania into a panic, did not satisfy the doubters.

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia North American after making the statement that Sentor Penrose has urged upon President Taft the appointment of C. LaRue Munson, says:

"Despite any denials that may be made, this statement is true. The senator has attempted to carry out whatever deal he devised when Munson declined the Democratic nomination for Governor of Pennsylvania the night before the Allentown convention was to meet.

"The President is said to have been amazed at Senator Penrose's audacity. It was amazement mingled with some feeling of indignation that caused him to discuss the matter with some of his advisers and to inform them of what Penrose had said.

"The President, it is declared, clearly recognized in the suggestion of Munson's appointment Senator Penrose's effort to pay his own rebt to Munson by urging his obvious misuse of the appointing power by the President himself. More than this, he recognized also that the Pennsylvania Senator would make use of a place in the judiciary, if he could, to carry out a political game entered into to prevent the people of the great State of Pennsylvania from exercising a free choice in the selection of a Governor."

Congressman A. Mitchell Palmer, one of the State's leading Democrats, who was recently re-elected to the Twenty-sixth district by the largest majority ever given a candidate in the district, has protested strongly against the appointment of C. LaRue Munson and sent the following telegram to President Taft:

"According to newspaper reports United States Senator Penrose has recommended C. LaRue Munson, of Williamsport, for appointment as judge of the new commerce court. Mr. Munson himself in a signed statement avers that many of his personal friends have asked you to appoint him. Last summer, on the eve of the Democratic State Convention, he withdrew as a candidate for the gubernatorial nomination under circumstances that give rise to a belief in the public mind that he was influenced therein by the hope of securing this appointment.

"For the sake of decency and honesty in political and public affairs and in the interest of that untainted judiciary which you are anxious to maintain, his appointment should not be considered.

"Without reflecting upon Mr. Munson's ability as a lawyer or his fitness for judicial place, I believe his appointment under the circumstances would be an affront to the majority of the people of Pennsylvania, who have recently demonstrated that they believe in clean politics, and in their name I protest against it."

Morris and Hoytville.

Morris, Nov. 30.—Miss Bessie Leonard spent a few days in Williamsport last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Vaughn, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Vaughn and Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Werline, of Liberty, spent Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Vaughn, of Elmira.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Steele visited at the home of their daughter, Mrs. J. T. Williammee, a few days last week.

A turkey supper was served to the members of the N. P. L. at the Curtin House on Thanksgiving night.

Edward Kowalcyk, of Houtzdale, who has been visiting relatives in town, returned to his home on Monday. He was accompanied by his sisters, Miss Christine Kowalcyk and Miss Elizabeth Pudding, of Hazelton.

Miss Friskey, of Washington, D. C., will give an illustrated lecture on the Holy Land at the Methodist church on Saturday evening.

Frank Clark, of Williamsport, is spending a few days in town.

Mr. and Mrs. George Darby have returned home from New York.

Mrs. B. Matthews and daughter spent Thanksgiving with the former's parents at Millerton.

Miss Nona Schaffer, of Stroudsburg, is a guest at the home of her aunt, Mrs. A. Leonard.

Joseph Clark, of Nauvoo, is moving his family to Elmira this week.

WHY WOMEN SHOULD VOTE.

A Call to Form a Woman Suffrage Club in Wellsboro.

The recent election which has done so many astonishing things, has brought to women a notable victory. It has added another to the four States where full woman suffrage exists, so that to-day there are, in the United States, five States where women vote on exactly the same terms as men; namely, Colorado, Idaho, Utah, Wyoming, and the new "free state" of Washington.

It is not strange that in the light of this new victory women of other States begin to question why they are not recognized in the government which is said to be "by the people" and that Pennsylvania women inquire why they have not even that small fraction of suffrage, the school vote, which exists in so large a proportion of the States.

This awakening of women to their part in the world's work and progress is part of a great world-movement for larger liberty and opportunity, and is irresistable. The time is past when a woman could be "bounded on the north by her servants, on the east by her children, on the south by her ailments, and on the west by her wardrobe."

She is beginning to see that her disfranchisement shuts her away from the larger affairs of life, participation in which broadens her mind, her outlook and her activities.

For a further consideration of these things, a meeting is called at the home of Mrs. Robert K. Young for Friday evening, December 2d, at 7:30 o'clock, to form a Woman Suffrage Club. The name indicates the object and it is hoped that through the study inaugurated by the Club, we shall learn more of government, local, State and National; more of our duties and opportunities and possibilities; more of the great reforms and activities in which women bear so large a part and which would be greatly furthered by their enfranchisement.

So far as known Tioga county has no Suffrage Club; and it is especially fitting that Wellsboro should set the example which is sure to be followed, sooner or later, by her sister towns.

This is no contest of women against men. The average man is not tyrannical, he is only prejudiced. This is a contest of the women and men who are ruled by reason against the women and men who are ruled by custom.

Men's Leagues for Woman Suffrage are multiplying throughout the country, and we find in men some of our best and most loyal helpers.

Any woman in Wellsboro who already believes in Woman Suffrage, or would like to learn more about it or has an open mind on the question, may consider herself personally invited to the meeting mentioned above.

Death of Robert Richardson.

Robert Richardson, who was injured about ten days ago by being thrown from the delivery wagon he was driving, died at his home on Cone street about 7 o'clock last Thursday evening. Mr. Richardson was unconscious the entire period following the accident save for a short time after he was removed to his home when he revived sufficiently to relate his version of the accident.

The deceased was born in Charleston on October 25, 1846. He was a son of Robert and Louise Richardson, deceased. In 1869 he was married to Mary J. Reese, who survives him with five children. They are: Morris L., of Wellsboro; W. Arthur, of Basking Ridge, N. J.; Ira A., of Beeman; Mrs. Alexander Welch, of Charleston, and Harry L., of Elmira. Two brothers, John and Elisha, both residing in Cambria county, and one sister, Mrs. Amanda McConnell, of Manhattan, also survive him. He was a member of the Free Baptist church and was an honest, hard working, highly respected man.

The funeral was held from the Free Baptist church Sunday morning at 10:30 o'clock, Rev. R. M. Cloud officiating. Burial in the Keeneyville cemetery.

No Criminal Court This Week.

The first week of the regular November term of court did not require the presence of either the grand or petit juries. Accordingly these jurors were notified not to attend, and the witnesses subpoenaed were also notified in time not to attend. All matters needing the attention of the court will be disposed of by Judge Cameron in chambers.

All Constables appeared however and made their regular quarterly returns as usual.

The homicide case from Chatham will go over to the January term, as the plaintiffs were not prepared, and did not have time to prepare for this term.

In the arson case from Middlebury some of the important witnesses were sick and unable to attend at this time, so that case was put over. This left so little of importance that Judge Cameron determined to save the county the expense of calling jurors. Hence they were notified not to attend, as above stated.

—There will be a chicken pie supper served at the church parlors of the M. E. church to-morrow evening between 5 and 8 o'clock.

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER.

A City Newspaper Gives the Country Newspaper a Good Send Off.

Below is given a portion of an address by Arthur Brisbane, the famous editorial writer of the New York Evening Journal, which he delivered recently before a convention of advertising men in Omaha, and which speaks volumes for the value of a paper like the Gazette:

"The local newspapers in proportion to the circulation are, in my opinion, infinitely the most valuable advertising mediums that we have.

"The value of the country newspaper is based largely upon the fact that the man who reads it looks upon it as a neighbor and a friend, a personal acquaintance, and attaches to the printed statement and advertisements of the country newspaper far greater importance than the dweller in the big city attaches to the statements of the advertisements in the big city newspaper.

"As one friend, talking to another about certain kinds of goods, can influence a friend more than a stranger, so a country newspaper, standing on a footing of friendship with its readers, can talk to them about goods for sale or any other topic and impress them more strongly than the big metropolitan newspaper, which is really a stranger.

"Whenever I speak in public before advertisers I make it a point to emphasise the value of the country newspaper, and I intend always to do so. This is good advice from the point of view of the advertiser, and it is still better advice from the point of view of the average citizen. *It would be a very sad day indeed for this country if there were not* scattered in every little hamlet a conscientious, clean newspaper man, willing for ridiculously small pay to watch and protect the interests of the neighborhood.

"As conditions are to-day the local editor, the man who is leading thousands of good fights all over the country, is poorly recognized or not recognized at all. With few exceptions, it is impossible for men of great ability, public spirit and integrity to make by hard work in a year of intelligent journalism a quarter as much as can be made by any rascal willing to sell himself to a corporation. It is a great harm to the country that the ambitious newspaper man should be moving always toward the big cities in order to make a decent living. Every town where there is a congressman needs a good editor. Every city where a judge sits and looks at the corporation with one eye and the little people with the other eye and a very different eye for each, needs an honest editor, with both eyes on the judge.

"It would be a very good thing indeed for this country if country editorship meant a comfortable income, a *permanent fortune*, permanent independence, in a position of honor and ignity.

"My opinion is that the local editors, the owners of the newspapers in the smallest communities, will never come into their own until the United States government shall introduce the parcels post system.

"As matters stand now, hundreds of men who would be glad to advertise in local newspapers to reach the local population away from the big department stores are unable to do so because the delivery of the express companies makes it impossible for the manufacturer to reach *the consumer reasonably*."

JAPS PLAN TO WHIP US.

Oil Magnate's Son Tells of Mutterings in Europe.

"High military authorities in various European countries are unanimous in the prediction that the United States and Japan will come to war within a few years; that America will be beaten, and that we had better prepare for the battle. The Japs, these men say, are going to catch us unaware by opening fire before the completion of the Panama canal."

In this manner did Henry H. Rogers, son of a late Standard Oil magnate, sent out a warnig last week, upon his arrival from a six months' tour in Europe.

"Various high officers in European armies," said Mr. Rogers, "told me that Japan and America would scrap within a few years. The Japs will fight for the supremacy of the Pacific ocean, and will catch us unaware, I was told, before our canal is completed. The Europeans all agreed that America will be badly whipped by Japan. They admitted that our navy was good, but said that we were short of ammunition, our armies were small, and volunteers would not respond in large numbers."

The Biggest Liar.

The following story, while not strictly exclusive, is worth printing. A clergyman passing through a village street saw a number of small boys surrounding a dog. Thinking some cruel deed was in progress, the clergyman hastened towards the boys and asked what they were doing. One of the boys replied that they were telling lies, and the boy who told the biggest lie would get the dog. The clergyman was shocked at such depravity, and began to lecture them on the sin of lying, and concluded his remarks by saying, "Why when I was a little by I never told lies." The boys were silent for a second, when one of them said, sadly: "Hand him up the dog."

MR. HAYSEED NOT SO SLOW.

In This Instance He "Put One Over" on His City Brother.

It has become a trait of city folks to speak condescendingly of their neighbors from the country, and to characterize them as slow and "easy." The city man and woman, as a rule, hold themselves to be of superior intellect to those born and raised in the country, and to be so familiar with the "ways of the world" that it is impossible for them to be "done" by fakirs or the smooth-tongued solicitor in any kind of business.

A little incident in Pittsburg the other day proves that the "rube" is not always so slow as the city people believe him to be. Two young men from the wilds of West Virginia drifted into the city and went into a barber shop to get cleaned up. They asked for a haircut and a shave. The barber asked them to have a shampoo and a massage. Not having heard of these things, the young men made no reply. The barber proceeded to give them both, and demanded $5. The young men paid the bill under protest, then went out and had the barber arrested for larceny. He was held for court under $500 bail.

In this instance the "hayseed" "put one over" on his city brother. It is a daily occurrence for city men to be held up by barbers and forced to pay for things they really do not want. It is almost an impossibility to find a barber shop in the city where tips are not demanded. Those with courage enough to pocket the change after paying the prices demanded are most always subjected to sneers or humiliated in other ways.

The city man has been submitting to these things for many years. He has been afraid of being called "cheap" or a "tightwad." It remained for the country "rube," as we are wont to call him, to assert his rights and go after the barber. No matter what the outcome of the case may be, it will be enjoyable to see the barber getting a little of his own medicine. To the West Virginia boys we say, come again.—Pittsburg Post.

Who Is a Subscriber?

A court decision has lately been rendered in Massachusetts on what constitutes a subscriber. The judge firmly believed that the man who received the paper although he never subscribed for it, is entitled to pay.

James Thompson moved, and William Robinson took immediate possession and received and accepted a weekly newspaper that was delivered to him through the mails every week. The good-natured editor sent accounts frequently, but no attention was paid to them by Mr. Robinson.

Finally there was a day of reckoning. Robinson had received the paper for some time, he informed the collector, but he said that he had never subscribed and declined to pay for it. The judge personally questioned the defendant, who said that he had read and made use of it after was receiving the accounts, which were frequently inclosed in the paper.

Judgment was rendered in favor of the newspaper. The judge was severe in his criticism of people who are receiving papers and do not think it worth while to pay for what they receive and make use of. It is an act of dishonesty, he said. One should acquaint the publisher and pay for whatever numbers he receives.

Moran-Kelley.

R. Harry Moran and Miss A. Mae Kelly, both of Wellsboro, were married last Thursday morning by Rev. John O'Toole at St. Peters' Catholic church. It was a very quiet wedding, only the near relatives of the bride and groom being present. Miss Agnes Kelly, of Austin, a sister of the bride, was bridesmaid, and Joseph F. Gaffland, of this place, was best man.

A wedding breakfast was served to the bridal couple and guests by the groom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Moran, at their home on Pearl street.

The young couple left on the afternoon train for Elmira, carrying with them the congratulations and best wishes of all their friends. The groom is employed by the Goodyear Lumber Company at Keating Summit, where he will reside. He is well known in Wellsboro, where he has lived nearly all his life, and has very many warm friends. The bride has been employed for several years in E. E. Buck's tailoring establishment, and has made many friends.

Every Town Has a Nibbler.

A nibbler is a man who enters a grocery, runs his fingers into the sugar barrel and laps up a couple of ounces, eats a handful of nuts, then goes over for the cheese case and cuts off a slice for a taste, then, as a matter of fact he must, have a few crackers, and perhaps before he has made up his mind to buy a quarter of a pound of tea has eaten the profits on $1 worth of groceries. To wind it all up, after getting trusted for the tea, on which the merchant realizes a profit of five cents, he leaves the store munching a couple of apples. This is no picture of imagination, but reality, except that sometimes the nibbler does not purchase the tea.

BURGLARY A LA MODE.

It Involves a Ton of Tools, a Private Telephone and Alarm.

London.—Three men who, it is alleged, are members of a gang of burglars who made a desperate attempt to open a safe containing gold and platinum valued at £40,000 on the premises of Wright & Hodgkins, in Birmingham, with the aid of blowpipes and gas cylinders charged with oxy-hydrogen, were arrested in London recently.

Some days before the attempted coup two men, who represented themselves to be diamond merchants, took some vacant premises next door to Wright & Hodgkins's and later a number of heavy boxes and packages were delivered there.

On the following Saturday afternoon, when Wright & Hodgkins's premises had been closed for the day, the thieves bored a large hole through the wall, which was eighteen inches thick, and made their way to the strong room, to reach which they had to break through two walls. The appliances with which they were provided made this task a comparatively easy one.

On arriving at the strong room, the door of which consisted of eight inches of solid steel with an asbestos lining, they proceeded to cut a hole in it by means of an oxy-hydrogen blowpipe.

They had accomplished this, and only half an inch of steel remained between them and the £40,000 treasure when, for some unknown reason, they became alarmed and decamped, leaving all their costly apparatus behind.

The thieves had installed a temporary telephone and electric alarm to enable them to keep in communication with the man on watch. There were also large screens to prevent the glare of the blowpipe from being seen outside, and gloves and masks which the operators had used to protect themselves from the heat.

It is believed that they had been at work for many hours when they were disturbed. The housebreaking appliances they left behind weighed more than a ton, and must have cost over £200.

PLANES FOR COAST DEFENCE.

Air Craft Likely to Replace Navy, Says General Miles.

Denver, Col.—The aeroplane, instead of being an adjunct to the navy, is likely to replace it, so far as coast defence is concerned, in the opinion of Lieutenant General Nelson A. Miles, retired.

"The aeroplane eventually will be a means of coast defence," said the general, discussing aerial navigation. "Aeroplanes can be built by the score for what one battleship costs. Their use would curtail greatly the expense of building coast defense vessels. When aeroplanes can fly a hundred miles out to sea and drop explosives over hostile fleets, these fleets will be cautious about attacking a coast. And this condition will come.

"Already any nation that goes to war must reckon with the aeroplane. They would be extremely advantageous to reconnoitring, and when up seven thousand feet would be practically immune from injury by rifle shots."

A BANKERS' BLACK LIST.

Comptroller Murray Takes Steps to Have One-as Protective Measure.

Washington, D. C.—A government blacklist of dishonest bank officers and employees is the latest administrative measure adopted by Lawrence O. Murray, comptroller of the currency. In a circular letter issued to all national bank examiners, he asks for such a list. It is to comprise "all persons who have been dismissed or their resignations demanded for dishonesty, as officers, directors, clerks, or other employees of national banks in your district or who have been convicted in any court for violation of the national banking laws."

The list should also contain, Mr. Murray indicates, the names of persons similarly dismissed from banks other than national. He frankly admits that "this list is desired in order that the comptroller's office may be in a position to prevent such persons from becoming connected with national banks in the future."

Largest Ice Cave In World.

Vienna, Austria.—An ice cave which turns out to be the largest in the world has been discovered within the last few days in the Dachstein Mountains, near Obertraun, on the Lake of Hallstatt. The cave is nearly a mile and a half long. It consists of an upper and lower group of great halls, the largest of which is about seven hundred feet long and one hundred feet high. Many prehistoric objects have also been found.

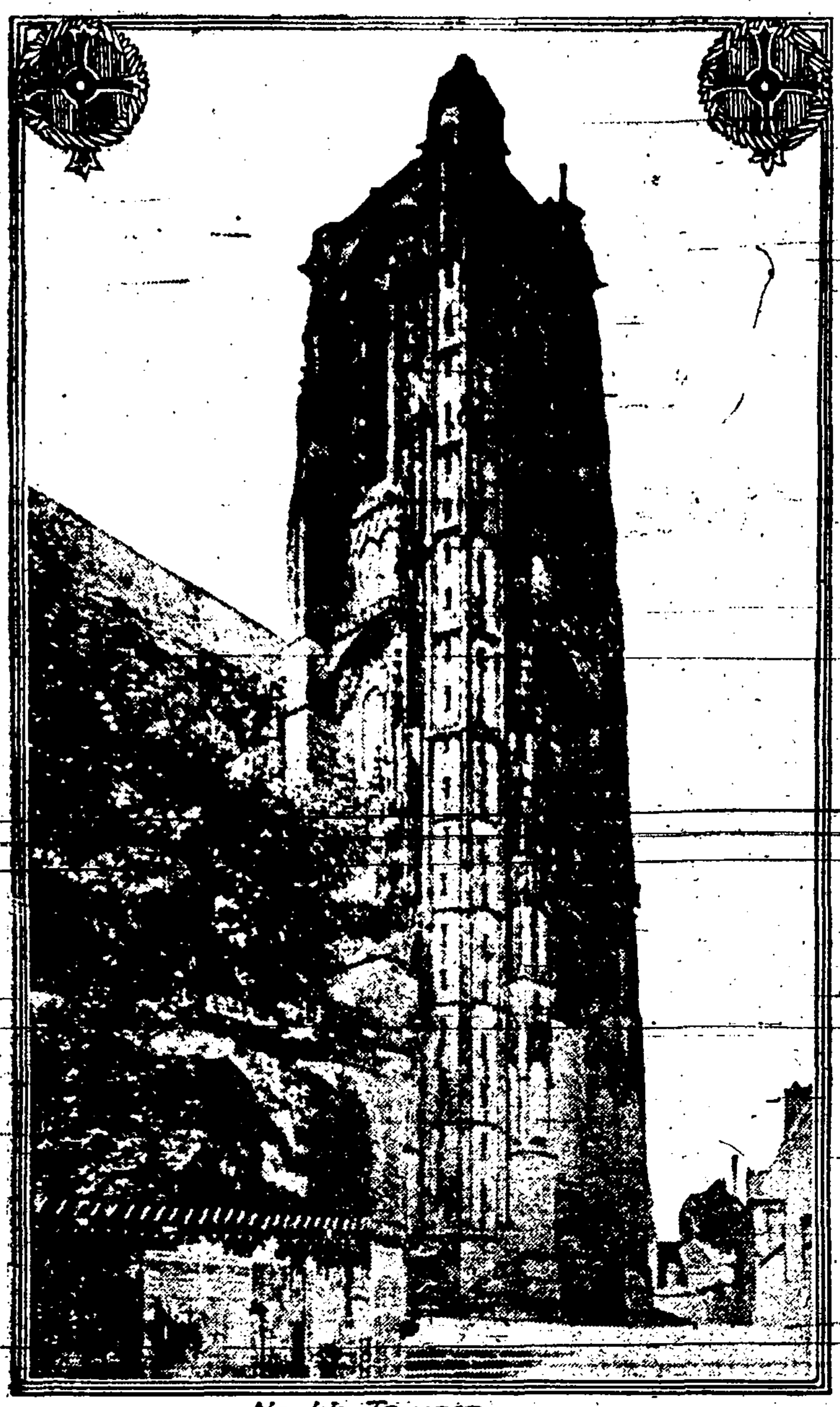
Man 107 Arrested as Lawbreaker.

Grand Forks, N. D.—The oldest man ever arrested in the United States was imprisoned at Fort Totten when C. M. Zieback, 107 years old, was arrested on a charge of introducing liquor on the Indian reservation. Zieback's case will be considered by the next Federal Grand Jury and in the meantime he will be allowed freedom under bond.

Own Story Restores Memory.

Stamford, Conn.—Charles Swenson, Jr., the young civil engineer of this city whose mysterious disappearance almost prostrated his bride, returned home. He recovered his memory in New Rochelle through reading the story of his disappearance in a newspaper.

BOURGES CATHEDRAL



North Tower

THE structure of Bourges is interesting to study, because it offers several peculiarities which distinguish it from other Gothic cathedrals, says a French writer. Though it has no transept, there are two aisles on each side of the nave, and a double row of lateral chapels. The columns of the nave are the highest in the world. In no fewer than one hundred and thirty-six lancet windows and forty-five rose windows, the original thirteenth century glass is still to be seen, and some of the finest examples of fifteenth century glass-painting are in the chapels. But it is the fabric of stone that must be first considered; and, whether you admire the portals and external buttresses, or count the forest of pillars within, that fabric impresses itself on your imagination as the product of a definite style, as distinctive, as personal, as a picture or a poem. No style (in architecture or anything else) that is worthy of that honorable name was ever suddenly evolved either by an individual artist or even by an individual school. Styles, like decorative patterns, are not made; they grow, and are modified; and by the differences that suit one age after another they survive changed, but the same, as the fruit follows the flowering of the tree. Without going further back than the immediately preceding Romanesque, which survives in so many details of the early Gothic, we can realize that the imperative need for vast stone roofed churches, in which aisles were a constructive necessity, was the starting-point for the new development. This necessitated the art of vaulting over an oblong space, and since the square space with all its sides equal could easily be vaulted by round arches, while the oblong could only be vaulted by the use of pointed arches, the pointed arch became the symbol of the new style.

Many other differences appeared, all of them essentially constructive. Instead of huge walls with holes bored in them for windows, and the solid and inert principle of stable gravity as the chief foundation of the building's strength, you now get a structure which is supported by an articulated framework, a frankly expressed anatomy of bone and muscle in which piers, arches, buttresses are linked together in a perfect equilibrium of balanced thrust and counter thrust. The old, thick walls, being no longer essential, are entirely replaced by vast windows of stained glass, except for a few feet from the ground where they are necessary for mere enclosure. The window apertures fill the whole space laterally between the piers, which rise from the pavement in slender shafts up to the nave-cornice. These piers contain several members, to support the ribs of the vaults, the arches of the triforium; and the buttresses of the clerestory; but they need only be massive enough to bear the weight of the vaults, because the side-pressures are carried off by buttresses to the aisles, and by flying buttresses again beyond them. All this elaborate system was only begun and rendered possible because the pointed arch was not a mere decorative device, but was the definitely practical solution of a definite problem. That solution gave us Beauvais choir, "the Kubla Khan of architecture," like a great hymn interrupted, in which the Gothic spirit, pushed to its logical conclusion, has striven to utter the unutterable. That solution was gave us the triumph of Bourges or the perfection of Amiens. Like all things which partake of the quality of organic growth, the fabric of the Gothic cathedrals needs constant repair, as a plant needs rain and sunshine.

Of the master-masons who built these mighty structures we know little, and there is very little trace. On the right-hand door of the western facade of Chartres is a figure of geometry, or architecture, holding a square and compass, while Archimedes writes beneath. On the north porch of the same cathedral the architect with his square appears again.

In all these cases it is not the architect, as we know him now, who is represented, but a "master of the work" who had charge of the whole building from its foundations to its furniture, and was as capable of planning out an octagonal apse as of carving a saint upon the doorway or a sinner beneath the seat of an ecclesiastic.

It was under the protection of the church that the first schools of Charlemagne arose, and under the shelter of the church alone could the quiet and security necessary to artistic education be then discovered. This is typified by the fact that the Abbey of Cluny was the real bulwark against a barbarism which had, previous to its foundation, been practically permanent for many hundred years. It had branches from Spain to Poland, and was as active in politics and letters as in art.

The thirteenth century cathedral is almost unintelligible to the most cultured of its visitors of today without the assistance of a guide-book. But no amount of books and no amount of "art-training" would educate the workmen of today into producing similar cathedrals under modern conditions. For even in those Greek temples, which look so comparatively simple, there are mysteries which the modern builder never knew. You have but to look at the Madeleine in Paris and compare it with its gracious prototype. The original Greek work is full of subtle curves and slight but essential differences which make it a thing of beauty. The same reasoning holds for the Gothic cathedrals. They are not good because they are old. Beauty is not a matter of time, for "age cannot wither her nor custom stale her infinite variety." These buildings are old because they are good, which is a very different matter. And any new building inspired by the same genius and carried out with the same enthusiasm would be good in spite of any youth. But both the genius and the enthusiasm are dead. The great cathedrals are a part of the world's inheritance that we—their temporary guardians—have to hand on undiminished to our heirs. Let us see to it, each in his own measure and in his own strength, that we bear our part and justify our trust.

A Gruesome Manicure Job.

The manicurist tells how she earned five dollars for manicuring one hand.

"It's a gruesome story," she said. "I was working over in Paterson. One night there was a wreck on the railroad. The next morning a doctor came to my office with a package.

"'Want a job?' said he.

"I asked what kind of a job. He told me that a New York man who had been on a terrific spree for a week had had an arm taken off in the wreck.

"He was unconscious for a while, but when he came to he had sobered up and was in his senses. He told them where to send for his wife, but he begged them to fix him up before she got there.

"The parts of his body that were hanging together had been secured and polished at the hospital, but nobody wanted to tackle the severed hand and arm. The man wanted that hand manicured, too; he said his wife would be sure to ask for it, and if she saw those scraggy finger nails the story of his week's bumming would be plain as print.

"I manicured the hand for five dollars, but I wouldn't take such a job again for five times five dollars."

Mystery in a Box

By HOPE DARING

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As Roger Wayne passed along the hotel corridor on his way down to dinner a door on his right opened. A girl of 20 stepped into the corridor and advanced straight to Roger's side, holding out to him a black box, six inches square and two inches high.

"Will you do me a great favor?" she asked in a clear, musical voice. "Please throw this into the bay tonight. And you are not to open it. Will you do it—for me?"

There was a slight pause before the last two words. Roger took the box, staring blankly at the girl. She was well dressed, petite, with frank gray eyes and masses of dead-black hair.

"But I do not understand."

"Do you need to understand? Tell me that you will do what I ask."

"Of course I will do it, and—"

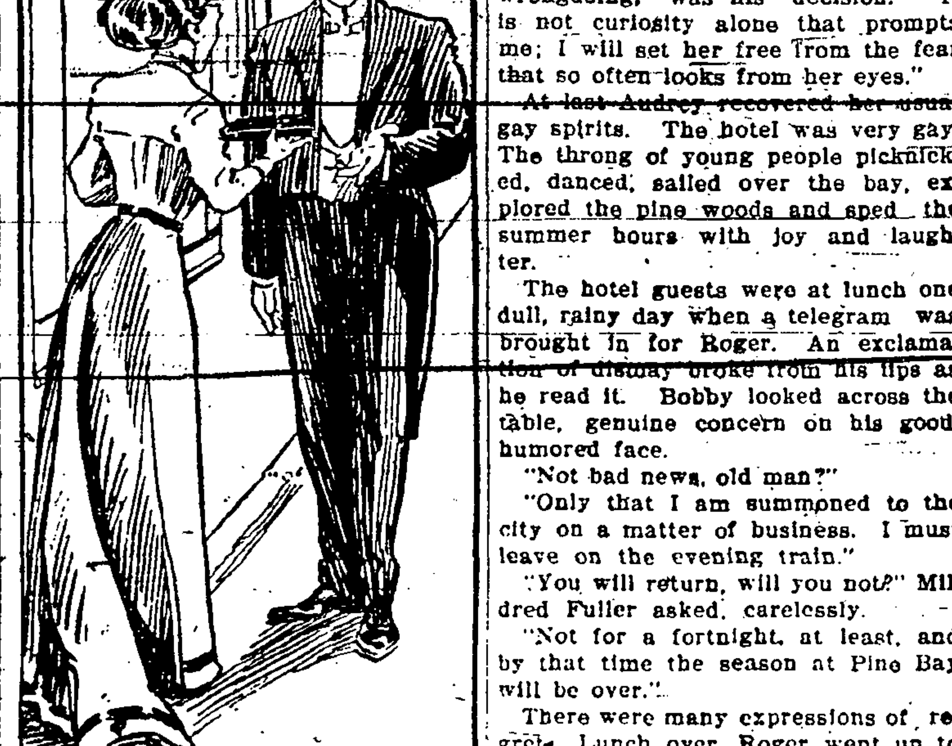
"Thank you! Thank you!"

She turned and re-entered the room from which she had emerged.

Roger thrust the box into his pocket and went slowly down the stairs. He had arrived at Pine Bay, a summer resort on one of the great lakes, but two hours before. Thus far he had met no one at the hotel whom he knew. What was the meaning of the girl's strange errand?

He had hardly finished his dinner when she entered the dining room. With her was a pretty blonde maiden of about her own age, a hatchet-faced chaperon and a genial, middle-aged man whom Roger was positive he had seen before.

When Roger had finished eating he left the house and sauntered leisurely down to the shore. A wharf ran far out into the bay, affording a stopping place for the steamers that touched at the tiny village. The young man stooped down and gathered his hands full of flat stones that covered the beach. As he walked along the dock



"Please Throw This Into the Bay Tonight."

he threw one stone after another into the water. At last he drew the box from his pocket, and after a searching glance at it, sent it flying after the stones.

"It is tin, painted black, and there is something in it that rattles," he said to himself. "I feel like the villain in a melodrama. Now I am going to make it the occupation of my vacation to form the acquaintance of the girl who was so anxious to dispose of this box."

Fate favored him. As he ascended the steps leading to the hotel veranda, where a large party was gathered watching the sunset flush the sky and water with crimson, he heard his name called. The speaker was Bobby Green, and by his side stood the mysterious girl.

"Glad to see you, old fellow," Bobby cried heartily. "Ladies and gentlemen, I want you all to be good to this lad. He is Roger Wayne, the magazine writer whose work you all know."

Then Bobby proceeded to individual introductions. The girl of the box was Audrey Fuller, and the blonde was her cousin Mildred. When Roger heard the name he understood why their male companion at dinner had looked so familiar. The man was Thomas Fuller, the wealthy mine owner, and the girls were his daughter and niece.

The group on the veranda chatted away merrily until the sunset's afterglow had faded from the sky and a cool breeze swept in from the bay. As they adjourned to the parlor, Roger fell into step with Audrey Fuller.

"Did you see, Miss Fuller, that I obeyed your command?"

"Eh? What do you mean? Oh, you refer to your accepting the invitation to go sailing with us in the morning. You will never regret it, for the bay is beautiful."

It was evident that she had no intention of gratifying his curiosity. Roger compressed his lips; he would be patient but persistent.

The next morning he managed to secure a place at the table with the Fullers. Before the meal was finished the landlord entered the dining room to announce that a bold robbery had been committed the afternoon before. A small tin box containing valuable jewels had been taken from the room of Mrs. Darrow, a Chicago woman. Already a detective had arrived at the hotel, and the landlord hoped that the guests would patiently submit to any questioning that seemed necessary, as the detection of the thief would be a protection to them all.

"Oh, papa! Let's go home!" Audrey cried.

Roger stared when he saw how pale she was. Mr. Fuller laughed.

"Now, don't be frightened, puss. You know that I insisted that you and Mildren should leave your jewelry in the safe. Why, Audrey, how white you are! You are not really frightened?"

She tried to smile, but it was easy to see that she was nervous. Her breakfast was untouched, while the discussion of the robbery went on around her.

A reward was offered for the apprehension of the thief, but he was not found. For several days an officer haunted the hotel corridors, and his presence, or even the mention of his errand, was enough to drive the color from Audrey's cheeks. At first she avoided Roger. He strove to make her feel that he was her friend, and gradually she came to trust him.

"She is the victim of some one's wrongdoing," was his decision. "It is not curiosity alone that prompts me; I will set her free from the fear that so often looks from her eyes."

At last Audrey recovered her usual gay spirits. The hotel was very gay. The throng of young people picknicked, danced, sailed over the bay, explored the pine woods and sped the summer hours with joy and laughter.

The hotel guests were at lunch one dull, rainy day when a telegram was brought in for Roger. An exclamation of dismay broke from his lips as he read it. Bobby looked across the table, genuine concern on his good-humored face.

"Not bad news, old man?"

"Only that I am summoned to the city on a matter of business. I must leave on the evening train."

"You will return, will you not?" Mildred Fuller asked, carelessly.

"Not for a fortnight, at least, and by that time the season at Pine Bay will be over."

There were many expressions of regret. Lunch over, Roger went up to his room. He had begun his packing when, glancing from the window, he saw Audrey pacing back and forth on the wharf, unmindful of the rain. He hastened out to join her. She did not see him until he called softly:

"Audrey!"

A cry broke from her lips. The face she lifted to him was wet, not with raindrops, but with tears. He took her hand, drawing it through his arm.

"Little girl, I love you."

"But the box! Roger, it stands between us," she cried, a note of terror in her voice.

"I threw it into the bay. Let things between us be as if the box had never existed."

"But, Roger! How can you be sure that I am not a thief? Remember Mrs. Darrow's jewels?"

"You are the woman I love. I trust you. Never mention the box again; I do not care what it contained, or why you wished to get rid of it."

She let her hand slip down into his, laughing gleefully.

"If you feel that way, I can tell you, but it was so dreadfully silly! Mildred and I saw you when you arrived and recognized you as the famous author. We talked of your stories. There is always a mystery in them and we wondered how you thought them out. Mildred dared me to give you the box."

"What was there in it?"

"Pennies and thumb tacks. We thought we would give you a mystery at first hand. Then, next morning, there was that robbery, and I thought, O Roger! If some one should be looking out of the hotel windows!"

COMMON INSECT PESTS OF WISCONSIN FRUITS

Plum Gouger Is Closely Related to Curculio, but Its Work Is More Serious to Trees—Remedies and Treatment.

(By J. G. MOORE, Wisconsin University, Agricultural Experiment Station.)

The codling moth and the apple curculio injure or destroy three-fourths or $250,000 worth of the apple crop in Wisconsin each year. The plum curculio and plum gouger "sting" one-half of the plum crop and in years of only a partial crop, scarcely any fruit escapes their depredations. The San Jose, Putnam and European fruit scales are gaining a foothold in this state, and unless given immediate attention will soon become as destructive to Wisconsin fruits as they are in other states. Add to these depredations the combined injury of a multitude of lesser insect pests and the toll collected from Wisconsin farmers annually by our insect enemies is at the lowest estimate $1,000,000.

This is a large sum to pay for neglect, yet such is practically the case, for if growers were able to identify the pests and apply suitable remedies the greater part of this loss could be avoided. Unfortunately, a majority of those who do not follow fruit growing as a business are unfamiliar with the various insects, and for that reason the damage is often done before the presence of the pest is known.

The plum gouger is closely related to the plum curculio. Its work is much like that of the curculio, but it also inflicts additional injury, and for this reason is often considered a more serious pest than the latter.

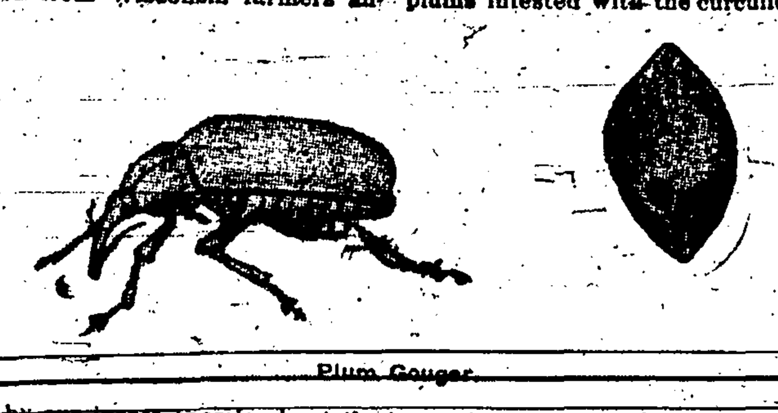
The plum gouger is also a snout beetle, but differs quite materially in its distinguishing characters. It is a lighter brown than the curculio and considerably larger. The curculio has two pronounced humps on its wing covers which are not to be found on the gouger.

Like the curculio the gouger spends the winter in the adult stage. Early in the spring, the adult feeds on the buds and leaves. One of the greatest injuries is caused by the adult beetle during the flowering period. It cuts a hole through the calyx of the flower and then eats the ovule which would ultimately become the fruit. The flower then withers and dies, and in this way the insect destroys a great many fruits.

Its second injury as previously stated resembles that of the curculio though in detail it is somewhat different. The adult eats a hole through the skin of the newly set plum and deposits her eggs. As soon as the larva hatches, it immediately begins to burrow towards the pit. When the pit is reached it eats its way through into the interior and then feeds on the seed until it has fully developed. It next cuts a circular hole in the pit through which the adult is to emerge and then pupates, coming out of the fruit later as an adult beetle.

A great many more incisions are made in the fruit than are required for the egg. Later on in the season these exude a sort of gum and render the plums unsalable. Unlike the plums infested with the curculio, those containing gougers remain on the tree until the remainder of the fruits are ripe, frequently ripening a short time before the uninjured ones.

The remedies and treatment given for the plum curculio apply equally as well to the gouger.



Plum Gouger.

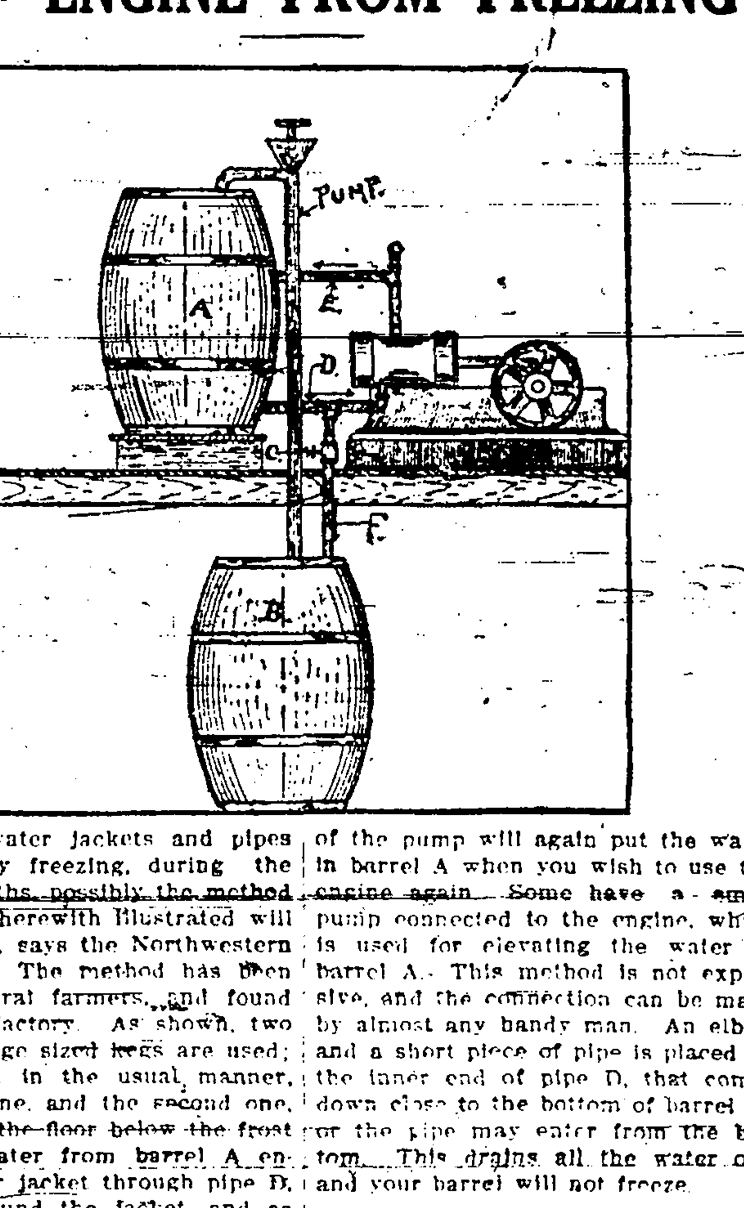
Lettuce in Cold Frames.

A great many gardeners now have a crop of lettuce started in the cold frames. The plants are likely to suffer during the fall months unless the grower is faithful in watering. Growth may be forced by the use of nitrate of soda either dry or in water. When used in water it is customary to dissolve about one ounce of nitrate in each gallon of water or three pounds in a 50-gallon barrel. Protection with sash will not be needed until the weather is much colder. Hard frosts, however, should be guarded against, for they retard growth, although the effect may not be apparent at the time.

The Hardy Gooseberry.

The gooseberry and the currant are the two hardiest bush fruits which are cultivated, and the gooseberry, like the currant, succeeds in all parts of the North, although the hardy gooseberries are confined to the varieties derived from the native species and to crosses between the native and the European. The European varieties are only grown successfully in favored locations, as in most places they are very subject to mildew.

KEEP ENGINE FROM FREEZING



As many water jackets and pipes have burst by freezing, during the past few months, possibly the method adopted, and herewith illustrated will be of interest, says the Northwestern Agriculturist. The method has been tried by several farmers, and found entirely satisfactory. As shown, two barrels, or large sized kegs are used; one is placed in the usual manner, near the engine, and the second one, placed under the floor below the frost line. The water from barrel A enters the water jacket through pipe D, circulates around the jacket, and as soon as it is warmed, it again enters the barrel, through pipe E in the usual manner. When through using the engine, the water is allowed to drain into barrel B through pipe F by opening the globe valve C. A few strokes of the pump will again put the water in barrel A when you wish to use the engine again. Some have a small pump connected to the engine, which is used for elevating the water to barrel A. This method is not expensive, and the connection can be made by almost any handy man. An elbow and a short piece of pipe is placed on the inner end of pipe D, that comes down close to the bottom of barrel A., or the pipe may enter from the bottom. This drains all the water out, and your barrel will not freeze.

Value of Cantaloupe Lands.

Cantaloupe land in the Arkansas valley, Colorado, is now worth from $52.50 to $55 per acre, and growers find that they can make good profit even on this high-priced soil.

EUROPEAN STARLING ARRIVES

Looks Like Blackbird With Yellow Bill, and Has Increased Amazingly—Numbers in Five Years

In the winter of 1905-6 a strange bird made its appearance in the "City of Elms," almost under the shadow of Yale university.

At a distance the bird seemed the color of an ordinary blackbird. But close by its black plumage had a greenish gloss, showing bronze reflections when the rays of the sun struck it at certain angles, while on the back were dainty little arrowhead spangles of brown. But most striking and characteristic of all was its slender, bright-yellow bill. Who had ever heard of a blackbird with a yellow bill.

It was the European starling, perhaps a delegate from the horde of foreign invasion sent to spy upon the land of the sons of Eli. Be that as it may, it was not many days before he saw a small party of the strange birds, then more and more of them. The next season there was a small resident colony. And now, in less than five years from the time of their first appearance they are flocking by hundreds, multiplying by leaps and bounds. If in five years the one local spy had become 5,000, how long, pray tell, will it take the 5,000 to become 100,000?—Outing.

Importance of the Letter.

Letters are the very nerves and arteries of friendship, may they are the vital spirits and elixir of love, which, in the case of distance and long absence, would be in hazard to languish and quite molder away without them.

Something of a Novelty.

"Come on and go to the theater with me this afternoon." "Anything special?" "A professional elocutionist is going to try to recite 'Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight,' with her hands tied."—Houston Post.

PACK APPLES FOR MARKET

Use of Barrel Has Many Advantages—Eliminates Shortage Claims as Receptacle Is Practically Inaccessible.

(By L. HESS.)

In the packing and shipping of apples, the use of the barrel has many advantages. A very important thing to consider is the fact that shippers in the far west get more money for their apples, because they wrap the fruit in paper. If shippers in the central and middle states would take the same pains with the packing, then use barrels to ship in, the apples would reach the market in better condition than those sent from greater distances. The cost of handling and the freight are also important factors, and influence the profits.

Some shippers perforate their apple barrels so that the air will circulate freely through the apples, which they think adds to their keeping qualities. Other apple growers say that if the apples are packed in good, solid barrels, and shipped in ventilated cars, that the fruit will reach the market in perfect condition.

Apples shipped in barrels are protected from dirt and dust far better than if packed otherwise. From a healthful standpoint also, the apples are less liable to become affected by impurities if packed in barrels than if they are exposed through crate slats.

Furthermore, in packing apples in barrels the shipper does not have to contend with shortage claims, since the barrel is the only package that is practically inaccessible. Barrels are more easily handled, and at the same time will hold more fruit than any other packages used in the packing of apples.

Freak Rose Tree.

Elsinore, Riverside county, Cal., is said to have a rose bush fifteen years old, which has always borne white roses until this year when the color is of a bright pink.

Your Liver is Clogged up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days. They do their duty. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, and Sick Headache.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

A CRUISE TO South America

A grand cruise leaving New York, January 21, 1911, by the steamship **Bluecher** for the East Coast of South America, through the Straits of Magellan and up the West Coast to Valparaiso, Chile, etc., Across the Andes trip. Rates $350 upward; duration 74 days. Also cruises to the West Indies, the Orient and Around the World. Write for Illustrated Pamphlets.

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE, P. O. Box 1767, 41 and 45 Broadway, N. Y.

Good Health

—is within reach of nearly every man and woman who earnestly desires it. Start right with

Beecham's Pills

Sold Everywhere. In Boxes 10c. and 25c.

"PLAIN TALKS ON FLORIDA"

By I. I. Moody, one of the State's early settlers. From these talks you will learn many important things about Florida and Florida lands—facts for you to remember when you invest. They are free—write for them.

BUNNELL DEVELOPMENT CO., Bunnell, Florida

AGENTS

ROOSEVELT'S GREAT BOOK "African Game Trails"

Needed—a man in every place to sell this famous new book. Bring it to the families in your locality. We give you monopoly of field and high commission. Take this great chance. Write for prospectus.

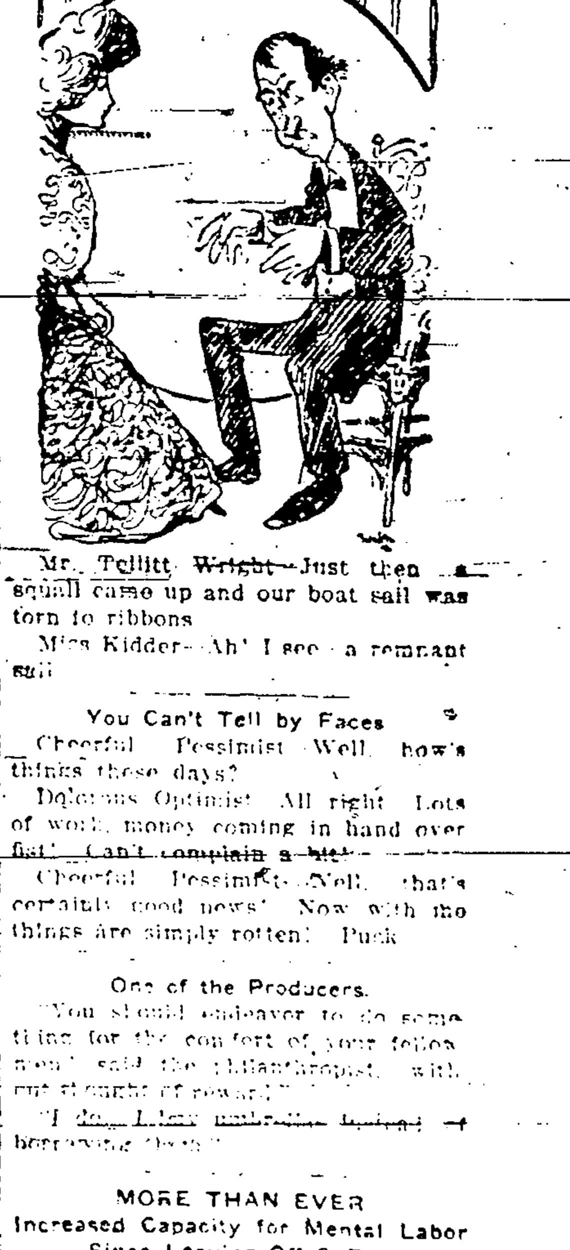
Charles Scribner's Sons, 153 (B. S.) Fifth Ave., New York

Breech Loading **GUNS** Single, $3.95. Double, $5.75. Sportsmen's Supplies. Cheaper than elsewhere. Katalog for 4c Stamp. POWELL & CLEMENT CO. Cincinnati, Ohio

PATENT YOUR IDEAS. They may bring you wealth. 64-page Book Free. Est. 1880. Fitzgerald & Co., Pat. Attys., Box K, Washington, D.C.

PISO'S IS THE NAME OF THE BEST MEDICINE for COUGHS & COLDS

HER LITTLE JOKE.



Mr. Tellitt Wright—Just then a squall came up and our boat sail was torn to ribbons.

Miss Kidder—Ah! I see—a remnant sail.

You Can't Tell by Faces

Cheerful Pessimist—Well, how's things these days?

Dolorous Optimist—All right. Lots of work, money coming in hand over fist. Can't complain a bit.

Cheerful Pessimist—Well, that's certainly good news. Now with me things are simply rotten!—Puck.

One of the Producers.

"You should endeavor to do something for the comfort of your fellow men," said the philanthropist, without thought of reward."

"I do. I lend umbrellas, instead of borrowing them."

MORE THAN EVER
Increased Capacity for Mental Labor Since Leaving Off Coffee.

Many former coffee drinkers who have mental work to perform, day after day, have found a better capacity and greater endurance by using Postum instead of ordinary coffee. An Illinois woman writes:

"I had drank coffee for about twenty years, and finally had what the doctor called coffee heart. I was nervous and extremely despondent, had little mental or physical strength, [illegible] kidney trouble and [illegible].

"[illegible] benefit derived from the change from coffee to Postum [illegible] natural action of the kidneys and bowels. In two weeks my heart action was greatly improved and my nerves steady.

"Then I became less despondent, and the desire to be active again showed proof of renewed physical and mental strength.

"I am steadily gaining in physical strength and brain power. I formerly [illegible] mental work and had to give it up on account of coffee, but since using Postum I am doing hard mental labor with less fatigue than ever before."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

44 Bu. to the Acre

is a heavy yield, but that's what John Kennedy of Edmonton, Alberta, Western Canada, got from 40 acres of Spring Wheat in 1910. Reports from other districts in that province showed other excellent results—such as 4,000 bushels of wheat from 120 acres, or 33 1-3 bu. per acre. 25, 30 and 40 bushel yields were numerous. As high as 132 bushels of oats to the acre were threshed from Alberta fields in 1910.

160 ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

The Silver Cup

at the recent Spokane Fair was awarded to the Alberta Government for its exhibit of grains, grasses and vegetables. Reports of excellent yields for 1910 come also from Saskatchewan and Manitoba in Western Canada.

Free homesteads of 160 acres, and adjoining pre-emptions of 160 acres (at $3 per acre) are to be had in the choicest districts.

Schools convenient, climate excellent, soil the very best, railways close at hand, building lumber cheap, fuel easy to get and reasonable in price, water easily procured, mixed farming a success.

Write as to best place for settlement, settlers' low railway rates, descriptive illustrated "Last Best West" (sent free on application) and other information, to Sup't of Immigration, Ottawa, Can., or to the Canadian Government Agent. (36)

H. M. WILLIAMS
Law Building Toledo, Ohio
(Use address nearest you.)

ALL THERE.

Visitor—Do you think that mosquitoes carry malaria?

Farmer—I dunno; they never took any away from here.

BABY WASTED TO SKELETON

"My little son, when about a year and a half old, began to have sores come out on his face. I had a physician treat him, but the sores grew worse. Then they began to come out on his arms, then on other parts of his body, and then one came on his chest, worse than the others. Then I called another physician. Still he grew worse. At the end of about a year and a half of suffering he grew so bad that I had to tie his hands in cloths at night to keep him from scratching the sores and tearing the flesh. He got to be a mere skeleton, and was hardly able to walk.

"My aunt advised me to try Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. I sent to a drug store and got a cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of the Ointment and followed directions. At the end of two months the sores were all well. He has never had any sores of any kind since. I can sincerely say that only for Cuticura my child would have died. I used only one cake of Cuticura Soap and about three boxes of Ointment.

"I am a nurse and my profession brings me into many different families and it is always a pleasure for me to tell my story and recommend Cuticura Remedies. Mrs. Egbert Sheldon, Litchfield, Conn., Oct. 23, 1909."

Where He Fell Down.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—I see Budapest has a school where the students are taught the art of eating.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—You ought to arrange to go there, John.

"What for?"

"And take a course in spaghetti eating."—Yonkers Statesman.

Stiff neck! Doesn't amount to much, but mighty disagreeable. You've no idea how quickly a little Hamlins Wizard Oil will lubricate the cords and make you comfortable again.

A girl is worth all it costs to raise her—and it always costs it.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Many a fellow does all his betting with his mouth.

DRINK WATER TO CURE KIDNEYS AND RHEUMATISM

The People Do Not Drink Enough Water to Keep Healthy, Says Well-Known Authority.

"The numerous cases of kidney and bladder diseases and rheumatism are mainly due to the fact that the drinking of water, nature's greatest medicine, has been neglected.

Stop loading your system with medicines and cure-alls, but get on the water wagon. If you are really sick, why, of course, take the proper medicines—plain, common vegetable treatment, which will not shatter the nerves or ruin the stomach."

To cure Rheumatism you must make the kidneys do their work; they are the filters of the blood. They must be made to strain out of the blood the waste matter and acids that cause rheumatism; the urine must be neutralized so it will no longer be a source of irritation to the bladder, and, most of all, you must keep these acids from forming in the stomach. This is the cause of stomach trouble and **poor digestion. For these conditions** you can do no better than take the following prescription: Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces. Mix by shaking well in bottle and take in teaspoonful doses after each meal and at bedtime, but don't forget the water. Drink plenty and often.

This valuable information and simple prescription should be posted up in each household and used at the **first sign of an attack of rheumatism, backache or urinary trouble, no matter how slight.**

"SOME PUMPKINS"

SOMEWHERE down the road the engine stopped to get a drink. There was nothing in it for the passengers, the day being Sunday, and the lid well clamped down, even in the Ozark country, where the moon is said to shine in the darkness occasionally. Nevertheless the passengers got something worth while stopping for. What they got was a picture. It was a simple composition with a background of crimson autumnal foliage, a weather-stained log house in the middle distance, well screened in woodbine and trumpet creeper, the frost-nipped remains of an old-fashioned garden and —right in the middle foreground, not a stone's throw from the track—the solitary figure. He stood beside the squat gatepost, just as if he had been painted there a good half century ago, a cob pipe in his mouth and a somewhat tattered straw hat pushed well back from his florid brow and straight gray hair. His lean arms embraced, as far as human arms could reach, a mammoth pumpkin that reposed on the gatepost, and into the side of the yellow rind he had cut, "Prize-winner, 216 pd."

"I thought he'd be there," one of the passengers laughed. "He hasn't done a thing but flaunt that pumpkin at the passengers the past fortnight since he got it back from the county fair. You know it isn't easy to raise pumpkins like that in these Ozark hills. It takes rich bottom soil to make 'em grow to any considerable size, and the Ozark farmer needs his little bottom patches for something besides show fruit. That old chap got some of the best pumpkin seed that ever was brought into market and he's been at 'em ever since."

That 216-pounder did actually capture the prize in a certain Missouri county, but there was a pumpkin shown at the Merchants' Exchange in St. Louis that would have broken the old Ozark farmer's heart. It was the great achievement of Tom Powell, who has been raising big pumpkins a good many years and who supplied the seed from which that one great hill pumpkin was developed. It took a three-horse team to haul thirty pumpkins to St. Louis for the display. The combined weight of the load, exclusive of the wagon and driver, was something over 5,000 pounds, and the largest of the pumpkins tipped the beam at 237, the heaviest pumpkin ever brought to St. Louis. It was converted into 160 succulent pies.

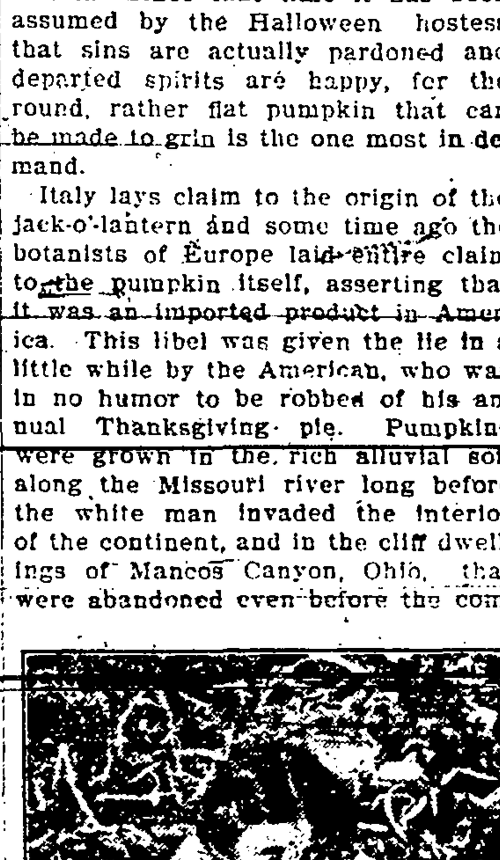
The demand for pumpkin has not increased in proportion to the population's increase. In the days of our grandmothers canned things were almost unknown. And there was the tradition that in the fall from the middle of October to Christmas there must be a long row of pumpkin pies on the pantry shelf every Saturday night. For a moderate-sized family ten pies would suffice, but there was many a housewife who made her tired boast: "I've baked two dozen this morning, and I do hope there will be enough left for Monday dinner."

In the old days, the pumpkin was put to another use. It was the basis for a very delicious soup—strange as this may seem. Even now in the markets of Paris there is the custom of crowning King Pumpkin the last Saturday in September. The largest and shapeliest is elected king, and there is a regular ceremonial, an hour of the afternoon being given up to the parade through stalls and adjoining streets of the market, the trades people in costume and the pumpkin adorned with a gorgeous crown of tinsel and imitation jewels. When the parade is over the fruit is uncrowned, cut into sections and these auctioned off to the highest bidder to be taken home and made into soup.

Long before the Thanksgiving season of pie baking many pumpkins have been diverted from their worthier purpose of food and have served the merrymakers at Halloween, made over into jack-o'-lanterns with grinning or shrewful countenances.

Centuries ago in Europe there was another kind of jack-o'-lantern, the marsh fire or will-o'-the-wisp, elf fire or whatever you wish to call it, that was frequently seen in low, marshy places at night flitting about like tiny lanterns in the gloom. When these phosphorescent lights appeared at the time of All Saints day they were said to be the souls of sinners that had escaped from purgatory and returned to earth to beg their former friends to pray for the remission of their sins. Whether the pumpkin imitation of the marsh light originated among the peasants of Italy or the negroes of our own southern states, is still a mooted question. At first they were all sorrowful faces, befitting the counterpart of the soul that is suffering the consequences of a wicked life. But once upon a time an embryo sculptor made a mistake in the carving of a pumpkin mouth, causing the corners to turn up instead of down, and the effect was so jolly and comical that all who saw this spirit came to the conclusion that either the sins had been forgiven or the gate to purgatory had been slammed in his face and he need not return. Since that time it has been assumed by the Halloween hostess that sins are actually pardoned and departed spirits are happy, for the round, rather flat pumpkin that can be made to grin is the one most in demand.

Italy lays claim to the origin of the jack-o'-lantern and some time ago the botanists of Europe laid entire claim to the pumpkin itself, asserting that it was an imported product in America. This libel was given the lie in a little while by the American, who was in no humor to be robbed of his annual Thanksgiving pie. Pumpkins were grown in the rich alluvial soil along the Missouri river long before the white man invaded the interior of the continent, and in the cliff dwellings of Mancos Canyon, Ohio, that were abandoned even before the coming of Columbus, perfectly preserved pumpkin seeds have been found by the excavators, in hermetically sealed jars. This fact is of no particular interest to any but the botanist and the archaeologist, yet it is a source of gratification to us to know that we can eat our national pie without returning thanks to any other country than our own.



In the Pumpkin Field.

Surprising the Sultan.

Recently a party of American visitors visited Constantinople and were permitted to enter Yildiz Kiosk. The sultan, who was walking alone in the gardens, entered into conversation with the visitors and addressed himself to a bright looking girl. His majesty said: "We speak here French, English, German and Russian but our visitors seldom know our language. I suppose, miss, you do not know a word?"

"Pardon, sire," replied the girl, "I know two Turkish words."

"What are they, miss?" asked the sultan. Assuming the whining tone of the mendicants she replied:

"Baschich, effendi" (a sou, monsieur), pointing at the same time to the sultan's pocket. His majesty presented her with a gold coin, and then she answered, sweetly, "Tachacure darim ghazi" (thank you, seigneur).

The sultan wondered, for he was ignorant of the little pocket dictionary, Three English.

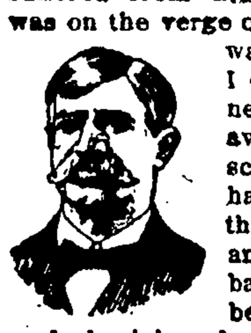
The Letter of the Law.

"Polly, Ma, I have been very naughty."

"A dog. Yes, but dance slow, as I only recently went into mourning."—The Club Fellow.

UNABLE TO MOVE.

Helpless With Kidney Trouble But Cured by Doan's Kidney Pills.



M. C. Walker, 933 Grand Ave., Connersville, Ind., says: "For ten years I suffered from kidney complaint and was on the verge of Bright's disease. I was often so helpless I could not move and neighbors two blocks away heard me scream with pain. I had no control over the kidney secretions and the pain in my back was almost unbearable. After several physicians had failed to help me, I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills and was soon relieved. I have had no return of kidney trouble in five years."

Remember the name—Doan's.

For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

THOUGHT ONLY OF THE GAME

Filial Affection Lost Sight Of by the Small but Enthusiastic Lover of Football.

Among the spectators at a match between the Blackburn Rovers and the Olympic was a little lad about nine years of age. Though the boy's knowledge of the game may have been limited, his notion of correct play was extremely robust.

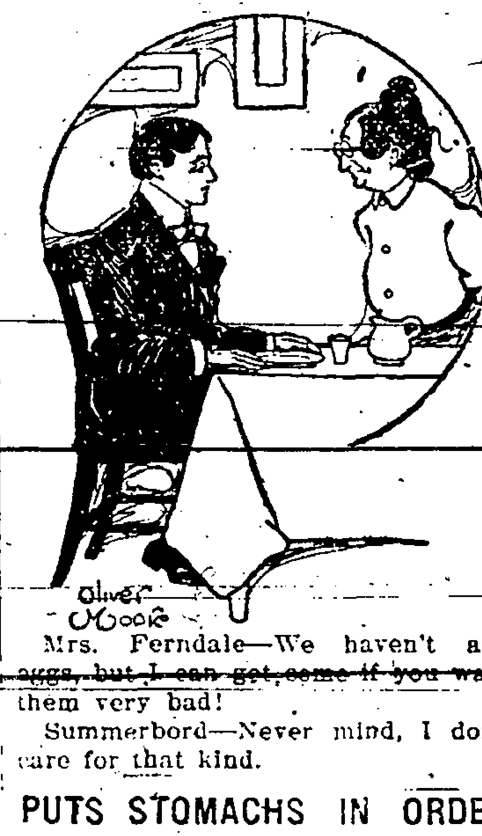
"Go it, 'Lympic," he yelled. "Rush 'em off their pins. Clatter 'em. Jump on their chests. Bowl 'em over. Good for yer. Mow 'em down. Scatter 'em, 'Lympic."

When his parent neatly "grassed" one of the opposing forwards, the youngster expressed approval by bawling, "Good fer yer, owd 'en," adding proudly to the spectators, "Feyther 'ad 'im sweet."

"Yes," said a hearer, "but he'll get killed before the game's finished."

"I don't care a carrot if he does," said the boy.—London Tit-Bits.

CHANGED HIS MIND.



Mrs. Ferndale—We haven't any eggs, but I can get some if you want them very bad!

Summerbord—Never mind, I don't care for that kind.

PUTS STOMACHS IN ORDER.

No Indigestion, Gas, Sourness or Dyspepsia Five Minutes After Taking a Little Diapepsin.

There should not be a case of indigestion, dyspepsia or gastritis here if readers who are subject to Stomach trouble knew the tremendous anti-ferment and digestive virtue contained in Diapepsin. This harmless preparation will digest a heavy meal without the slightest fuss or discomfort, and relieve the sourest, acid stomach in five minutes, besides overcoming all foul, nauseous odors from the breath.

If your stomach is sour and full of gas, or your food doesn't digest, and your meal don't seem to fit, why not get a 50-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin from any druggist here in town, and make life worth living. Absolute relief from Stomach misery and perfect digestion of anything you eat is sure to follow five minutes after, and besides, one fifty-cent case is sufficient to cure a whole family of such trouble.

Surely, a harmless, inexpensive preparation like Pape's Diapepsin, which will always either at daytime or during night, relieve your sick, sour, gassy, upset stomach and digest your meals, is about as handy and valuable a thing as you could have in the house.

An Exciting Town.

Los Angeles is a truly exciting town to live in. To say nothing of its heavenly climate and its bombs there is always something stimulating in the occult line going on. Just the other day a widow of the angelic city began to long for a sight of one of her schoolmates whom she had not seen for 47 years. The longing brought its fulfillment. A spirit told her to look for him in Brooklyn. She obeyed, met him on the street a few hours after she arrived, and promptly married him. It is worth while to live in a city where things like this happen, even at the risk of being blown up now and then.

With the advent of the telephone, the old "working nights at the office" excuse has been given a permanent vacation.

Resinol in Three Weeks Does What Other Remedies Failed to Do in Four Months.

My baby's face was like a raw and bleeding piece of meat. I was at my wits' ends what to do. Medicine from three physicians and ointment recommended seemed to make the Eczema worse. Then another mother spoke of Resinol, which I procured at once—remember I had no more faith in it than in all the rest I had tried—but I thought it would be wasting only 50c more. Never did I spend 50c to better advantage, for the first and second days I noticed a remarkable change, and now at the end of the third week I have my pretty blue eyed, rosy cheeked, cooing baby well again. I am safe in saying he is perfectly cured and the cure was surely something remarkable. Your Soap and Ointment did in three weeks what everything else I tried failed to do in four months. My baby was positively disfigured, now his complexion is all right again.

Mrs. H. F. Clemmer, Sunbury, Pa.

Supreme Test.

"I thought you said this bathing suit was in fast colors," said Binks, indignantly, to the bathing master of whom he had bought his dollar suit that morning.

"Yes, that's what I said," returned the bathing master.

"Well, every blessed stripe on the blooming thing has come off on my back," retorted Binks.

"Ah, but wait until you try to get 'em off your back," smiled the bathing master, suavely. "Then you'll see."—Harper's Weekly.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN,
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

What the Editor Has to Stand.

Indignant Caller—Your paper, sir, refers to the man charged with entering my house as "the alleged diamond thief."

Editor—Well, sir.

I. C.—Well, I want you to understand that I had no alleged diamonds on my premises; they were all genuine.—Boston Evening Transcript.

TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY

for Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain. Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c, $1.00. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c, $1.00. Eye Books and Eye Advice Free by Mail.

Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Unfraternal.

"It seems cruel to slaughter all those pigs for the market," said the Chicago girl.

"I know that it's cruel," replied Miss Cayenne. "But when you think of what the packers charge for the meat it does seem a little unfraternal."

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher.*

In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

A Very Good Guess.

Foote Lighte—I understand there were several dozen bad eggs in the possession of persons in the audience last night and not one was thrown.

Miss Sue Brette—Because the author of the piece refused to show himself, I guess.

Mass Play Modified.

City Editor—Any radical changes for the better in football this season?

Sporting Writer—Verily. I understand that not more than one ticket speculator will be allowed to tackle a single patron at the same time.—Puck.

Pie.

"You Americans," said the London man, "are very fond of what you call pie. But, properly speaking, a pie should have meat in it."

"Perhaps. But the beef packers compel us to economize."

Have You Tried?

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound? We furnish positive proof that it has made many remarkable cures after all other means had failed.

Women who are suffering with some form of female illness should consider this.

As such evidence read these two unsolicited testimonial letters. We guarantee they are genuine and honest statements of facts.

Cresson, Pa.—"Five years ago I had a bad fall, and injured myself inwardly. I was under a doctor's care for nine weeks, and when I stopped I grew worse again. I sent for a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, took it as directed, and now I am a stout, hearty woman."—Mrs. Ella E. … Cresson, Pa.

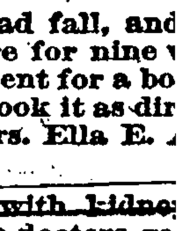
Baird, Wash.—"A year ago I was sick with kidney and bladder troubles and female weakness. The doctors gave me up. All they could do was to just let me go as easily as possible. I was advised by friends to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier. I am completely cured of my ills, and I am nearly sixty years old."—Mrs. Sarah Leig… Baird, Wash.

Evidence like the above is abundant showing that the derangements of the female organism which breed all kinds of miserable feelings and which ordinary practice does not cure, are the very disorders that give way to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Women who are afflicted with similar troubles, after reading two such letters as the above, should be encouraged to try this wonderfully helpful remedy.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit.

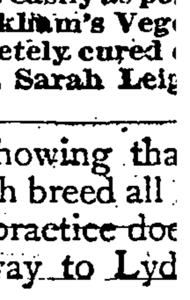
Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health free of charge. Address Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.



W. L. DOUGLAS
$3 $3.50 & $4 SHOES FOR MEN & WOMEN

BOYS' SHOES, $2.00, $2.50 & $3.00. BEST IN THE WORLD.

W. L. Douglas $3.00, $3.50 and $4.00 shoes are positively the best made and most popular shoes for the price in America, and are the most economical shoes for you to buy.



Do you realize that my shoes have been the standard for over 30 years, that I make and sell more $3.00, $3.50 and $4.00 shoes than any other manufacturer in the U.S., and that DOLLAR FOR DOLLAR, I GUARANTEE MY SHOES to hold their shape, look and fit better, and wear longer than any other $3.00, $3.50 or $4.00 shoes you can buy? Quality counts. It has made my shoes THE LEADERS OF THE WORLD.

You will be pleased when you buy my shoes because of the fit and appearance, and when it comes time for you to purchase another pair, you will be more than pleased because the last ones wore so well, and gave you so much comfort.

W. L. Douglas

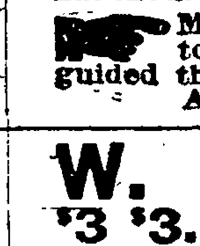
CAUTION! None genuine without W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on the bottom. **TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.** If your dealer cannot supply you with W. L. Douglas Shoes, write for Mail Order Catalog. W. L. DOUGLAS, 145 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

American Seating Company

215 Wabash Ave. CHICAGO, ILL.
New York Pittsburg Boston Philadelphia

MANUFACTURERS PUBLIC SEATING EXCLUSIVELY FOR

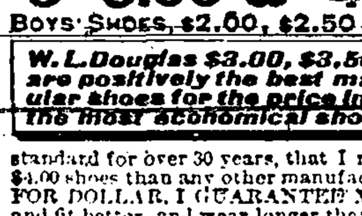
Schools, Churches and Theaters



Save money by buying from the manufacturer.

ARE YOU BUILDING OR RESEATING? If you are, write for Catalogue A. M. at once, mentioning class of building. Dealers should write Thomas M. Boyd, President, McC… Chicago, for our exclusive agency proposition on SCHOOL FURNITURE AND SUPPLIES.

COLT DISTEMPER



Can be handled very easily. The sick are cured, and all others in same stable, no matter how "exposed," kept from having the disease, by using SPOHN'S LIQUID DISTEMPER CURE. Give on the tongue, or in feed. Acts on the blood and expels germs of all forms of distemper. Best remedy ever known for mares in foal. One bottle guaranteed to cure one case. 50c and $1 a bottle; $5 and $10 dozen of druggists and harness dealers, or sent express paid by the manufacturers. Cut shows how to poultice throats. Our free Booklet gives everything. Local agents wanted. Largest selling horse remedy in existence—twelve years.

SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Bacteriologists, Goshen, Ind.

DEFIANCE STARCH—16 ounces to the package—other starches only 12 ounces—same price and "DEFIANCE" IS SUPERIOR QUALITY.

Headache

"My father has been a sufferer from sick headache for the last twenty-five years and never found any relief until he began taking your Cascarets. Since he has begun taking Cascarets he has never had the headache. They have entirely cured him. Cascarets do what you recommend them to do. I will give you the privilege of using his name."—E. M. … 1120 Resiner St., W. Indianapolis…

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken or Gripe. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C C C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back.

NOT A PENNY TO PAY

FOR FULLEST MEDICAL EXAMINATION

Professor Munyon has engaged a staff of specialists that are renowned leaders in their line.

There is no question about their ability, they are the finest physicians that colleges and hospitals have turned out and receive the highest salaries.

He offers their service to you absolutely free of cost. No matter what your disease, or how many doctors you have tried, write to Professor Munyon's physicians and they will give your case careful and prompt attention and advise you what to do. You are under no obligations to them. It will not cost you a penny, only the postage stamp you put on your letter.

All consultations are held strictly confidential.

Address Munyon's Doctors, Munyon's Laboratories, 53d & Jefferson Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

ASTHMA CURED TO STAY

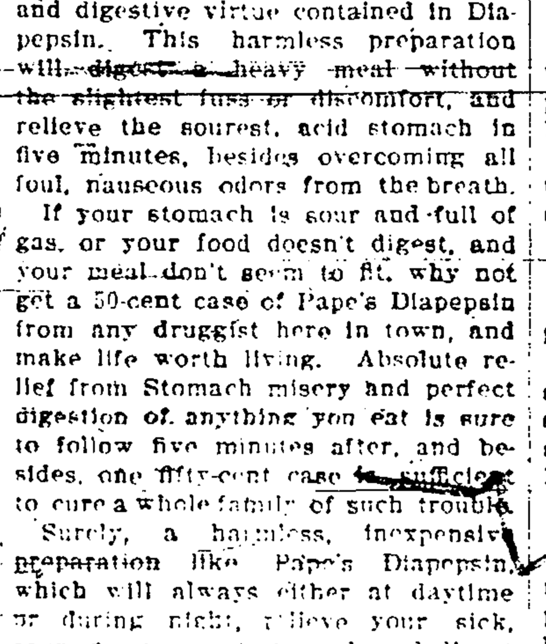
No relapses. No choking spells or asthmatic … Whole system of treatment approved by medical authorities as the only system known permanently curing the disease. FREE TEST TREATMENT including medicines, prepared for any one giving description of the case and sending names of 2 sufferers. Address FRANK WHETZ… Dept. … American Express Building…

PATENT your invention. Free preliminary search. Booklet free. H. STEVENS & CO., 33 14th St., Washington, 26 Dearborn St., …

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Books free. Highest references.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. MONROE DRUG CO., Quincy, Illinois.



CHEW AND SMOKE

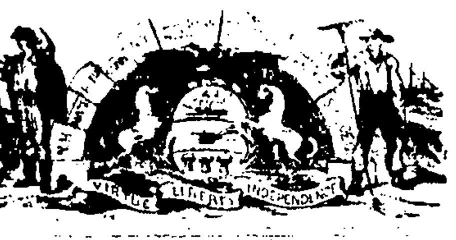
MAIL POUCH TOBACCO

STANDARD FOR OVER 30 YEARS

The Gazette.

WELLSBORO, PA.

THURSDAY, DEC. 1, 1910.



FRANK CONEVERY, - Editor and Proprietor

A total of 19 dead and over 400 injured was the penalty paid for football by its followers during the season just closed, despite the use of the new rules, which were brought into being in an effort to reform the game and make it less perilous to the players. Last year the deaths numbered 23.

A Harrisburg dispatch says that a claim is made by the State headquarters of the Pennsylvania Anti-Saloon League that twenty-six members of the next State Senate and eighty members of the next House of Representatives are publicly or privately pledged to the support of a local option bill and a determined fight for the passage of such a measure will be made in the session of 1911.

The official count of ballots cast at the recent election shows that the next Legislature scheduled to convene in Harrisburg, January 3, will be composed, on joint ballot, of 191 Republicans, 50 Democrats, 9 Keystone-Republicans, 6 Keystone-Democrats and 1 Socialist. The lower branch of the Legislature will be made up of 154 Republicans, 39 Democrats, 5 Keystone-Democrats, 8 Keystone-Republicans and 1 Socialist. The Senate will be made up of 37 Republicans, 11 Democrats, 1 Keystone-Republican and 1 Keystone Democrat.

That the recent Democratic victory brings with it dangers as well as responsibilities is already apparent. Already the mischief-makers are at work trying to head off the more substantial victory in the presidential contest of 1913. The Populists, Socialists and riff-raff generally are serving notice that only certain candidates will be acceptable to them and that unless the candidate of the Democratic party is taken from the group that is acceptable to them, there will be revolt in the ranks and what appears like certain victory will be turned into humiliating defeat.

It is likely that in the next Congress there will be a coalition of the progressive Republicans and the Democrats on such matters of legislation as the people seem to demand. There will be tariff legislation. There will be revision on that subject by separate schedules. One schedule will be taken up at a time and adjusted in conformity with the best thought on the subject, and such adjustment will be along the lines that will have in view a revenue raising power, and perhaps an incidental protection. This has been the idea advanced by the independent Republicans and Democrats as well.

Of course Mr. Munson will not accept an appointment to a federal judgeship as recommended by Senator Penrose, and it is very unfortunate for him, when this recommendation was first made public, that he did not recognize his position and promptly and unequivocally, over his own signature, renounce all intention of accepting the appointment if tendered him, regardless of previous ambitions or desires. This course would have done infinitely more to convince the public of its error in suspecting the existence of a political bargain than any number of denials on the part of either of the interested parties. Mr. Munson is accustomed to calculating the weight of evidence, and if it is possible for him to eliminate his own personality in a candid review of the events of the past few months, he can find no escape from the conclusion that the appointment within the sphere of the Penrose influence, and its acceptance by him forms a complete chain of circumstances all pointing to but one conclusion. That conclusion is wholly incompatible with the cherished ideals surrounding the judicial office and it is doubtful if any man could afford to suffer under it for the hollow honor or emoluments conferred by any greater or lesser office.—Williamsport Sun.

GET SECOND PLACE ON BALLOT.

The supposition that because the Keystone party cast the second largest vote in the state at the recent election it would be entitled to the second place on the ballot at the next election, was based upon a misapprehension of the law. It is made very plain in the act that the relative positions on the ballot are determined by the vote cast by each party at a presidential election, and there will be no change on account of the recent vote, as the Keystone party has not yet been in a presidential fight.

This makes it lucky for the Democrats, who, though their vote in the State was not much more than one-[illegible] the ordinary figures, do not [illegible] position. They are not [illegible], however, in their representation in their State Convention [illegible] be reduced in accord [illegible]

Some [illegible] changed their [illegible] in the State [illegible] the vote in gubernat[illegible] being only that of president [illegible] Democrats are now proposing to [illegible]

AEROPLANES FOR ARMY'S CAMP

General Allen Would Train at Least Twenty Officers as Pilots.

Washington, D. C. Twenty aeroplanes at least are needed for the United States Government service, says General James Allen, chief signal officer of the Army, in his annual report.

"These aeroplanes should be on regular practice at different points in the country throughout the year," continues General Allen. "They should be present in camps of instruction for the regular troops and organized militia. Twenty aeroplanes would provide but two for each camp of instruction. To run this number would require at least twenty specially trained officers as pilots. In addition to this each machine must carry at least one observer, which experience has shown will require much training and actual practice before the usefulness of the heavier-than-air machine is attained."

General Allen deprecates the fact that although the United States was the first nation officially to recognize the aeroplane for military purposes this Government has not kept pace with the world in the development of military aeronautics. Such has been the rapid development of aerial navigation since the Government carried out tests in 1908 that it has been left far behind.

Summed up, the aero equipment of the United States Army consists of one small practice dirigible balloon, one Wright aeroplane and three small captive balloons, says the General.

The Signal Corps has only one lieutenant and nine enlisted men on duty in connection with aeronautics, and, the chief signal officer says, until the corps is increased by legislation it will be impossible to furnish more officers and men for the absolutely necessary training demanded in airmanship.

General Allen combats the oft-repeated assertion that the United States, owing to its isolated position, is not likely to become involved in war, and that therefore the most economical procedure in aerial navigation is to wait until other nations have determined upon the types best suited to military purposes, thus shifting the expense of experiment and development to other nations.

"It must be remembered that in 1897," he says, "no one believed that this country had any prospect of a war, yet within a year from that date we were actually involved in a war with Spain without any adequate military preparation, which resulted in great confusion, expense and unnecessary loss of life. Furthermore, experienced military airmen cannot be created after war is declared, and the demands of this new service undoubtedly will require higher qualities of training, judgment and courage than any other branch of the military service."

Land Birds in Mid-Ocean.

Boston, Mass.—Far out in mid-ocean a flock of more than a dozen birds, including one owl and several wrens, thrushes and chaffinches, alighted on the steamer Caledonian while on her way from Manchester and Liverpool. The birds were exhausted after their long flight from shore and all but two chaffinches died in a short time. No one on board could explain how the birds happened to be so far out over the ocean.

AGED NEGRO IN NIGHT SCHOOL.

He Has Educated His Boys; Now His Turn.

Kansas City, Kan.—Declaring it to be his lifelong ambition to learn to read and write, John W. Smith, sixty-eight years old, a negro and a former slave, appeared at the Night School for Negro Children in Kansas City, Kan., and asked to be admitted. He was enrolled, but will have to pay $1 a month tuition. The old negro, who followed his owner, Col. Polk, in the civil war, when the master fought the Union troops, explained his ignorance [illegible].

"My old master was mighty good to me, but nobody used to think of teaching a slave to read and write. I have given all my boys a good education and now I am going to have my turn. Most everybody can read and write and when I want to know what is in a paper I have to get some one to read it to me."

AMAZING YALE SPELLING.

Freshmen at New Haven Turn In Some Wonderful Work.

New Haven, Conn.—Yale freshmen who are taking English have been warned that just because they have left their "prep" schools behind they need not get careless about spelling. Instructors say that recent test papers have shown pretty general weakness in this line.

"Gonzamire," one freshman's version of "gossamer," takes the prize, but there are other efforts such as "sence," "innocense," "seiset," "speach," "squirl" and "spoke."

"The house of the Catapulis," referred to in a paper on "Romeo and Juliet," was finally located as that of the Capulets. Scholarships "stands" will suffer, instructors say, if the students persist in using this kind of reformed spelling.

Submersible Battleship.

Rome, Italy.—An Italian inspector of naval engineering has laid before the Minister of Marine the model of a new type of battleship [illegible]

POPULAR TOMMIE GREENWOOD.

Nurses and Internes in Paterson Hospital Can't Do Without Him.

Paterson, N. J.—Little Tommie Greenwood is an extremely popular young person without really being old enough to know it. He is back at the General Hospital, not because of sickness, but because the physicians and nurses there wanted to have him with them again, and agreed to be responsible for the cost of his clothing and keep.

Originally, Tommie was found lying in a baby carriage in a darkened room at his mother's home. He was so near death from starvation that three-alarm treatment was necessary to save his life. He was rushed to the hospital in a private automobile. His pitiful condition brought him much sympathy and he became the pet of everybody in the institution. When he regained his strength, his popularity became firmly established.

Whenever a nurse had a few minutes' spare time, she would take him in charge, or the internes would take him out on the lawn when they played tennis or baseball.

It was finally decided that he must be turned over to the care of the children's home; and he was, about a month ago. From that time the nurses and internes missed the little fellow so much that they asked for his return and agreed to provide for his needs. He was brought back.

CHURCH ADVERTISING PAYS.

So Says the Rev. James W. Kramer of Spokane, Who Has Tried It.

Spokane, Wash.—"I have drawn people to hear my sermons by advertising. I have attracted them with moving pictures, not suppers, pink teas and flowers and flags. If I have had any degree of success in Spokane it is because of the liberal use of printer's ink," said the Rev. Dr. James W. Kramer, pastor of the First Baptist Church, who came to Spokane from South Carolina two years ago. "There is something worse than sensationalism. It is the inability of the church to produce life. The church that does not advertise is behind the times and is nursing empty pews, and he who rails against the minister for advertising is suffering for a congregation. I am not an advocate of ragtime methods or vulgar preaching, but I do plead for the church which is a humming plant of machinery, with live coals in the fire box, smoke curling from the stacks and every belt, wheel and pulley going. I believe, too, that the people need instruction, and that a minister of the gospel is first, last and all the time a teacher. There must be life."

BUG IN EAR BACK TO LIGHT.

Matches Draw Out Insect Unreachable Otherwise.

Colwyn, Pa.—A novel and effective way of removing an insect that crawled into the ear of John Sunders, of Colwyn, while he was working in Woolford's tank works, was tried.

Sunders was not aware that the bug had crawled into his ear until it reached the inner membranes, when he began to suffer excruciatingly. The insect tried to go farther, and the pain was becoming more intense every second, when one of Sunders' fellow-workmen lighted a match to make a better examination and the pain suddenly ceased. The moment the match blew out, however, the pain began; but as soon as another match was lighted and held close to Sunders' ear the pain stopped.

Half a dozen matches were used in this manner, when it was noticed that the bug, an eighth of an inch long, was beginning to crawl out backward. After half a box of matches had been used the insect, which responded to the light, had almost entirely emerged, and was removed and killed.

THE STORK DELAYED HER.

Missing Member of White House Menage Caused Anxiety.

Washington, D. C.—"Where is Pauline? Oh, will some one tell us what has happened to Pauline."

"I believe she has been kidnapped."

"No, she must have eloped."

So said employees at the White House, who were worried over the whereabouts of Pauline Wayne. Miss Pauline had recently become a member of the Presidential menage. She left her Wisconsin home, and then mysteriously disappeared.

The mystery was cleared when word was received that while on the train a stork had visited Pauline.

Pauline Wayne is a queenly beauty. She is the pedigreed Holstein cow that Senator Isaac H. Stephenson presented to President Taft to supply the White House milk and cream.

DEAD: STEAM CLOUDS ROOM.

Woman Suffocates as She Sleeps While Clothes Boil.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Suffocated by steam from a wash boiler, Mrs. Marie Clegg was found dead in the kitchen of her home at No. 12 St. Mark's Place. She was last seen about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The neighbors grew anxious when she did not appear as usual during the evening and notified a patrolman from the Bergen street station. He crawled in through a window of her apartment and on opening the door to the kitchen he was almost knocked down by the volume of steam which burst forth.

When the atmosphere had cleared sufficiently to allow him to enter the kitchen, the patrolman found Mrs. Cleggs sitting as if asleep in a chair near the stove, while clouds of steam were still rising from a boiler of clothes.

Dr. Schmaverson of the Long Island College Hospital, who was called, thought the woman had apparently been suffocated while asleep.

He Stole a Glass Eye.

[illegible], Mass.—Charged with stealing [illegible] of George McC[illegible] [illegible] Winchester street [illegible]

Under the new system of elections there will be no general election in the State again until 1912. At that time members of the Legislature, members of Congress and a President will be chosen. The election next year will be for county, borough, township and city officials. The primaries for which will be held in June, and the election will take place in November. Thereafter municipal elections will be held every odd-numbered year and general elections will be held in the even-numbered years.

Deliberate Suicide.

Not for a single day can a cough be safely neglected in this climate. Without delay resort to Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. This balsamic vegetable preparation extinguishes a cough or cures a cold with unexampled rapidity. Sold by all druggists.

The sanction of physicians has been accorded to that standard disinfectant Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

Spot Cash for Poultry

The Highest Market Price, spot cash, will be paid for chickens and other poultry.

R. J. DUNHAM, Wellsboro

A SURPRISE FOR HIM

you will have if your husband is a lover of prime meats, fresh poultry, delicious hams and bacon or lamb when you serve him at dinner with roasts, steaks or chops from our choice meats. Everything you get at Yahn & Westbrook's is of delicious flavor, prime quality and tender deliciousness. There is no kick coming from the man who is served with meats from

Yahn & Westbrook's

Opposite Coles House Block

WALN ST., WELLSBORO, PA.

E. B. POND

PAINTING AND PAPERING

Cor. Crafton & Water Streets

WELLSBORO, PA.

Farmers Phone 104-w.

JOB PRINTING executed with neatness and dispatch at GAZETTE office.

Exclusive Fall Fashions

FOR THE LADIES

IT is a pleasure to show you the smartly built, man tailored "STYLE CRAFT" Suits and Skirts, as there is quality, style and service back of every garment sold.

¶ I have a large line of blacks and colors in sizes from 32 to 48. I have a suit desinged especially for stout ladies. My line of Skirts were never prettier. Sizes from 22 to 38 waist measure. I also have a new line of modified Hobble Skirts and Dresses and Skirts, Shirt Waists and Rain Coats.

LOUISE MARCH

SUCCESSOR TO ROBINSON & MARCH

79 MAIN STREET : : UP STAIRS

Don't Buy a Cheap Gun

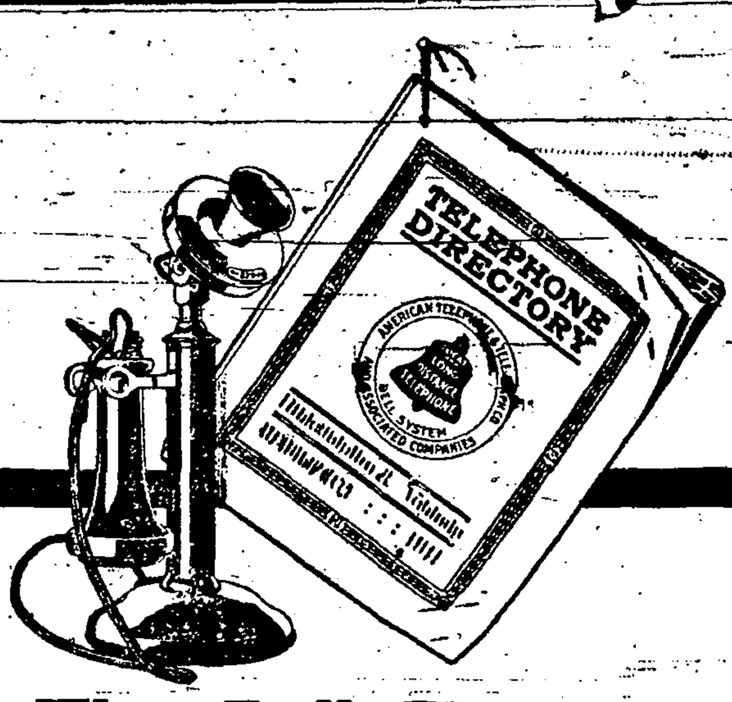
As a general proposition it doesn't pay to buy cheap things of any kind. It is surely dangerously unwise to buy any but a good gun. Get a Safe Gun and one that puts the pellets of shot where you aim, one that sends the bullet where you draw your bead. Get a Gun you will be proud of.

The Fall Hunting Season is now at its height, and if you are going to enjoy the Sport let us show you a Winchester Repeating Rifle or Shot Gun, Marlin Repeating Rifle or Shot Gun, Remington—Ithaca—Baker, Hopkins and Allen. Stevens—Harrington and Richardson—Iver Johnson—and Savage.

We have these makes in different styles—all good. If you haven't looked at Guns lately, better have a look. You have no idea of the improvements that have been made. *Arms and Ammunition, all kinds.* Hunters' Knives, Axes, Coats and Belts, Hunting Caps, etc. Everything to bring home what you went after.

ROBERTS HARDWARE CO.,

Next Door to the First National Bank.



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is the business and social list of highest class in any community

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Call the Business Office for telephone service rates and particulars

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OF PENNSYLVANIA.

C. R. HERRINGTON, Agent.

GOING OUT OF THE MILLINERY BUSINESS

AT THE

MODEL DRY GOODS & STAR CLOTHING HOUSE

Our Entire Stock of Millinery to Be Closed Out Regardless of Price or Cost

BEGINNING THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1st

and lasting for three weeks, we will offer the greatest bargains ever known in this region. We contemplate making numerous changes in the arrangement of our stock and find that we have more lines than our store space can fittingly accommodate, hence have decided that we can no longer handle a line of Millinery.

Remember, this is not an "End of the Season Sale," but a complete clearance of our entire stock of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Hats, Frames, Plumes, Ornaments, etc. This stock is composed of the very latest creations of Millinery art and there are several months of seasonable weather ahead for a winter hat. Even though you are in no immediate need of a hat, it will pay you to provide for the future at these extraordinary prices. Here are a few sample prices we have to offer:

$1.00 HATS, sale price $ .50	$3.00 HATS, sale price $1.50	$5.00 HATS, sale price $2.50
1.50 HATS, sale price .75	3.50 HATS, sale price 1.75	5.50 HATS, sale price 2.75
2.00 HATS, sale price 1.00	4.00 HATS, sale price 2.00	6.00 HATS, sale price 3.00
2.50 HATS, sale price 1.25	4.50 HATS, sale price 2.25	6.50 HATS, sale price 3.25
$7.00 HATS, sale price $3.50	$8.00 HATS, sale price $4.00	

Above all, come early, as the stock will be quickly closed out and you may never again have such an opportunity.

MODEL DRY GOODS & STAR CLOTHING HOUSE.

THE LARGEST EXCLUSIVE DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING STORE IN TIOGA COUNTY.

Bell Phone 70 L. B. FINKELSTEIN, WELLSBORO, PA. Farmers' Phone 62-R

Oft in the Night

WHEN TAKEN WITH A PAIN, NOTHING WILL RELIEVE IT SO QUICKLY AS A HOT WATER BOTTLE.

In time of health it is a luxury and comfort. In time of sickness it is a necessity. The family without one is the family without a good and true friend. We have them, many styles, fresh, pure rubber. Call and let us show them to you.

Corner Drug Store. : : : : FAY F. HOWD

Rexall Orderlies Cure Constipation

A new product which has proven by actual test to be the best laxative and cathartic known to medical science. For Sick Headache and Billiousness they have no equal.

YOUR MONEY BACK IF YOU ARE NOT SATISFIED. SAMPLE FREE.

H. L. BLATCHLEY
CENTRAL PHARMACY

CONGO ROOFING

Building and Roofing Papers of All Kinds, Coal Tar, at Wholsale Only.

Dealers in Roofing and Building Papers in Tioga county:—We are Sales Agents for Tioga county for the United Roofing & Manufacturing Co.'s products. We have a full line of Building Papers and Roofing in stock, and on account of local freight rates believe that we can save you money.

WRITE US FOR DELIVERED PRICES AND SAMPLES

Geo. M. Spalding
WELLSBORO, PA.

Local Notices.

MILLINERY.—Prices cut in two on trimmed and untrimmed hats until Xmas at Mrs. Stewart's.

Do not fail to see your friend in the Union Depot. Come, laugh and enjoy the music. There will be lots of catchy songs.

Don't miss the Union Depot at the Auditorium on Friday evening, December 9th. It will be given under the auspices of the Fortnightly Club of the Presbyterian church for the benefit of the organ fund.

Marvel Flour, the choicest of spring wheat patents, and guaranteed to make better bread than any other brand. Only $1.50 per sack, cash, at the Wellsboro Feed Store or Wellsboro Roller Mills.—

GEO. C. & F. A. BROOKS.

BIG CUT IN PRICES.—Great reduction in the prices of all kinds of Millinery at the parlors of Mrs. Barton Jones. The ladies of Wellsboro and vicinity are invited to call and inspect stock. We can please you both as to style and prices.

The Gazette.

THURSDAY, DEC. 1, 1910.

New Advertisements.

This Time of Year—L. H. Klock.
Rexall Orderlies—H. L. Blatchley.
Christmas Candies—Calhoun & Co.
The Bell Directory—Bell Telephone Co.
Send for the New Catalogue—Montgomery Ward & Co.
Going Out of the Millinery Business—L. B. Finkelstein.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Owing to a break yesterday afternoon on the linotype machine at the Advocate office, which does the greater part of the composition for the Gazette, we are unable to present the usual amount of reading matter this week. The hour of going to press has also been greatly delayed, for all of which we beg the indulgence of our readers.

Late Local Brevities.

—Miss Glenora Wise visited in Dansville last week.

—Arthur Hale, of Gaines, was in town Saturday.

—J. W. Smith, of Westfield, was a business visitor in town yesterday.

—Simon Keeney was home from Syracuse University for Thanksgiving.

—Edwin Tuttle has entered the employ of Geo. P. Riberolle, grocer.

—John M. Gillespie, of Blackwells, was a business visitor in town yesterday.

Louis Wilcox has secured employment as clerk in Dunham's grocery store.

Mrs. Charles Comfort and infant son visited relatives at Galeton last

—Mrs. L. N. Lester, of Elmira, was the guest of Mrs. Ferd Emberger last week.

—Mrs. Alex. Cameron, of Irwin, Pa., is visiting her mother, Mrs. William Roberts.

—Mrs. Robert Crichton is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Robert Lorenz, in Philadelphia.

—Miss Bernice Fellows was home from the Elmira Business Institute for Thanksgiving.

—Mrs. F. W. Siemens and Miss Harriet Simpson are spending the week in New York city.

—Samuel Glasz and William Margraff, of Elmira, spent Thursday with their parents in town.

—Clyde English, who has been visiting his parents for several days, has returned to Binghamton.

—Mrs. J. E. French returned home last week from a month's visit with relatives at Jersey Shore.

—Ed. Matson returned last week from North Woodstock, N. H., for a few days' visit with his family.

—William Tipple, of Elmira, was the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Tipple, on Thanksgiving.

—The County Commissioners have appointed William H. Merithew, of Liberty, as Mercantile Appraiser.

—Mr. and Mrs. Walter Keagle left Monday for Mt. Jewett, where Mr. Keagle will work in a glass factory.

—Donald Davis visited his brother, Hugh Davis, resident physician at the Williamsport City Hospital, last week.

—Miss Elizabeth Gardner, of the Mansfield Normal, spent Thanksgiving with her parents in this borough.

—Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Humez and children left Monday for Port Allegany, where they will make their future home.

—Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Humez have been visiting the past week with their son, Aimable P. Humez, of DuBois, Pa.

—Carl Phelps was home from Syracuse University to spend Thanksgiving with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Phelps.

—Levi Shattuck was home from Dickinson Seminary to spend Thanksgiving with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Shattuck.

—Ex-County Commissioner S. O. Putnam and Dr. P. Ramsey, of Covington, had business at the county seat yesterday.

—Mark Harrison, of the Rensselar Polytechinal Institute at Troy, N. Y., spent Thanksgiving with his mother, Mrs. Mary L. Harrison.

—We are indebted to the Advocate for the use of the picture of the late Mrs. Leon Appleby, of Chatham, printed on the first page.

—Reuben Harris, of Tioga, and Miss Bessie Roe, of Middlebury, were married Nov. 21st at the Free Baptist parsonage by Rev. R. M. Cloud.

—Misses Dora Wilcox, Elizabeth Bernauer, Wanda Smith and Lynette Field, students at the Mansfield Normal, were home for Thanksgiving.

—The Helvetia Milk Condensing Company made their employes thankful on Thanksgiving by giving each a fine turkey. There were 95 distributed.

—Alfred J. Niles, of Philadelphia, has been visiting friends in town. He spent Thanksgiving in Rochester, N. Y., with his mother, Mrs. Phœbe Niles.

—A doe which had been shot by a hunter was found on the mountain by a game warden Tuesday morning. The deer was sent to the Blossburg hospital.

—John Richardson, of Ehrenfeld, Pa., was called here to attend the funeral of his brother, Robert Richardson, last Sunday. He returned home Tuesday.

—Miss Elizabeth Riberolle, of the faculty of the Friendship, N. Y., schools, spent Thanksgiving with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George P. Riberolle.

—Mr. and Mrs. William L. Shearer were the guests last Saturday of Mrs. Shearer's sister and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Ryan, of Lawrenceville.

Mrs. Arthur Christiansen, nee Margaret Truman, formerly of Wellsboro, and well known here, gave birth to a son recently at Alameda, California.

—Mrs. N. T. Chandler, Miss Mary Chandler, Mrs. Helen Shaw and son, John B. Shaw, spent Thanksgiving day with Mrs. Shaw's son, Harry Shaw, at Galeton.

—Beginning this week and until further notice Dreamland will be open three nights a week—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday—instead of every week night, as formerly.

—Miss Edna Wilson, of Wellsboro, and Henry M. Whipple, of Elmira, were married last week Tuesday at the First Methodist parsonage in Elmira by Rev. A. J. Saxe.

The County Commissioners last week let the contract for filling in bridge in Middlebury to Messrs. C. A. Goodwin and L. L. West.

—Hugo Herden, of Elmira, spent Thanksgiving with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Herden. Mr. Herden has a fine position with the Bell Telephone Company in that city.

—Several cases of diphtheria are reported in town. The borough building has been quarantined, owing to the illness of the little daughter of Janitor W. B. Smith with the disease.

—James K. Horton, formerly of this borough, will move to Clearfield from Phillipsburg, and enter into partnership with his father-in-law, ex-Judge Krebs, for the practice of his profession.

—Messrs. Clyde Townsend, Truman Mathern, James Morrow, John Smith, Perley Phelps and L. Jenkins, who have been working for the Matson Mfg. Co., at North Woodstock, N. H., returned home last week.

—At the regular meeting of the Council on Monday evening Burgess Dartt and all the members of the Council were present. A few bills were paid and routine business transacted but no action of public interest was taken.

—The outlook for a number of excellent basket ball teams in Wellsboro is most promising. More than thirty candidates have reported to Coach Bowen for the various teams and are busily engaged in practicing several nights a week.

—Rev. W. H. Overs will deliver a special address to the members of St. Andrew's Brotherhood at St. Paul's church next Wednesday, St. Andrew's Day. The members of the Junior and Senior Brotherhoods will meet at the rectory following the service, where the societies will be reorganized and preparations made for active work in the future.

—Miss Carrie R. Herrington was recently appointed agent of the Tioga county district of the Bell Telephone Company, of Pennsylvania. Miss Herrington has been manager of the local exchange for several years and well merits her promotion. Her many friends in Wellsboro and vicinity congratulate her on her promotion to this responsible position.

—"Queen," one of the largest elephants in captivity, and who was exhibited in Wellsboro last summer with the Frank A. Robbins circus, was executed in New York last week for killing a keeper. Cyanide of potassium was used to kill the great animal. Seven grains administered in an apple brought death in nineteen minutes. "Queen" was 56 years old, weighed nearly four tons, and had toured the country for 40 years.

—Weldon Butler, aged 39 years, of Stokesdale Junction, died last Wednesday morning at the Forest Lawn Sanitarium, of typhoid fever, after a six weeks' illness. He was a son of L. H. and Nancy Jane Short Butler, deceased, and was born June 9, 1871, in Delmar. Mr. Butler is survived by his widow and three children. He is also survived by two brothers: Walton Butler, of Rochester, N. Y., and Walter Butler, of Stokesdale Junction. The deceased was a member of S'onga Tribe, I. O. R. M., of Niles Valley, and was well liked by all who knew him. The funeral was held Friday afternoon. Interment at Niles Valley.

—He hikes away at the break of day and off to the hill he goes; the frosty chill, as it often will, brings out the red in his nose. He's out for fun, and he totes a gun, of shells he's several pounds, he has his lunch and quite a bunch of lop-eared hunting hounds. He routs the quail and the cotton tail, and he shoots like a Roman candle, by the noise he makes and the time he takes, his "bag" will be hard to handle. He falls from a log, he shoots a dog, he barks his shin on a fence, he tramps all day, and his game they say, is worth about 30 cents; and his legs may ache and his back may break and his children cry for bread, but still he'll rush a gun thro bush till he blows off his foolish head. You may call it fun, I don't, for one, but the fatuous chuckle I reck as off they race to the old safe place while the hunter risks his neck trying to crawl thro an old stone wall, his cocked gun trailed aground, till off it goes and fingers and toes are scattered for miles around.—Ex.

—The statistics editor with his glittering eye and flowing scissors gathers in the following. The football season just closed presents with pardonable pride, these figures: Deaths, nineteen; injured, four hundred and thirty; broken legs, thirty-six; broken arms, nineteen; twelve concussions of the brain, sixty-five broken collar bones, and twenty-six broken ribs. The one puzzling feature is that relating to concussions of the brain. We had always supposed that players, on going into a game, emptied their brains into a thimble and carefully secreted the thimble behind the stove, thus insuring the safety of their thinking material. It seems we were in error about this, but it is hard to be-

DEEDS RECORDED.

With Location of Lands, Names of Parties and Consideration.

Mansfield—Mark L. Loveless and wife to Reuben Curtis; lot, $125.

Knoxville—Lizzie Cleveland and husband to Omar C. Shewman; lot, $1,300.

Covington borough—Equity Co-Operative Exchange to Horace W. LeValley; lot, $100.

Clymer—Mina Ackley and husband to Arthur H. Seamans; 1-3 acre, $50.

Mansfield—Mary Swan Thompson, et al., to William M. Barden; lot, $110.

Richmond—W. F. Lamb and wife to Charles F. White; 7 acres, $150.

Jackson—Gideon Corwin to The School Board of Jackson township; ¼ acre, $75.

Wellsboro—Alonzo B. Eastman, Ex. of, to Gideon J. Bly; lot, $1,000.

Middlebury—Fannie M. Whitney to John W. Ives; 2½ acres, $100.

Tioga township—John B. Grier and wife to Daniel Metcalf; 9 acres, $4,000.

Mansfield—Walter D. Slingerland and wife, et al., to W. Willard Waters; lot, $150.

Shippen—Arthur E. Hawk and wife to James H. Kizer; 36 acres, $450.

Osceola—Ruth Lenora Cadogan and husband to Phoebe M. Cowan; lot, $50.

Osceola—Phoebe M. Cowan and husband to Surrenda M. Davis; lot, $20.

Morris—J. E. Thomas to Harry Repard; lot, $50.

Richmond—Merton D. White and wife to Edgar E. Hayes; 58 1 acres, $1,743.

Blossburg—Sarah Dunsmore to Thomas Butcher; lot, $600.

Wellsboro—L. L. Bailey and wife to Dr. Henry E. Caldwell and wife; 1-3 acre, $2,500.

Wellsboro—C. G. VanValkenburg and wife to R. E. Sanders; lot, $1,000.

Wellsboro—C. L. Miller and wife to The Borough of Wellsboro; lot, $1.

Death of Mrs. Chloe Dexter.

Mrs. Chloe Dexter, aged 87 years, died last Wednesday night, November 23, about 11:35 o'clock, at the home of her nephew, Mr. Melvin S. Hill, on Queen street. About three years ago she sustained a stroke of paralysis and since then she had steadily grown more feeble.

Mrs. Dexter, whose maiden name was Chloe Smith, was one of the twelve children of Peter and Rebecca Allen Smith, deceased, and she was born in Chenango county, N. Y., in March, 1823.

She was twice married, her first husband being the late Myron Heminger. To them were born four children, only one of whom, Mr. Chester Heminger, of Kansas, survives. Her second husband was the late Louis Dexter. Two sons, Messrs. William and Devillo Dexter, of Delmar, survive, besides one brother, Mr. Harvey Smith, and two sisters, Mrs. H. C. Hill and Mrs. Alexander Leslie, all of Wellsboro.

Mrs. Dexter was a member of the Methodist church of Dexter, Delmar township, and was a most estimable woman.

The funeral was held Friday morning at 10:30 o'clock, Rev. Mr. Simmons, pastor of the Methodist church, officiating; interment in the Wellsboro cemetery.

Double Wedding at Tiadaghton.

Tiadaghton, Nov. 30.—At the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Muchler, in this place, on Thanksgiving day at noon, was solemnized the wedding of their two daughters, Sadie Myrtle to Oliver Kerstetter, of Albany, N. Y., and Myra May, to Clifford J. Bennett, of Kress, by Rev. W. H. Allen, of Blackwell.

The brides were attended by Miss Mayme A. Tuttle, of Asaph, and Miss Ruby Fenstemacher, of Jersey Shore. Daniel Rogers, of Kress, and Walter Muchler, a brother of the brides, acted as best man. Many beautiful as well as useful presents were received.

After the ceremony a bountiful dinner was served. The guests were: Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Fenstemacher, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Fenstemacher, of Newberry; J. L. Fenstemacher and daughter, Ruby M., of Jersey Shore; Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hilborn and daughter, Eleanor, of Tiadaghton; Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Bennett and Mrs. E. D. West, of Kress.

Merchant Didn't Advertise.

A young man residing in a neighboring town recently bought a shirt which was purchased in the east. Rolled up in the inside of it he found a note from a young lady who had worked on it, in which she said she would be pleased to correspond with the buyer of the shirt, provided he was matrimonially inclined. Of course the nice young man answered it on perfumed paper and used his tenderest language, stating how glad he would be to marry. In a short time he received an answer stating that the young lady had now been married three years and had two children. Upon investigation to find out why he was too late it was explained by the fact that the shirt had lain on the shelves of the local dealer for several years. He did not advertise.

A traveling man at a hotel in a neighboring county recently found a hair in the honey. He went to the proprietor and kicked. "I can't help it," said the latter, "I bought it for combed honey." The next day at dinner he happened to run across a small hair in the ice cream and the landlord could not account for it. "The ice was shaved," he said. The guest was boiling hot the third time when he picked a raven hair out of his portion of apple pie, and angrily jerked up the proprietor, who turned him down effectually as follows: "In the apple pie, eh? Well, that beats the Dutch. I certainly

Royal is the only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

ROYAL Baking Powder

Absolutely Pure

Highest in Leavening Efficiency

Makes Hot Breads Wholesome

—An Irish farmer asked a priest what a miracle was. He gave him a very full explanation, which, however, did not seem to quite satisfy the farmer, who said: "Now do you think your reverence, you could give me an example?" "Well," said his reverence, "walk on before me and I'll see what I can do." As he did so the priest gave him a tremendous kick behind. "Did you feel that?" he asked. "Why wouldn't I feel it?" said the farmer; "begorra I did feel it sure enough." "Well, said the priest, "it would be a miracle if you didn't."

—"Mysophobia" is one of the latest additions to the English language. It means morbid fastidiousness which might, for example, lead a woman to wash a just cracked nut meat before eating it. "Urbiaphasis" is another new word to represent a new idea. It means the disease of general shiftlessness caused by the germ laziness, if there be such a germ, as is claimed.

—The Pittsburg Loan and Trust Co. announces the appointment of H. Cornelius, of Tioga, as [illegible] agent. Mr. Cornelius has been a practicing attorney [illegible] extending [illegible] New York [illegible] on the two States.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of PERRY VAN ZILE, late of Nelson, Tioga county Pa., having been granted to the undersigned, all persons who are indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate, should make the same known without delay. J. R. MACK, Administrator.
October 20, 1910-6t. Nelson, Pa.

Farm for Sale.

A FARM of 178 acres for sale, located at Davis station, on the B. & S. railroad. Farm well watered, especially adapted for dairying; morning train for Westfield will enable buyer to patronize condensery; flowing mineral well on farm. Sixty acres of good timber land, including sugar bush, house and two barns. Farm well stocked with cows. Will be sold either with or without stock. Will be sold on reasonable terms, with fair payment down. Inquire of
MRS. MARGARET WATROUS, Westfield,
or R. J. DAVIS, Wellsboro.
November 17, 1910-tf.

Farm for Sale.

FARM OF 151 ACRES. In good state of cultivation. About 20 acres of standing timber. Good buildings and two new silos. Within three miles of the condensery and two of Wellsboro.
Nov. 17, 1910-tf. E. D. FELLOWS.

House to Rent.

EIGHT-ROOM HOUSE with all the modern conveniences to rent, 14 Grant street. Bath, steam heat and electric light. Possession given Dec. 15th. Inquire of H. C. Young, Tioga County Savings and Trust Co. Nov. 24-2t.

Kitchen Cabinets for $8.00.

WE will sell for a short time only Hathaway Kitchen Cabinets, the best in the market, for $8 only. Cabinets can be seen at J. A. CULVER'S mill.—May 5-tf.

Gasoline Engine for Sale.

A TWO-HORSE POWER Bates & Edwards Gasoline Engine for sale cheap. All fixtures complete, including jump spark ignition. Engine may be seen at the GAZETTE office, Wellsboro Pa.

W. D. VEDDER, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Special attention paid to diseases of women and children and electro-therapy. Office hours, 10 to 12 a. m., 3 to 5 p. m., and 7 to 8 p. m. Sundays by appointment. Both 'phones. Office in Wright block, Wellsboro, Pa.

WALTER L. PEAKE,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.
Office over Dearman's store, Knoxville, Pa. Practice in all the Courts. Conveyancing, collections and settlement of estates solicited. Loans negotiated.—Nov. 17-4t.

Christmas Can

when obtained at the SUGAR can be relied upon for absolute delicious flavors and profusion riety.

Whether you desire confec for tree decorations or for gi can furnish any quantity in ar The largest line of handso boxes and baskets ever sh Wellsboro. Ice Cream a s for Xmas.

THE SUGAR BO
CALHOUN & CO

MILLINER

As this will probably be last fall season, all Hats trimmed will be sold at GR LY REDUCED PRICES

CHRISTMAS BOO

All special orders for B at regular prices must be i hands by Dec. 10 for Chris delivery.

JOHN FISCHLER & S

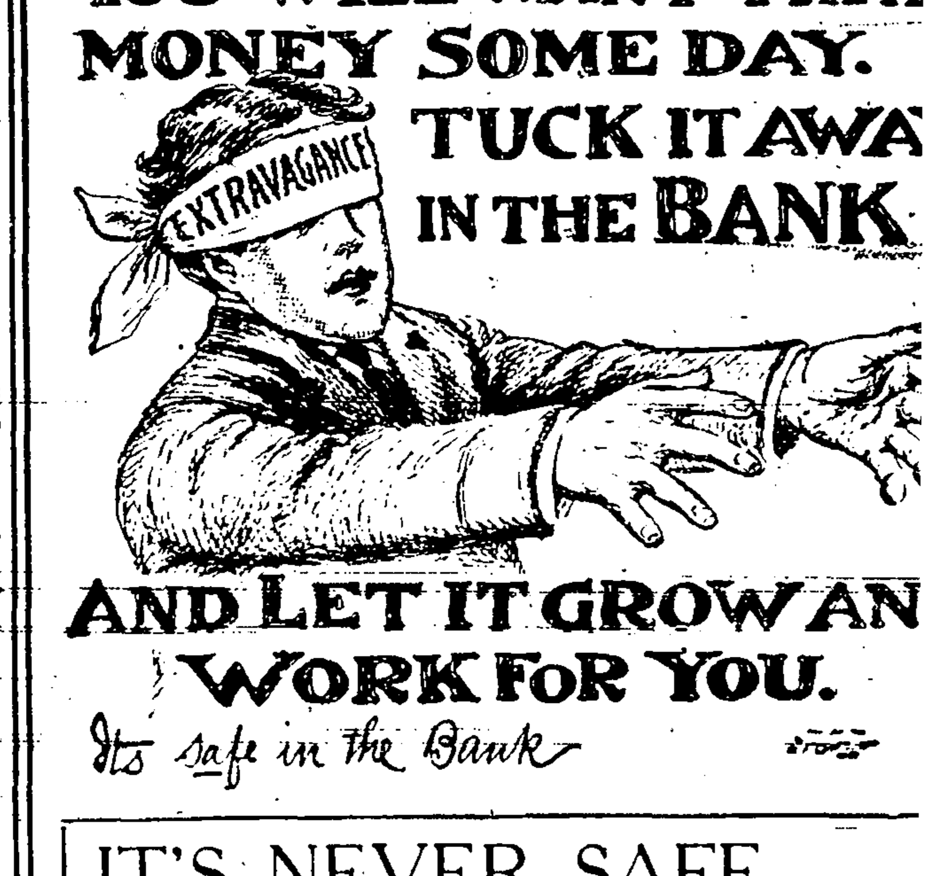
THIS TIME OF YEAR YOU NEED PROTECTI

Your protection is limited to the strength of the company insuring you.

This is One of the Oldest and Strongest Fire Insurance Agen IN NORTHERN PENNSYLVANIA.

L. H. KLOCK, RELIABLE INSURA
OFFICE, 63 MAIN ST

TAKE IT OFF, YOU WILL WANT THAT MONEY SOME DAY. TUCK IT AWA IN THE BANK



AND LET IT GROW AN WORK FOR YOU.

Its safe in the Bank

IT'S NEVER SAFE

when hid about the house or carried in yo pocket. Do not put off all your good res lutions until the new year. But start at on by opening an account with

THE FIRST NATIONAL BAN

Its the safe, sound, common sense thi to do.

WE ALLOW 3 1-2 PER CENT. IN OUR SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

compound interest, and allow you to with draw it at any time without notice.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BAN

ITS VALUE

A young man regularly deposited $2 from his Savings account. He was a clerk at $12 a week. His employer failed and the young man had to search for another position. As it was a slack time he had considerable difficulty in getting employment, particularly as his only recommendation was his former employer—now bankrupt.

Getting at a call with a position finally, his prospective employer asked for recommendations, the young man happened to think of his savings account. Out came his bank book—a splendid example of thrift and self denial. He was put to work at once.

MAINTAIN A SAVINGS ACCOUNT
ITS A SPLENDID TESTIMONIAL

Tioga County Savings & Trust Co

Open Every Saturday Evening Until 8:30

The Gazette.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT

WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA.

TERMS, $1.50 Per Year in Advance

FRANK CONEVERY, Editor and Prop'r.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

TIME.	1 in.	2 in.	3 in.	4 in.	5 in.	10 in	20 in.
1 Week..	$1 00	$2 00	$3 00	$4 00	$5 00	$8 00	$12 00
2 Weeks.	1 50	3 00	4 00	5 00	6 00	11 00	15 00
3 Weeks.	2 00	3 50	5 00	6 50	7 00	12 00	18 00
1 Month.	2 50	4 00	6 00	7 00	8 00	15 00	20 00
2 Months	4 00	6 00	8 00	10 00	12 00	20 00	35 00
3 Months	5 00	8 00	12 00	15 00	15 00	25 00	35 00
6 Months	8 00	12 00	15 00	20 00	23 00	35 00	60 00
1 Year.	12 00	18 00	24 00	28 00	33 00	60 00	100 00

BUSINESS NOTICES ON LOCAL PAGE.—Ten cents per line for first insertion, and five cents per line for every subsequent insertion. No business notice inserted for less than twenty-five cents.

Double rates will be charged for figure or table work. Reasonable discounts to yearly advertisers.

No advertisement discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.

BUSINESS CARDS.

DR. H. W. BAILEY,
DENTIST.

Successor to Dr. Frank H. Rose, office over Graves & Mathers' store, Main street, Wellsboro, Pa—Feb. 1-07.

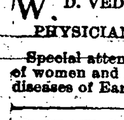
JOHN GERKIN,
MERCHANT TAILOR.

Over Agitator office Wellsboro, Pa. Samples of Imported and Domestic cloths, of beautiful patterns.

W. D. VEDDER, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Special attention given to diseases of women and Electro Theraph, also diseases of Ear, Nose and Throat.

GET AWAY FROM THAT FROWN



That's what you do when you wear SO-EASY EYE GLASSES fitted by

DR. D. E. ACKLEY, Eye Specialist, 25 Crafton St., WELLSBORO.

FOREST LAWN
SANITARIUM
WELLSBORO, PA.
WILLARD G. LENT, M. D.

COMPLETE Equipment, Trained Nurses, Massage, Vibratory Massage, Electricity Surgery, Diseases of Women and Rectal Diseases. Rupture and Hemorrhoids cured without operation. Catarrh and Catarrhal Deafness and all Diseases of the Ear Nose Throat and Lungs.

CANCER TREATED BY THE ALEXANDER METHOD

OPIUM AND MORPHINE HABITS CURED.

Facts Worth Knowing

When in need of high-class tailoring: We more than doubled our business last season. Our motto—the best is none too good for our customers, offering only the best of Foreign and Domestic Woolens in exclusive and smart styles, has proven a winner. Owing to the fact that we have no rent to pay, owning our store building, we are in a position to offer high-class tailoring at a price that invites your inspection.

E. E. BUCK
WELLSBORO, PA.
IN REAR OF THE POSTOFFICE BLOCK

$ Boost! $ Keep Boosting

Advertise in this paper. Plug hard, regularly, systematically. Play up the best goods you sell at the right price in this paper.

YOU ARE READING THIS AD.—OTHERS WILL READ YOURS

MOST everybody reads the ads. in this paper. They furnish as much news to the man in town and on the farm as the personals, and often more. ¶ Peter Smith's wife buys a new hat. Smith sees he by the paper that Jones is selling hats at so much. Johnson's store ad. is missing from the paper. Johnson's trying a non-advertising policy.

RESULT—Jones gets Smith's money.

Smith's wife gets her hat.

"The Notes, Probably."

The MAN in LOWER TEN

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

AUTHOR OF THE CIRCULAR STAIRCASE

ILLUSTRATIONS By M. G. KETTNER

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SYNOPSIS.

Lawrence Blakeley, lawyer, goes to Pittsburg with the forged notes in the Bronson case to get the deposition of John Gilmore, millionaire. A lady requests Blakeley to buy her a Pullman ticket. He gives her lower 11 and retains lower 10. He finds a drunken man in lower 10 and lower 9 is lower 9. He awakens in lower 9 and finds his clothes and bag missing. The man in lower 10 is found murdered. Circumstantial evidence points to both Blakeley and the man who stole his clothes. The train is wrecked and Blakeley is rescued from a burning car by a girl in blue. His arm is broken. The girl proves to be Alison West, his partner's sweetheart. Blakeley returns home and finds he is under surveillance. Moving pictures of the train taken just before the wreck reveal to Blakeley a man leaping from the train with his stolen grip. Investigation proves that the man's name is Sullivan. Mrs. Conway, the woman for whom Blakeley bought a Pullman ticket, tries to make a bargain with him for the forged notes, not knowing that they are missing. Blakeley and an amateur detective investigate the home of Sullivan's sister. From a waiter Blakeley learns that Alison West had been there on a visit and Sullivan had been attentive to her. Sullivan is the husband of a daughter of the murdered man. Blakeley's house is ransacked by the police. He learns that the affair between Alison and his partner is off. Alison tells Blakeley about the attention paid her by Sullivan, whom she was on her way to marry when the wreck came. It is planned to give Mrs. Conway the forged notes in exchange for Sullivan.

CHAPTER XXIX.—Continued.

We crowded out of the elevator at the fourth floor, and found ourselves in a rather theatrical hallway of draperies and armor. It was very quiet; we stood uncertainly after the car had gone, and looked at the two or three doors in sight. They were heavy, covered with metal, and sound proof. From somewhere above came the metallic accuracy of a piano-piano, and through the open window we could hear—or feel—the throb of the Cannonball's engine.

"Well, Sherlock," McKnight said, "what's the next move in the game? It is our jump, or theirs. You brought us here."

None of us knew just what to do next. No sound of conversation penetrated the heavy doors. We waited uneasily for some minutes, and Hotchkiss looked at his watch. Then he put it to his ear.

"Good gracious!" he exclaimed, his head cocked on one side. "I believe it has stopped. I'm afraid we are late."

We were late. My watch and Hotchkiss' agreed at nine o'clock, and, with the discovery that our man might have come and gone, our zest in the adventure began to flag. McKnight motioned us away from the door and rang the bell. There was no response, no sound within. He rang it twice, the last time long and vigorously, without result. Then he turned and looked at us.

"I don't half like this," he said. "That woman is in; you heard me ask the elevator boy. For two cents I'd—"

I had seen it when he did. The door was ajar about an inch, and a narrow wedge of rose-colored light showed beyond. Then, with both men at my heels, I stepped into the private corridor of the apartment and looked around. It was a square reception hall, with hats, and a couple of chairs. A lantern of rose-colored glass and a desk light over a writing table across made the room bright and cheerful. It was empty.

None of us were comfortable. The place was full of feminine trifles that made us feel the weakness of our position. Some such instinct made McKnight suggest division.

"We look like an invading army," he said. "If she's here alone, we will startle her into a spasm. One of us could take a look around and—"

"What was that? Didn't you hear something?"

The sound, whatever it had been, was not repeated. We went awkwardly out into the hall, very uncomfortable, all of us, and flipped a coin. The choice fell on me, which was right enough, for the affair was mine, primarily.

"Wait just inside the door," I directed, "and if Sullivan comes, or anybody that answers his description, grab him without ceremony and ask him questions afterwards."

The apartment, save in the hallway, was unlighted. By one of those freaks of arrangement possible only in the modern flat, I found the kitchen first, and was struck a smart and unexpected blow by a swinging door. I carried a handful of matches, and by the time I had passed through a butler's pantry and a refrigerator room I was completely lost in the darkness. Until then the situation had been merely uncomfortable; suddenly it became grisly. From somewhere near came a long sustained groan, followed almost instantly by the crash of something—glass or china—on the floor.

I struck a fresh match, and found myself in a narrow rear hallway. Behind me was the door by which I *must* have come; with a keen desire to get back to the place I had started from, I opened the door and attempted to cross the room. I thought I had kept my sense of direction, but I crashed without warning into what, from the resulting jangle, was the dining table, probably laid for dinner. I cursed my stupidity in getting into such a situation, and I cursed my nerves for making my hand shake when I tried to strike a match. The groan had not been repeated.

I braced myself against the table and struck the match sharply against the sole of my shoe. It flickered faintly and went out. And then, without the slightest warning, another dish went off the table. It fell with a thousand splinterings; the very air seemed broken into crashing waves of sound. I stood still, braced against the table, holding the red end of the dying match, and listened. I had not long to wait; the groan came again, and I recognized it, the cry of a dog in straits. I breathed again.

"Come, old fellow," I said. "Come on, old man. Let's have a look at you."

I could hear the thud of his tail on the floor, but he did not move. He only whimpered. There is something companionable in the presence of a dog, and I fancied this dog in trouble. Slowly I began to work my way around the table toward him.

"Good boy," I said, as he whimpered. "We'll find the light, which ought to be somewhere or other around here, and then—"

I stumbled over something, and I drew back my foot. Almost instantly "Did I step on you, old man?" I exclaimed, and bent to pat him. I remember straightening suddenly and hearing the dog pad softly toward me around the table. I recall even that I had put the matches down and could not find them. Then, with a bursting horror of the room and its contents, of the gibbering dark around me, I turned and made for the door by which I had entered.

I could not find it. I felt along the endless wainscoting, past miles of wall. The dog was beside me, I think, but he was part and parcel now, to my excited mind, with the Thing under the table. And when, after aeons of search, I found a knob and stumbled into the reception hall, I was as nearly in a panic as any man could be.

I was myself again in a second, and by the light from the hall I led the way back to the tragedy I had stumbled on. Bronson still sat at the table, his elbows propped on it, his cigarette still lighted, burning a hole in the cloth. Partly under the table lay Mrs. Conway, face down. The dog stood over her and wagged his tail.

McKnight pointed silently to a large copper ash tray, filled with ashes and charred bits of paper.

"The notes, probably," he said ruefully. "He got them after all, and burned them before her. It was more than she could stand. Stabbed him first and then herself."

Hotchkiss got up and took off his hat. "They are dead," he announced solemnly, and took his note-book out of his hatband.

McKnight and I did the only thing we could think of—drove Hotchkiss and the dog out of the room, and closed and locked the door. "It's a matter for the police," McKnight asserted. "I suppose you've got an officer tied to you somewhere, Lawrence? You usually have."

We left Hotchkiss in charge and went downstairs. It was McKnight who first saw Johnson, leaning against a park railing across the street, and called him over. We told him in a few words what we had found, and he grinned at me cheerfully.

"After awhile, in a few weeks or months, Mr. Blakeley," he said, "when you get tired of monkeying around with the blood-stain and finger-print specialist upstairs, you come to me. I've had that fellow you want under surveillance for ten days!"

CHAPTER XXX.

Finer Details.

At ten minutes before two the following day, Monday, I arrived at my office. I had spent the morning putting my affairs in shape, and in a trip to the stable. The afternoon would see me either a free man or a prisoner for an indefinite length of time, and, in spite of Johnson's promise to produce Sullivan, I was more prepared for the latter than the former.

Blobs was watching for me outside the door, and it was clear that he was in a state of excitement bordering on delirium. He did nothing, however, save to tip me a wink that meant "As man to man, I'm for you." I was too much engrossed either to reprove him or to return the courtesy, but I heard him follow me down the hall to the small room where we kept outgrown law books, typewriter supplies and, incidentally, our wraps. I was wondering vaguely if I would ever hang my hat on its nail again, when the door closed behind me. It shut firmly, without any particular amount of sound, and I was left in the dark. I groped my way to it, irritably, to find it locked on the outside. I shook it frantically, and was rewarded by a sibilant whisper through the keyhole.

"Keep quiet," Blobs was saying huskily. "You're in deadly peril. The police are waiting in your office, three of 'em. I'm goin' to lock the whole bunch in and throw the key out of the window."

"Come back here, you imp of Satan!" I called furiously, but I could hear him speeding down the corridor, and the slam of the outer office door by which he always announced his presence. And so I stood there in the ridiculous cupboard, hot with the heat of a steaming September day, *musty* with the smell of old leather bindings, littered with broken overshoes and handleless umbrellas. I was apoplectic with rage one minute, and choked with laughter the next. It seemed an hour before Blobs came back.

He came without haste, strutting with new dignity, and passed outside my prison door.

"Well, I guess that will hold them for a while," he remarked comfortably, and proceeded to turn the key. "I've got 'em fastened up like sardines in a can!" he explained, working with the lock. "Gee whiz! you'd ought to hear 'em!" When he got his breath after the shaking I gave him, he began to sputter. "How'd I know?" he demanded sulkily. "You nearly broke your neck gettin' away the other time. And I haven't got the old key. It's lost."

"Where's it lost?" I demanded, with another gesture toward his coat collar.

Down the elevator shaft. There was a gleam of indignant satisfaction through his tears of rage and humiliation.

And so, while he hunted the key in the debris at the bottom of the shaft, I quieted his prisoners with the assurance that the lock had slipped, and that they would be free as lords as soon as we could get the janitor with a pass-key. Stuart went down finally and discovered Blobs, with the key in his pocket, telling the engineer how he had tried to save me from arrest and failed. When Stuart came up he was almost cheerful, but Blobs did not appear again that day.

Simultaneous with the finding of the key came Hotchkiss, and we went in top, then. I shook hands with two men who, with Hotchkiss, made a not very animated group. The taller one, an oldish man, lean and hard, announced his errand at once.

"A Pittsburg warrant?" I inquired, unlocking my cigar drawer.

"Yes. Allegheny county has assumed jurisdiction, the exact locality where the crime was committed being in doubt." He seemed to be the spokesman. The other, shorter and rotund, kept an amiable silence. "We hope you will see the wisdom of waiving extradition," he went on. "It will save time."

"I'll come, of course," I agreed. "The sooner the better. But I want you to give me an hour here, gentlemen. I think we can interest you. Have a cigar?"

The lean man took a cigar; the rotund man took three, putting two in his pocket.

"How about the catch of that door?" he inquired jovially. "Any danger of it going off again?" Really, considering the circumstances, they were remarkably cheerful. Hotchkiss, however, was not. He paced the floor uneasily, his hands under his coat-tails. The arrival of McKnight created a diversion; he carried a long package and a corkscrew, and shook hands with the police and opened the bottle with a single gesture.

"I always want something to cheer on these occasions," he said. "Where's the water, Blakeley? Everybody ready?" Then in French he toasted the two detectives.

"To your eternal discomfiture," he said, bowing ceremoniously. "May you go home and never come back! If you take Monsieur Blakeley with you, I hope you sink."

The lean man nodded gravely. "Prosit," he said. But the fat one leaned back and laughed consumedly.

Hotchkiss finished a mental synopsis of his position, and put down his glass. "Gentlemen," he said pompously, "within five minutes the man you want will be here, a murderer caught in a net of evidence so fine that a mosquito could not get through."

The detectives glanced at each other solemnly. Had they not in their possession a sealskin bag containing a wallet and a bit of gold chain, which by putting the crime on me, would leave a gap big enough for Sullivan himself to crawl through?

"Why don't you say your little speech before Johnson brings the other man, Lawrence?" McKnight inquired. "They won't believe you, but it will help them to understand what is coming."

"You understand, of course," the lean man put in gravely, "that what you say may be used against you."

"I'll take the risk," I answered impatiently.

It took some time to tell the story of my worse than useless trip to Pittsburg, and its sequel. They listened gravely, without interruption.

"Mr. Hotchkiss here," I finished, "believes that the man Sullivan, whom we are momentarily expecting, committed the crime. Mr. McKnight is inclined to implicate Mrs. Conway, who stabbed Bronson and then herself last night. As for myself, I am open to conviction."

"I hope not," said the stout detective quizzically. And then Alison was announced. My impulse to go out and meet her was forestalled by the detectives, who rose when I did. McKnight, therefore, brought her in, and I met her at the door.

"I have put you to a great deal of trouble," I said contritely, when I saw her glance around the room. "I wish I had not—"

"It is only right that I should come," she replied, looking up at me. "I am the unconscious cause of most of it, I am afraid. Mrs. Dallas is going to wait in the outer office."

I presented Hotchkiss and the two detectives, who eyed her with interest. In her poise, her beauty, even in her gown, I fancy she represented a new type to them. They remained standing until she sat down.

"I have brought the necklace," she began, holding out a white-wrapped box, "as you asked me to."

I passed it, unopened, to the detectives. "The necklace from which was broken the fragment you found in the sealskin bag," I explained. "Miss West found it on the floor of the car, near lower ten."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Knowledge of the World.

Everbody but a fool keeps good friends with waiters, for, whether these have any opinion or not, they are a big-fisted brotherhood, and more than once I have seen every waiter in a restaurant, even as a swarm of bees, fall aboard some "bad man," and when he came to in the hospital he would look like Quixote after the swine drovers got through with him. With all their tricks and knowledge of the world, waiters are singularly unspoiled, good-natured and agreeable, and they are full of interesting, often scientific, information. They see a side of humanity that nobody else ever sees, mostly the comedy and peccadillo side. Considering their housed-up condition, it seems remarkable how much they know about what is going on. When not busy they are always enthusiastically engaged in swapping pointers and information, which, in a way, accounts for some of them getting rich in Wall street.

Difference in Laughter.

A good honest laugh at a good honest joke or bit of sarcasm rubs out the gathering wrinkles of care; but an ill-tempered joke is like a poisoned arrow, which makes a wound, and leaves its poison after it is withdrawn.

Laughter a Good Medicine.

Always laugh when you can; it is a cheap medicine. Merriment is a philosophy not well understood. It is the sunny side of existence.—Byron.

Chinese Center of Industry

Fan-Making is the Principal Business Carried On in Village of Pengchow.

Writing of fan making in southern China an American consul at Swatow says:

"This industry was started centuries ago in the village of Pengchow, or Ampow, about three miles from Swatow. It was formerly confined to women in various households, but for many years past every family in the village has been devoted to the work, all the members of the families being occupied in the manufacture. In the city of Chaochowfu itself the fan industry is also large, but the Pengchow district abounds in a particular kind of bamboo especially suitable for the ribs and handle, and to this fact is the large output of the latter place attributed.

"Only the open fan is manufactured in this district. For the frame the split bamboo is repeatedly rived until each piece is sufficiently slender and flexible. These thread like pieces of bamboo are arranged in a row, attached to each other by a thread passed crosswise through the middle. This thread is fastened to a semicircular strip of bamboo giving the fan its shape. The ribs are then slightly beaded and bent at the ends. The fan has now the peculiar and characteristic shell-like shape at the top. Very flimsy silk gauze is then pasted on the face, and a kind of tissue like paper on the back. After the handle is attached the border of the fan is black garnished and the gauze is coated with a chalk and water mixture. The handles are made of bamboo, various kinds of hard wood, bone and ivory. The hand painting on the fans is cleverly done in some instances being a work of art.

Harsh Fate.

He is sometimes slave who should be master, and sometimes master who should be slave.—Cicero.

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for many years a standard and sterling remedy for

Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness and Sore Throat.

It seldom fails to give relief and is a reliable remedy for children or adults.

Prepared and sold strictly in compliance with the Pure Food and Drugs Act regulations. Sold by druggists generally.

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS
For an Aching Tooth.

WHO'S WHO AND WHY

ROSE FROM TELEGRAPH KEY

William A. Gardner, who 38 years ago struggled with the Morse code in a little railway telegraph office at Lemont, Ill., the other night rode out of the Chicago and Northwestern station on the president's special to inspect the 12,000 miles of tracks which sprawl over the great northwest as far as the Wyoming mountains. Two hours before that the directors of the road had made him president to succeed Marvin Hughitt, who was given the newly created position of chairman of the board of directors.

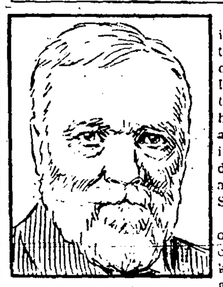
The story of Mr. Gardner's rise to the place as chief executive of the Chicago and Northwestern is the consummation in reality of one of the business romances of which every youthful telegrapher dreams.

All the money which Mr. Gardner could control 38 years ago was contained in a pay envelope which the present-day union telegraphers would scorn to accept. Now he exercises control over the $53,000,000 annual expenditure for the operation of the Northwestern lines.

W. A. Gardner's "railroading" began with his work for the Chicago and Alton in 1872 at Lemont, where he learned to use the telegrapher's key. He was then in his teens, having been born at Gardner, Ill., November 8, 1859. He began his first work for the Chicago and Northwestern in 1878 and added to his duties as telegrapher those of division superintendent's clerk. From this place he rose to the position of trainmaster at Boone, Iowa, and remained there until 1883, when he went to a similar place with the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe.

The next promotion that came his way made him assistant superintendent of the Wisconsin division of the Chicago and Northwestern in 1885. Five years later he became superintendent of this division and then rose successively to assistant general superintendent, general manager, and, in 1896, to the place as vice-president of the Northwestern lines. Mr. Gardner has a wife and four daughters.

CROSSES OCEAN 100 TIMES



Andrew Carnegie, now seventy-five years old, is not quite up to his usual form, according to those who saw him walking down the gangplank of the Baltic at her dock in New York recently. It was the end of his one hundredth voyage across the ocean. The ironmaster had greatly aged since he went abroad last May. Leaning heavily on the arm of his secretary, he stepped slowly and hesitatingly on his way from the steamer to the dock, showing less vigor than formerly on his annual return from spending the summer in Skibo castle, Scotland.

Passengers in the Baltic who have been on other voyages with Carnegie commented freely on how little he was seen on deck this trip. He kept to his cabin most of the time and the few appearances he made except in the dining saloon were in the smoking room, where he democratically drew no lines in making everyone his friend. A touching feature of the trip, they said, was the devotion of the millionaire to his daughter. He followed her around continuously whenever he was on deck and was so devoted and attentive the other passengers described it as almost pathetic.

Mr. Carnegie said it was his one hundredth trip across the Atlantic and his eighth voyage as a passenger on board the Baltic. "When I came to America forty-odd years ago it was on board a sailing ship," said the ironmaster, "a great contrast to the fast and luxurious steamships of today. There has been a change in the people here, too. They have been so sociable and friendly. The proudest thing in my life is that I am an American citizen."

WOMAN A COUNTY TREASURER

Valentine, Neb., is proud of the woman whom Cherry county elected county treasurer. Gertrude Jordan had served as deputy treasurer eight years and thus came in close touch with not only the politicians but the rank and file, winning popularity and later votes.

Miss Jordan is a native of Marshalltown, Iowa, and her parents (now dead) were of foreign birth, a mixture of Scotch, Irish and English. When very young she was taken to Dodge City, Kan., and there completed her schooling as a graduate of the local high school. Then she faced the world as a wage earner, beginning as a teacher in the public schools of that city, going later to Valentine in 1901, where she continued to teach.

Miss Jordan, being a progressive woman, early felt the call to a more wideawake and public career, so she readily obtained a position in the offices of the county clerk and county treasurer, and there made the best of her opportunities. She consented to run for the office, but many of her friends contended that she could not hold the office if elected. When the votes were counted she won out by 242 votes against two nominees. Then came a snag, says Human Life, for when she attempted to assume her duties one of the defeated candidates refused to turn over the office. Suit was entered by Miss Jordan in the Supreme court of the state; seven judges heard it, six concurred in an opinion favorable to Miss Jordan. The contest excited considerable comment from newspapers all over the country because of its unusual features.

NOW ACTING CHIEF JUSTICE

The most conspicuous figure on the bench of the United States Supreme court and one of the most distinguished men in the nation is Justice John Marshall Harlan, now acting chief justice. He holds the record for length of service, having been appointed in November, 1877. He is now seventy-seven years of age. Many men of half his age might well envy him his massive physique and the alertness and vigor of his mind. He is an ardent golfer and ascribes his wonderful health to this game and his life in the open air.

Justice Harlan is a Kentuckian and began practicing law when he was only twenty years of age. During the civil war he saw service for three years as colonel of the Tenth Kentucky regiment. President Hayes made him a justice of the Supreme court and President Cleveland appointed him a member of the commission which settled the long-standing dispute between the United States and Great Britain over the Bering sea imbroglio.

In 1895 the Supreme court was divided on the question of the constitutionality of an income tax. The tax was pronounced unconstitutional by the close vote of five to four, thus reversing a previous decision of the court. Justice Harlan was one of the four dissenting members and when he gave his opinion he did it with a vivacity of manner and a pungency of phrase which rather startled the dignified tribunal. In spite of his advanced age he has no idea of retiring from the bench and those who know his mental and physical vigor can discover no good reason why he should.

Social Change

Present Age Not Less Sordid Than Others

By HON. ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR

I DO NOT BELIEVE myself that this age is less spiritual or more sordid than its predecessors. I believe, indeed, precisely the reverse. But however this may be, is it not plain that if society is to be moved by the remote speculations of isolated thinkers it can only be on condition that their isolation is not complete.

Some point of contact they must have with the world in which they live, and if their influence is to be based on widespread sympathy the contact must be in a region where there can be, if not full mutual comprehension, at least a large measure of practical agreement and willing co-operation. Philosophy has never touched the mass of men except through religion. And, though the parallel is not complete, it is safe to say that science will never touch them unaided by its practical applications.

Critics have made merry over the naive self-importance which represented man as the center and final cause of the universe, and conceived the stupendous mechanism of nature as primarily designed to satisfy his wants and minister to his entertainment. But there is another and an opposite danger into which it is possible to fall.

The material world, however it may have gained in sublimity, has, under the touch of science, lost in domestic charm. Except where it affects the immediate needs of organic life, it may seem so remote from the concerns of men that in the majority it will rouse no curiosity, while of those who are fascinated by its morals not a few will be chilled by its impersonal and indifferent immensity.

The appropriate remedy is the perpetual stimulus which the influence of science on the business of mankind offers to their sluggish curiosity.

And even now I believe this influence to be underrated. If in the last hundred years the whole material setting of civilized life has altered we owe it neither to politicians nor to political institutions. We owe it to the combined efforts of those who have advanced science and those who have applied it.

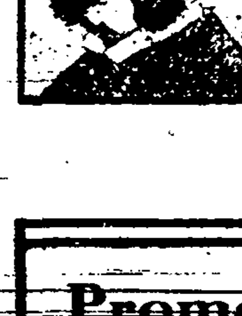
If our outlook upon the universe has suffered modifications in detail so great and so numerous that they amount collectively to a revolution, it is to men of science we owe it, not to theologians or philosophers. On these, indeed, new and weighty responsibilities are being cast. They have to harmonize and to co-ordinate to prevent the new from being one-sided, to preserve the valuable essence of what is old.

But science is the great instrument of social change, all the greater because its object is not change but knowledge. And its silent appropriation of this dominant function amid the din of political and religious strife is the most vital of all the revolutions which have marked the development of modern civilization.

It may seem fanciful to find in a single recent aspect of this revolution an influence which resembles religion or patriotism in its appeals to the higher side of ordinary characters—especially since we are accustomed to regard the appropriation by industry of scientific discoveries merely as a means of multiplying the material conveniences of life.

A social force has come into being, new in magnitude if not in kind. This force is the modern alliance between pure science and industry.

That on this we must mainly rely for the improvement of the material conditions under which societies live is, in my opinion, obvious, al-



though no one would conjecture it from a historic survey of political controversy. Its direct moral effects are less obvious; indeed, there are many most excellent people who would altogether deny their existence. To regard it as a force fitted to rouse and sustain the energies of nations would seem to them absurd.

I believe this view to be utterly misleading, confounding accident with essence, transient accompaniments with inseparable characteristics.

Promote Good Health and Long Life

By H. L. PIERCE

How shall we eat and drink for the attainment of health and long life? I understand it is the rule among school teachers to leave these matters mainly to the parents. That being the case, how can we expect the parents to know how, when they have never attended a school that taught this principle?

Is it not about time that our public schools took up the matter and made some headway in formulating a method whereby the child can learn something about the art and not continue to eat like an animal?

Eating and drinking are as important matters as we have to attend to in this life, therefore they should be given as much thought and attention as anything else that we are called upon to do. By knowing how to eat and drink we are less liable to abuse ourselves in this respect.

The cooking schools have done much in teaching children how to prepare food, but have not yet taught them how to eat it after it was prepared.

Let us have eating schools and drinking schools. It is the abuse of eating and the abuse of drinking that do the injury. They make dyspeptics of us all; they have made many drunkards, and will make many more unless education steps in and calls a halt.

There is a generation growing up that we will be responsible for.

Let us begin now to teach the child how to eat and drink for health, strength, endurance, efficiency and gustatory satisfaction in such a manner as will build up a better race of people than the world has ever seen. It can be done.

Difficult to Keep Pace With Slang

By PROF. SIDNEY A. OSGOOD of Boston

It is hard for a man who tries to adhere to the niceties of the English language to comprehend a good deal of the talk he hears nowadays.

Of course some of the slang is clever and so expressive as to win ultimate incorporation in the lexicons, while some of it is silly and some [illegible].

The other day I was talking with a friend, a Harvard graduate, who was telling me of having had a "run-in" with some politician whom our friend disliked and was trying to beat.

"For heaven's sake," thought I, "what did the [illegible] mean as a 'run-in?'" Later I gathered from his conversation that he and the politician had met and engaged in an animated argument that narrowly missed being a rumpus—a kind of near-row, so to speak.

As Brander Matthews has put the stamp of his approval on "joint," I suppose that "run-in" will come to be accepted as one of those condensed and significant bits of speech that this generation seems fond of adding.

IMPOSES ON POOR

WOOL SCHEDULE WORST INFAMY OF TARIFF SYSTEM.

Unjust Tax Collected at the Cost of Health and Comfort of the Masses—Manufacturers Only Are Benefited.

Ever since fabrics were first woven to cover man, wool has been the most important article in such fabrics as are worn in cool or cold climates. In climates where wool is needed for comfort, the condition of the people may be pretty fairly judged by the amount of wool used in clothing them. If they cannot afford to buy woolen clothing they are either impoverished or the cost of woolens is arbitrarily placed beyond their reach. The wool product of the world is sufficient, if properly distributed, to keep warm those who need its comforts, and the production is sufficiently prolific and the cost of manufacture sufficiently low to make woolen clothing, woolen blankets and other articles of woolen manufacture comparatively cheap under a competitive system.

Yet the use of wool per capita in this country has been on the decline for about twenty years. It is even lower now than it was fifty years ago. It has been replaced with cotton and combinations of wool and cotton. In many instances even the wool in these combinations is the cheapest, least durable and least protective quality. It is often made of shoddy—worked over material taken from old carpets, old garments and waste rags—and in many instances the working over process has brought the same material into use many times in the course of years.

Of all classes, the poor need wool most. Those who are comfortably housed, who can afford plenty of clothing, who are little exposed to the cold in open-air employments or ill-heated houses, may get along with comparatively little wool, if they choose. But the poor—and in the sense here meant the great majority of the people are poor—need woolen clothing in winter. Those depending on medium or small salaries or on day wages can no longer afford all-wool clothing. They may think they are wearing such clothing, and they may be puzzled by its lack of warmth, its lack of durability or its failure to keep its shape; but they may still think they are wearing all-wool garments. But they are not. They are wearing combinations of shoddy and cotton, sold to them, in most instances, on all-wool specifications.

Scientists have said that if the poor were properly clothed the spread of tuberculosis would be reduced by half; that warm clothing is more important even than higher sanitation, fresh air and special food. If this is true of this one devastating disease, it must be true in only lesser degree of many other prevalent ailments.

The high price of wool and its practical prohibition among the poor constitute a national crime, legalized by the congress of the United States. Of all the infamies of the tariff system that wool schedule is the most infamous. It imposes a merciless cruelty on the poor and a flagrant imposition even on the well-to-do. It cannot be defended, even on the ground that it is an expedient to make America produce its own wool, for after years of high tariff on wool the country imports about 60 per cent. of the wool used. Nor does the large revenue accruing from this 60 per cent. importation justify the tariff, since it is collected at the cost of health and comfort and common rights among the poor. Nor is this tariff justified by the protective doctrine of developing the industries, for the carded wool industry, representing vast capital and an army of employes—the manufacturers who make cloth for the cheaper grades of clothing—implored congress and the president to make such changes in the tariff as would enable them to compete with the comb wool importers, who make the higher grades of cloth. But their pleas were in vain, because congress did the bidding of the woolen trust, to which the carded wool manufacturers do not belong. These manufacturers, protesting against their inability to import cheaper wools at a rate that would enable them to make cheap clothing without using cotton or shoddy, were frankly told by Senator Penrose of the senate finance committee to go into other business. And that represented the attitude of the majority of the Republicans in congress.

Unfair Division of Benefits.

Under a proper division of benefits would it be possible for men like Carnegie and his capitalist associates to make fortunes while workmen in the [illegible] steel mills slave excessive hours and live in degrading poverty, as it has been shown that many of them do live? Certainly not. And what is true of the steel industry is true of many other protected industries.

Those Funny Fellows.

Next to William H. Taft speaking upon the tariff, Richard Achilles Ballinger orating upon conservation is the greatest humorist the Republican party has produced.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

This government inspection costs the meat barons millions of dollars a year.—Mr. Garfield.

But that fact appears in nowise to interfere with the increase of dividends, the accumulation of surplus and the cutting of melons.

Under Tariff Schedule K.

[illegible] Papa, this wool suit you bought for me the other day kind o' rustles when I walk. Is it because there's some silk in it?

Papa—No, my son. It's because there's a lot of what we call Aldrich in it.—Chicago Tribune.

Senator Lodge says he voted for the wool schedule in order to save the tariff, but has he been convinced by subsequent developments that the tariff was worth saving by resort to such a desperate expedient?

NOT DUE TO WILSON LAW

Claim That Panic of the Early '90s Was Caused by Act Is Manifestly Absurd.

When the manifest demagogue declares that the panic of the early '90s was due to the Wilson tariff law he does what is expected of him. But when a man in high authority, the head of a great national department, the presumed leader and instructor of the people in husbandry and related economics, resorts to this wholly discredited theory, the spectacle is both disappointing and humiliating. Mr. James Wilson, secretary of agriculture, presented just that spectacle in Rome, N. Y. In a speech that had much to commend it, much that has a direct and vital bearing on the cost of living, much that should be seriously considered by the people, he injected the old query as to whether the people, by lowering the tariff, "want a repetition of the experiences between 1893 and 1897, when the factories were closed and the workmen were idle."

The Wilson law did not go into effect until 1894, and, therefore, it could not have been responsible for a panic that had its beginning and its worst record in 1893. But the secretary gets mixed in his own logic. After assuming that the Wilson tariff was responsible for the low prices in the '90s, he declares that the present tariff is not responsible for the high cost of living now. He gives sound reasons, independently of the tariff, for the present high prices of many food products, and gives good advice as to how the rise in these prices may be checked. But there is certainly as good reason for charging the present high prices of foodstuffs to the tariff as there is to charge the low prices of the same article in the '90s to a different tariff. Also, if the Wilson law was responsible for the panic of the '90s, then the Dingley law must have been responsible for the lesser panic of 1907.

The people suffer little and the farmers profit not at all by the tariff on farm products, for these are produced in such abundance that we export them and do not need to import them. The villainy of the tariff is that it makes burdensome increases in the cost of almost every article of necessity that is not produced in this country beyond the volume of consumption in this country. The farmer has no real tariff protection for anything he sells, but he must pay tariff tribute on nearly everything he buys. And the great volume of this tribute goes to New England, for the tariff primarily is of, by and for New England—that is, the capitalists of New England. The consumers of even that section are learning fast, and they are finally on the trail of a protective tariff that does not protect them.

That Dexterous Tariff.

The Aldrich-Taft tariff, most malodorous of a long line of cruel tariffs, indorsed by Mr. Roosevelt as a measure in the interests of the American people, contains some marvels of statesmanship.

The sugar trust, which Mr. Roosevelt refused to prosecute, although he had the same evidence that the Taft administration used as its basis of action, imports annually into the United States more than $90,000,000 worth of raw sugar. The duty on this is 65 per cent. or about one-fifth of the entire customs dues collected by the United States on all imports.

The annual importation of cut diamonds, which can hardly be considered a necessity, amounts to $18,000,000. The duty thereon is 10 per cent.

The millionaire who brings diamonds from Europe to his wife or daughter pays less duty on them than the workingman pays on sugar. Is it a square deal?

Is a tariff that contains such unjust and dishonest provisions fit to be indorsed by any political party or by any politician that seeks the confidence of the people?

Put Party Before Country.

It is the wonder of the world that we have stood so long, with growing wealth and population. The whole secret of our stability is that until the Civil war the exercise of the federal power was kept within narrow bounds. The whole danger to our stability now is that since the Civil war the party which has generally been in power has tried to push and has pushed the exercise of the federal power further and further into fields which Washington and Jefferson and Hamilton and Jackson and Webster thought ought to be kept purely under state control.

The Republican party has found its interest in forwarding this movement, the interest that is of a party, not of the country. It has used the tariff as one instrument. It has used the cry of "new nationalism" as another.

It is time to stop while the just balance of power between the states and the United States can still be restored and preserved.—From a speech by Judge Simeon E. Baldwin at New Haven, October 5.

Senator Root has put his high talents at the service of many clients, many political candidates and many party causes, but was he ever before reduced to defend so insincere and false a party situation with equally specious arguments as in his plea for the Big Boss as a means of upholding the Taft administration?

So the tariff is not to blame for the high prices. Well, if the tariff doesn't raise the price it is a failure. Why not devise some new scheme of protection under the circumstances?

"Every year you pay more for your living. And most of the extra money from your pocket goes into the farmer's." Railroad Advertisement.

And yet we don't hear of any farmer declaring 500 per cent. dividends, adding millions to his surplus or cutting any large and juicy financial melons.

"The tariff," says T. R., "becomes very emphatically a moral issue." One of the most impressive morals is this one: Don't promise tariff revision downward unless you mean it.

TIMELY SUGGESTIONS THAT WILL HELP THE HOSTESS.

A Thanksgiving Tea.

A reception or tea on this festival day is distinguished chiefly by appropriate decorations, costumes and refreshments. The rooms may be completely transformed by taking down all the portieres and other draperies and replacing them with others made of cranberries strung on a stout, red thread. Popcorn strung and alternating with the berries makes a pleasing effect. Strings of cranberries are very pretty festooned over white window curtains.

Cover lamps and all gas and electric lights with shades made from red, white and blue crepe tissue paper and for stools and divans have large pumpkins; they are very comfortable and are admirably adapted for the purpose. The usual refreshments are served with the addition of pumpkin "chips" and the bonbons in the national colors. To make pumpkin chips, which are quite a novelty, select a deep colored pumpkin, peel and slice very thin; to each pound of chips add a pound of sugar and a gill of lemon juice, with the grated lemon rind; stir well and let them stand over night; cook very slowly until tender; then skim the chips out, let them stand two days to get firm, then put them in a jar with just enough sirup to keep them moist. These are often taken for an expensive imported preserve. No one recognizes the plebeian pumpkin. Spices may be added if liked.

Hot spiced cider or a cider frappe may be served and cranberry ice cream is delicious in flavor and looks. The sandwiches should be of minced turkey and the flowers red and white carnations with cornflowers or bachelors' buttons, as they are blue.

If individual molds are desired for the ice cream, they are cunning little turkeys, and all sorts of vegetables. Sheafs of wheat tied with the national colors are very decorative over arch and doorways.

A program of music consisting of patriotic airs would be a diversion suitable for the occasion.

It would be attractive to have six girls dressed in colonial costumes to assist in receiving and to "pour" in the dining room, also to preside at the frappe bowl.

A Party for Thanks Day Night.

Use characteristic cards for the invitations decorated with some of the many symbols associated with the day; turkeys, corn stalks, pumpkins, etc. Decorate with pine boughs, vines and all the woodsy things obtainable. Ask the guests to come in Pilgrim costumes. The game to be played is founded on the coming of our forefathers, the voyage, etc. The questions are written on slips and passed to the guests with little pencils that may be purchased by the dozen.

1. In what coarse goods did the Pilgrims live for a time? Holland.
2. To what efflorescence did they trust their lives? The Mayflower.
3. What broad letter did they travel on? C (sea).
4. What fowl was used in landing? Plymouth Rock.
5. What very bewildering thing did they find growing in the new soil? Maze (Maize).
6. They numbered among their party two old-fashioned pen and ink cases. What were they? Standishes.
7. What long name did one of the Pilgrims have? Miles.
8. What famous book does the journey of the colonists suggest? "The Pilgrim's Progress."
9. Why should we think the first New England girls were bicyclists? A number of spinning wheels were seen.
10. What distant islands were the Indians to the colonists at first? Friendly.

The prizes should be either a copy of Miles Standish (courtship) or a picture of "Priscilla," plainly framed. Other prizes may be turkey and pumpkin bonbon boxes filled with corn-kernel candy. On the dining room table use only brass or glass candle sticks. Fill blue bowls with old-fashioned flowers. Serve ham and chicken sandwiches, baked beans in individual brown ramakins, pumpkin pies, cider, doughnuts, popcorn, nuts and apples.

MADAME MERRI.

The Shine on Serge.

Skirts, especially serge skirts, always become slick and shiny looking before they are nearly worn out.

To remedy this, place the skirt on a board and rub the shiny places with sandpaper, not too hard, but just enough to roughen the nap. After pressing, the skirt will look as good as new.

Black Pearl Beads.

Black mother-of-pearl beads in regular allover designs are dainty in effect and nets beaded with them are at present much used in flounce effects.

Parisian Ideas

On the Left, White Chiffon with Pearl Drops; on the Right, Satin and Embroidery.

FANCIES OF FASHION

All coat and dress sleeves continue to be small.

[illegible] and silver lace appears on stockings.

[illegible] bags are a bit smaller than last season.

[illegible] hats are generally short, [illegible] are long.

Shaggy goods are the order of the day for outdoor wraps.

[illegible] is seen as the facing to the brim of some large hats.

Wool embroidery is the latest trimming for afternoon gowns.

A touch of purple in nearly any toilet is a fad of the season.

All street skirts are short, about four inches from the ground.

Artificial flowers will be worn much with evening gowns this winter.

Maline is to be used for trimming the winter hats of silk or satin.

Draped effects are seen in skirts for wear on all sorts of occasions.

Some of the new evening gowns show [illegible] panels of bead embroidery.

Wool Embroidery.

Wool embroidery is the latest trimming for afternoon gowns. Some of the [illegible] seen are blue wool on white [illegible] [illegible] on [illegible] of the same shade and mauve wool on blue linon [illegible].

The wool used is the same kind that is employed for knitting or crocheting [illegible] materials. It is used in various bright colors in an oriental effect and is very striking.

Buttonholes.

To make buttonholes strong in children's clothes, work over ordinary soft wrapping string. Hold it on the inside as near the edge as possible, and it will not show when the buttonhole is finished.

A Bit of Color.

The [illegible] satin shoulder scarves are prettiest when lined with a pale color instead of white and edged with gold or silver fringe.

A TART temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only tool that grows keener with constant use.

Ways of Using Stale Cake.

When the cake is in a loaf it is an easy matter to steam it and serve with a good pudding sauce of eggs and sugar with a little milk and flavoring, or a cooked sauce of half a cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of flour and the same of butter, half a cup of boiling water and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Cook until smooth and serve with grated nutmeg.

All bits of cake may be worked into the steamed brown bread, nothing need be wasted.

Sweet Fritters.

Take one and a half cupfuls of cake crumbs. Beat together one egg, one tablespoonful of sugar, one cup of flour sifted with a teaspoonful of baking powder; add enough milk to make a thin batter and stir in the crumbs. Bake on a hot griddle like cakes and serve with sirup.

Another nice dessert with cake may be prepared by laying slices of cake in a serving dish, pour over fruit juice of any desired flavor, fill the dish with a custard. Serve cold.

Economical Pudding.

Beat three eggs, add a cup of sugar and three cups of milk and flavoring. Add two cups of cake crumbs and bake in a slow oven one hour. Any breakfast cereal left over or cold cooked rice may be added to the pudding, and a few raisins, but these are not necessary.

A Few Hints.

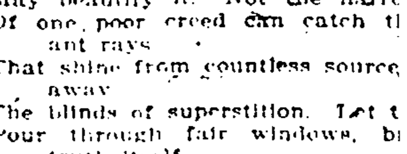
When buying a box of laundry soap, which is a good way to do, take it from the box and pile it in a dry place where the air can circulate through it. Dry soap spends much better than green.

Turn the scrub brush bristles down when drying and the moisture will drain out rather than soak into the wood.

Velvet ribbons may be freshened by steaming over a wet cloth placed on a hot iron.

Hem the dishcloths to save the lint which ragged edges make, and the cloths will be respected and [illegible] used.

A nice umbrella should be carefully dried before putting away, and not left rolled in its case for any length of time, as it is apt to crack in the folds.



LET there be many windows to your soul,
That all the glory of the universe
May beautify it. Not the narrow pane
Of one poor creed can catch the radiant rays
That shine from countless sources. Tear away
The blinds of superstition. Let the light
Pour through fair windows, broad as truth itself,
And high as heaven. . . . Tune your ear
To all the wordless music of the stars
And to the voice of nature, and your heart
Shall turn to truth and goodness as the plant
Turns to the sun. A thousand unseen hands
Reach down to help you to their peace-crowned heights;
And all the forces of the firmament
Shall fortify your strength. Be not afraid
To thrust aside half truths and grasp the whole.

The Chafing Dish.

To the woman with many social duties the chafing dish is a pleasant adjunct, to the woman who has [illegible] it is a pleasant and practical change from the every day serving of meals. Sunday night suppers are a delight prepared from the chafing dish.

To make a success of the meal all the preparations should be carefully made before hand. The butter [illegible] in a tablespoon and made into balls is then ready to use without measuring. The stock or milk [illegible] measured and put into little pitchers. Have the salt, pepper and flour [illegible] a group easy to find. If meat is to be used let it be diced as [illegible].

See that the lamp is filled and all utensils at hand before inviting the guests. There are any number of dishes easy to serve from a chafing dish such as creamed eggs, [illegible] scrambled and omelets. [illegible] [illegible] creamed mush[rooms], oysters in a variety of ways, birds, fish and chicken.

Good alcohol [illegible] does not burn away as fast as wood alcohol and does not leave the burner covered with the sticky [illegible] that the wood alcohol does.

A nice way is to serve a cocktail of fruit or a salad while the guests are waiting as you prepare the dishes. Give each one something to help make the time an [illegible]. Many like to prepare dishes in the kitchen and simply [illegible] them in the chafing dish [illegible] serving, but this takes away [illegible] of seeing the dishes [illegible] [illegible] which is enjoyed by [illegible].

A chafing [illegible] can be an elegant and expensive affair or one very simple and just as useful.

Nellie Maxwell

Helping Him.

"I should like to propose my [illegible] you be performing some deed [illegible] denial, something to make you [illegible] and wonder."

"You might try going home at midnight that would make me [illegible] for a week."

His Idea of Joy.

"Brookline beat an express from Chicago to Springfield the other day."

"It must feel fine to be getting from Chicago that fast."

REGAINS MEMORY AFTER WANDERING

Resident of Old Greenwich Village Finds His Mother After Adventures in Pacific Isles

WOUNDED IN SOUTH SEA ISLAND

Rescued by Natives, Who Found Him on the Beach, His Name and Identity Restored—Supposed the Vessel on Which He Sailed Was Wrecked.

New York City.—After four years of wandering, during which he was shipwrecked, stranded on an island, shot twice in a mysterious fashion and suffered a complete loss of memory, "Joe" Reynolds, whose relatives had mourned him as dead, is at the home of his mother at No. 78 Greenwich street to-day determined never to leave New York again.

Reynolds in his travels went West and later to Australia, where he remained a long time. At one time he accumulated $1,000, but spent the most of it in having his memory restored. For months he was under the care of a physician, who, after discouraging efforts, finally made him realize who he was.

When he improved under the treatment and recalled his past he went aboard a ship and came to New York City. He made his appearance at the Greenwich street house at a time when Robert N. Copeland, son of Theron Copeland, a former police captain, was standing at the door.

Reynolds says that he found himself in Australia after six months' wandering, and there he saved about $1,000. Just what happened to him next he does not remember, but he was found among the natives of one of the Gilbert Islands, in the South Pacific, badly injured about the head and bearing two bullets in his back. How he got there he does not know, but Edward Roper, an Englishman, formerly an officer in the army, found him. To Roper, he says, he owes his life. The wanderer could not remember his name or anything about his circumstances. Roper cared for him until a trading vessel that touched at the island took them back to Australia. The natives said that they had picked up Reynolds on the beach, and he thinks that he shipped on some vessel that was wrecked on the reefs near the island.

"It was in Melbourne," said Reynolds, "that my full name came back to me. I saw the name Reynolds on a sign board and then I could recollect scenes in the streets of New York. All at once I knew who I was and started back. But I had paid the physicians almost all I had earned and I had to work to get passage money."

At last he arrived in old Greenwick Village without money, but back where he expected to find his mother.

He learned by questioning various people, that after years of praying for his return she finally had given him up as lost and had gone to live with Mrs. G. L. Gilham, at No. 78 Greenwich avenue. He lost no time in reaching the house, where he encountered Mr. Copeland, Mrs. Gilham's son-in-law, and soon he was in his mother's arms.

"I am going to work just as soon as I can find anything to do," he said. "Give me something that will take me into the open air and I will stick pretty close to my mother. I've had enough of wandering."

4,193-MILE TROLLEY TRIP.

Pittsburg-Boston and Return Cost $33.10 Carfare.

Pittsburg, Pa.—From Pittsburg to Boston and return—4,193 miles—by trolley in twenty days at a cost of just $33.10 for carfare is the record of Henry E. Juergens of this city, who has just returned from such a trip to the New England States. Juergens is a student of transportation, and he took company notes and kept exact figures of the cost of his trip. The distances he computed as follows.

Trolley, direct, 1,193 miles; trolley, side trips, 250 miles; railroads, 469 miles; back, 1,281 miles; walk, 57 miles.

This trip took him from Pittsburg through Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Connecticut and Massachusetts, and with the exception of five breaks he made the entire circuit by trolley. It is his opinion that the long distance trolley trip will soon become both practical and popular.

This Letter a Traveler.

South Bend, Ind.—A trip around the world that took three years and was made on a two-cent postage stamp is the record of a letter received in South Bend by W. L. Pratt, a railroad man.

The letter, mailed from Minneapolis, Minn., followed its owner from country to country on its round-the-world tour until it finally reached the foreign dead letter office at Washington, D. C. The letter was then returned to the sender, who forwarded it to the owner. The envelope was postmarked in many places, the address was almost illegible. For some reason an extra stamp was put on the letter in Switzerland.

[illegible]

FOOD CONSUMPTION OF PARIS.

Statistician Estimates that French Capital Spends $60,000,000 Annually.

Paris, France.—An enterprising statistician has just made a calculation of the quantity of the food consumed in the French capital in the space of a twelve-month. As a result of his researches, he tells us that Parisians contrive to get through 155,200 tons of beef, mutton and veal, 35,400 tons of pork, nearly 60,000 tons of horseflesh and 1,400 tons of meat obtained from the donkey and the mule. So much for the item of meat. As for poultry, the figure amounts, according to his estimate, to 20,000 tons, while game on its side, disappears at the rate of 1,400 tons. Fish attains the respectable figure of 23,000 tons, and this without prejudice to the item of oysters and mussels, which reach a grand total of 9,000 tons. Nor, as it would seem, can snails be regarded as an altogether negligible factor in the programme.

Vegetables of all sorts and sizes claim attention to the extent of 18,000 tons, 3,000 tons of which are devoted to mushrooms; and the fruit figure is even higher it being calculated at 19,000 tons. Cheese, by the way, runs fruit and vegetables very near, the yearly consumption of that commodity being estimated at more than 17,000 tons, while butter claims 13,000 tons and eggs 21,000 tons.

The statistician concludes that Paris expends every year nearly $60,000,000 on the commodities mentioned, and this without reference to bread, of which a vast amount is consumed, and wine, which is regularly drunk in most households.

Cow Gave Blue Milk.

Winsted, Conn.—Jack Miller of Thomaston, after picking a water pail full of blueberries, lay down in the shade of an apple tree to sleep. When he awoke he found the pail nearly empty and the few berries left in the bottom were badly crushed. Miller afterward was passing through the barnyard, where farm hands were milking cows, when he discovered that one cow was giving bluish milk.

SHE LIVES WITHOUT SLEEP.

Hungarian Woman in Excellent Health Despite Experience.

Budapest, Austria.—Medical men here are deeply interested in the remarkable case of a woman who has not slept for seven years.

Frau Bertha Hejemes, who is married and has a little girl of ten, began her long vigil one night when a gypsy woman attempted to kidnap the child. Since then she has not been able to go to sleep, neither has she had any inclination to do so.

She is in excellent health, and has never had a day's illness, but as soon as she endeavors to lie down she is seized with a violent nervous agitation, which compels her to sit up again.

The woman declares that she is quite content in her sleepless state, as with the whole twenty-four hours to herself she is able to perform all her household duties as well as to do a good deal of reading.

A curious fact is that since the beginning of her insomnia she has developed a great taste and ability for study, and has learned three languages.

Frau Hejemes is thirty-eight years old, and it is because of late she has been subject to irrepressible fits of yawning that she has at last consulted a medical man about her condition.

London's Teetotaller Mayor.

London.—Sir Thomas Vesey Strong who was elected Lord Mayor of London without opposition, is a pronounced temperance advocate and enjoys the distinction of being the first teetotaller chosen as chief magistrate of the metropolis. He was born in 1852 and was educated privately and is credited with being a self-made man. In business he has been successful as the head of a paper supply firm. He was knighted while occupying the office of Sheriff of the City of London. He is a director of the United Kingdom Temperance and General Providence Institution and a commander of the Order of Isabella the Catholic of Spain and the Order of Our Lady of Villa Vicura of Portugal.

He Served on the Constitution.

Philadelphia, Pa.—William Macabee, believed to have been the oldest veteran of the Civil War and one of the oldest persons in this country, died at the United States Naval Home, where he had been an inmate for thirty years. He celebrated his 107th birthday on September 22, when he was able to sit up and receive the congratulations of his friends and tell of many of his experiences in the navy.

Macabee entered the service of the United States when a lad, serving on the frigate Constitution until it was retired from service. He remained in the naval service until he came to the home where he died.

Ate His Length in Green Corn.

Waynesburg, Pa.—James Montgomery, of this place, is fond of corn on the ear, and running short of adjectives to describe his fondness, said he could eat his length in the succulent corn. His friends made him prove it, and he disposed of thirteen ears, which were necessary to make his 6 feet 1 inch in height.

[illegible]

NO SPINSTERS SHOULD TEACH

Dr. Hamilton of Tufts College Objects to Environment They Provide

SAYS IT'S TOO NARROW

Tufts's President Thinks Widows Might Do Well as Instructors for Young Girls—Colleges for Women Will Exclude Unmarried Teachers.

Boston, Mass.—"I do not believe that young girls who are just passing into womanhood are in the proper environment when they are continually brought into close personal touch with elderly unmarried women." So said Dr. Frederick W. Hamilton, president of Tufts College, in explanation of why Tufts's new annex, Jackson College, has not a woman teacher in its whole staff. President Hamilton adds that he believes the women's colleges of the future will not have unmarried women as teachers.

"The large proportion of women's colleges are now in the hands of women teachers, however," asserted Dr. Hamilton, "and the educational atmosphere of the places is feminine—the peculiar type of femininity developed by highly cultured, middle-aged unmarried women.

"Now, while the type may be very fine individually, it is not the proper one to create the atmosphere for girls at the formative period of their lives. Girls just coming into womanhood are receiving their most valuable impressions, and are being influenced regarding their future attitude toward the questions of this age. Their outlook on life, which I believe is the most important part of the college training, should be broad, and it cannot be so unless formed in an environment of breadth.

"This exclusion of the middle-aged unmarried women does not pertain to all walks of life nor to all grades of education. In the homes for young working women established by religious organizations and settlements, for instances, a different type of women is dealt with. The conditions of the daily life of these young women in the business and industrial world are such that the feminizing influence of the homes is just what they need to counteract the effect of the other influences with which they come in contact.

"In the lower grades of the schools, too, and in the preparatory schools the influence of the unmarried, middle-aged woman is counteracted by the dominating influence of the home. I believe that employment of married teachers—widows who were teachers before marriage, perhaps—would be beneficial. The relationship of these schools and their pupils is different, however, because the pupils live at home.

"The girls in college live a purely academic life. They are on their own resources, and they face problems that are quite new to them. They are to be trained to become competent and important parts of life, we hope. They need a large outlook and a broad viewpoint. The elements which go to give these must be brought into their lives at this psychological time, and all elements tending toward narrowness should be eliminated."

BABIES WERE CHANGED.

Hansen Says He Noted Difference in Color of Eyes.

Seattle, Wash.—Almost twenty years after the birth of his first child, a girl, A. S. Hansen, formerly of this city and now a resident of New Lisbon, Wis., asserts that he has just discovered that another baby was substituted two days after the advent of his daughter and without the knowledge of the mother. In a letter to the Seattle police Hansen appeals for information as to the whereabouts of his child. In part he writes:

"It has come to my knowledge that a certain woman whom I hired to take charge of the house at the birth of my first child stole the baby when a couple of days old and placed in my wife's arms another child. This I failed to discover, though I noticed that the color of the baby's eyes changed from blue to a grayish brown, but believed, as the nurse told me, that it was natural for babies' eyes to change color the first few days."

Deer Swimming in Ocean.

Newport, R. I.—When about south from the lightship James Maparonae, a fisherman, found a deer swimming on the broad Atlantic, and took him in. It was no easy task for the deer did not appear to appreciate the fact that the fisherman was acting for its best interests. Maparonae's cousin, George Saras, took the deer, awaiting a claimant, but the chances were that this was a wild deer from the woods of the south country of the State.

DREAMS LURE TO DEATH.

Visions of Father's Suicide Beckoned Him On.

Bridgeport, Conn.—Spurred on by the influence of vivid nightmares in which he saw his father, who had committed suicide, urging him to do likewise, Charles Walther, a Bridgeport manufacturer, ended his life by inhaling illuminating gas.

Mr. Walther had attempted to end his life with gas. He was discovered by his daughter and was rushed to the Bridgeport Hospital, where for several days his condition was precarious. He was discharged as cured.

Returning to his home at 397 Poplar street, Walther immediately set about making preparations for suicide. Attaching a tube to a gas-jet he placed the end in his mouth. He was dead when found an hour or two afterward.

Mr. Walther was formerly head of the C. W. Walther Company, manufacturers of novelties, and later became an officer of the Connolly Manufacturing Company. He had grown despondent of late and confided to friends that he had been troubled by visions, or dreams of his dead father, who committed suicide about 18 years ago. It seemed to him that his father was beckoning to him and he finally responded to the call.

Doubles Most at Murder Trial.

London.—Extraordinary evidence was given at a Cheshire Police Court when Mark Wilde, an ex-soldier, was charged with the murder of George Harry Storrs, a contractor, at Gorse Hall, on the night of November 1, 1909.

The case has aroused very wide interest, as Wilde is the second man who has been charged at length with the same crime—a circumstance said to be without parallel in the history of criminal jurisprudence in this country.

It will be recalled that another ex-soldier, Cornelius Howard, was tried at Chester Assizes in March, 1910, for the murder of Mr. Storrs, and was acquitted after providing an alibi. The recent proceedings were watched by a large crowd who thronged the court house, many being unable to gain admittance.

The scene when Cornelius Howard was confronted with Wilde and a witness was asked to make a comparison as to their likeness to each other was a strangely dramatic one, and recalled the famous passage in Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities" where a question of identification arose between Sydney Carton and Charles Darney, not quite similar in the circumstances, but creating a similar atmosphere.

DEBT DRIVES HIM TO SUICIDE.

Youth Had Tried in Vain to Borrow $20 to Square Up.

Philadelphia, Pa.—Because he had "borrowed" some of his employers' money and was $20 short on payday when he intended to replace the "loan," Louis J. Levine shot himself through the head and was found dead in his room in the Girard House, No. 805 Race street. He had tried to get the money from his friends, but no one would assist him.

Levine, who was 20 years old, was employed as a shipping clerk by Barnes Brothers, wholesale druggists in No. 325 Market street. He finished his work in the afternoon, but did not go to his room until late at night. In the evening he called up friends and asked them to lend him $20. About midnight he went to the Girard House.

When a chambermaid knocked on the door next morning Levine did not answer, and the clerk was informed. Patrolman Barnes broke down the door and found the youth fully dressed, lying on his bed. Pinned on the pillowcase was a note written on a piece of cardboard addressed to "My brother George and the public," telling why he took his own life.

BRIDE OF THE OCEAN.

Father Carries Out Wish of Daughter, Who Was Drowned.

New Orleans, La.—Miss Marjorie Miller, eighteen years old, daughter of Dean Walter Miller of Tulane University, was buried in the Gulf of Mexico by her own fixed choice. She was drowned several weeks ago near Tallulah Falls, Ga. Her body was held until her father's return from Europe.

Miss Miller loved the water from childhood. She made repeated requests that her parents give her body to the ocean.

Accordingly, after the family had given the question consideration for a week, the body was removed from the receiving vault, sealed in a steel coffin heavily weighted, and carried far out into the Gulf of Mexico. There it was lowered into the bosom of the ocean with a simple ceremony.

CORRUPTED BY PUMPKIN PIE.

Native of New Hampshire Could Not Resist Temptation.

Chicago.—Memories of his old home in New Hampshire that were awakened by the sight of a pumpkin pie in the window of a restaurant resulted in the arrest of William Moore.

Moore, who is 75 years old, says he has not eaten a piece of homemade pumpkin pie since he left New Hampshire, fifteen years ago. He was passing the restaurant when he espied a large pumpkin in the window. At the side of the pumpkin was a delicious looking pie. It was placarded "Home-made New Hampshire pumpkin pie—the kind your mother used to make." He started to walk away when a man came out of the restaurant, picking his teeth.

Moore asked the man for a dime. Just then a policeman appeared on the scene and arrested Moore. The penalty for begging on the street is six months in the House of Correction.

New Orleans, La.—A fish unknown to science, combining the characteristics of the shark and the pilot fish, was brought here, frozen in a block of ice and preserved for research.

The unclassified specimen has the head of a pilot fish, while the belly, tail and skin are those of a shark. The fins, however, are different than those of a man-eater. The fish is three feet long and weighs fifteen pounds. It was caught by Captain David Pitre in the Gulf of Mexico near Point-au-Faire, at the mouth of the Atchafalaya River.

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Henry S. Card, Central Ave., Wellsboro, Penna., says: "A couple years ago my kidneys troubled me and my back was often so painful that it was all I could do to shoe a horse. There was a severe, deep seated ache in the small of my back and frequent attacks of lameness and stiffness that prevented me from straightening. I finally learned of Doan's Kidney Pills and got a box at H. L. Blatchley's drug store. They proved to be exactly the remedy I needed and brought prompt relief. After I had taken the contents of one box and a half of this remedy, I was cured. I have been free from kidney complaint ever since. My advice to anyone afflicted with this trouble is to use Doan's Kidney Pills."

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in an advertisement that we can, and will sell you better Stoves and Ranges for the money than you can get elsewhere, make us prove it. Make us "show you" when any dealer claims to give better values than someone else, make him show you what he will give you for a given sum, then come here and see the quality of our Stoves. We like to have you compare them with what you can get elsewhere. We say: Take these Stoves, match them in value if you can, and we will buy them back from you.

We expect every man of sound judgment to buy his Stoves where he can get the best actual value for the money that he pays.

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